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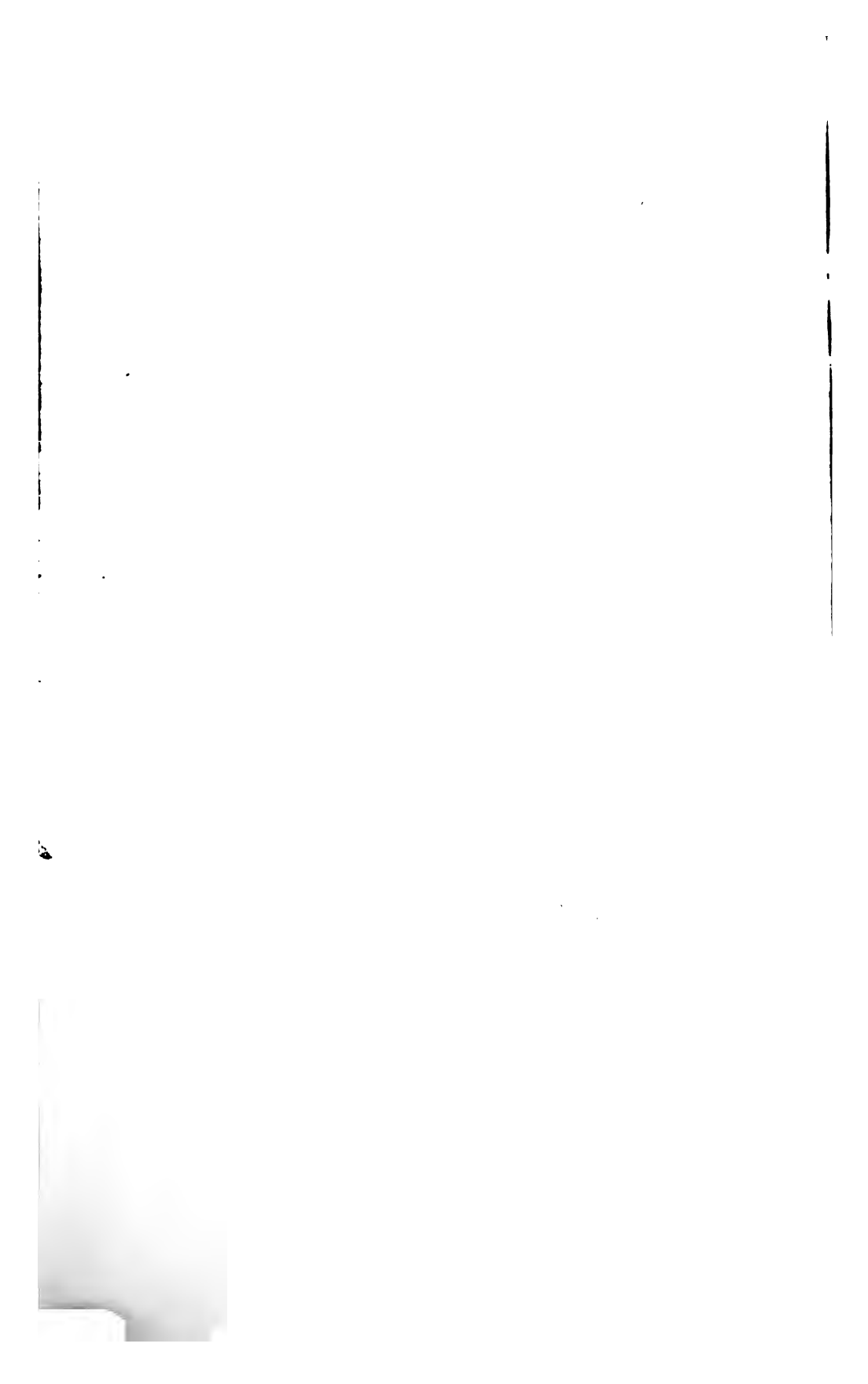
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THE NEW ERA:

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

DEVOTED TO

Humanity, Judaism, and Literature.

EDITED BY REV. RAPHAEL D'C. LEWIN.

VOL. III.

THE VOICE OF REASON IS THE VOICE OF GOD.

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THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—JANUARY, 1873.—NO. 1.

OUR ANNUAL GREETING.

THE second year's existence of THE NEW ERA closed last October, but, desirous of commencing a new volume at the beginning of a new year, we published the November and December issues as extra numbers of the second volume, and distributed them gratuitously to our subscribers. We thus have the satisfaction of introducing, with the present January issue of 1873, our THIRD VOLUME.

It is now more than two years since we ventured upon the dangerous experiment of publishing a monthly periodical devoted chiefly to the Jewish cause. Embarking in this enterprise without a single subscriber, and under the most discouraging circumstances, we fully realized the momentous project we had undertaken, and firmly resolved to make every exertion of which we were capable, in order to execute our purpose for at least one year. Although we could see at that time but little sunshine, we felt an irresistible impulse to make the endeavor. The conviction was uppermost in our mind, that the establishment of a monthly Jewish Journal, to advocate progressive ideas, was essential to the development of the Reform School in America. We felt with regret that the Jewish weekly press (for there was at that time no monthly) did not fulfil its mission, and that something new was needed by the rising generation.

In our opinion, the province of a Jewish Journal was not to wage a silly warfare against its contemporaries, and harass its readers with violent abuse of all who would not subscribe to the pet doctrines or schemes of the clique, congregation, or individual, as the case may be, to which that Journal was bound: but, on the contrary, to maintain a perfectly independent position; to be above party spirit and the use of party invectives; to study only the welfare of the general body of Israel.

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ites, and to use every legitimate means for their elevation and advancement. From a literary point of view, also, we thought it was the duty of a Jewish Journal not merely to be the vehicle for conveying Jewish gossip and reports of balls, parties, amateur dramatic performances, and other news of a trifling nature, which benefits none and interests only those specially concerned: but rather to aim at educating the masses; to diffuse useful knowledge; to furnish original articles from the best minds on Jewish theology and history; to place in the vernacular some of those brilliant effusions of the great Jewish writers of old, whose works are sealed books to the general public; to disseminate liberal views; and by these means to cultivate a taste for the study of Jewish literature, and to promote a deeper love for our pure and sacred religion.

Such being our idea of what a Jewish Journal should be, and noticing that since the demise of the *Occident* no one had had the inclination or the courage to publish a monthly periodical, we resolved to undertake the task. We had not the vanity to believe that we were fully competent for the work before us; but, strengthened by the reflection that it was our duty to make the effort, and that failure in a noble cause was no disgrace, we commenced our labors hopefully and cheerfully, and issued the first number of *THE NEW ERA* in October, 1870. From that day until the present hour, we have labored, we might almost say, single-handed. Not only did the duty of furnishing or procuring literary matter for its pages devolve on us, together with all the other details incidental to our editorial capacity, but the entire business management of the Journal, with its responsibilities and anxieties, was under our immediate attention and control. During the past year, also, we were unfortunately prostrated for two months by a most serious illness, which nearly proved fatal. It will readily be seen, then, that since we entered upon the arena of journalism, our journey onwards has not been altogether "a path strewn with roses." In the same hopeful spirit, however, as when we commenced our labors, we have continued them; and thus we are enabled to inaugurate a Third Volume, and in so doing, to record the success we have already achieved. During an existence of only two years, *THE NEW ERA* has made its way in almost every State in the Union, and, with but one exception, has the largest circulation of any Jewish organ, notwithstanding that some of its contemporaries have been established for a long period of years.

Gratifying as this success may be, we do not intend to rest satisfied; for those who are thoroughly acquainted with Jewish publications know full well that the claim to having the largest circulation does not, after all, imply a very large circulation. It is melancholy to contem-

plate, and humiliating to confess, that the Jews, who as a rule are well educated, should take such little interest in supporting their own press. Perhaps this is to be accounted for by the truth of a previous assertion, that the press has been sadly wanting in its duty. Be the cause what it may, however, it is very certain that there are thousands of Jewish families in America who never see a Jewish paper. From personal observation and reliable information, we know that there are sections of the country where a Jewish Journal is indispensable for the preservation of Judaism. In the small towns and villages where there are no congregations, no schools, no teachers of religion, where actually nothing is known of Judaism, there a journal is needed, if, indeed, parents would not have their children cease to be Jews. But even in our large cities and great business centres, where our brethren are mostly to be found, a journal such as *THE NEW ERA* is of equal importance. For how numerous soever may be the fine temples and the eloquent preachers, we do assert most positively that not one-hundredth part of the rising generation is benefited either by the edifices or the preachers. The latter, for the most part, discourse in a foreign tongue, and hence are perfectly unintelligible to the young people; while if we go still further and analyze the substance of these discourses, we shall find that they almost always treat on doctrinal questions, to the exclusion of many other subjects which might well come under the province of the pulpit. Lectures on the history, philosophy, and literature of our people, which could be made very interesting and instructive to young and old, and which would undoubtedly do more good coming from the pulpit than the dry sermons which we so often hear, are, with but few exceptions, altogether ignored. But so long as we do not possess a vernacular pulpit, it is useless to prescribe subjects, since the best and most instructive topics, however well handled in a foreign tongue, must prove valueless to the bulk of the congregation who cannot understand the language. Hence the necessity for a journal published in the vernacular, and endeavoring through its pages to educate the masses in the branches alluded to. But this is indeed but one of the advantages to be derived; for when it is remembered that the press is, or ought to be, the exponent of public opinion, the medium through which an interchange of thought is effected, the power which is capable of exposing wrongs and suggesting remedies, of faithfully recording the wants of the people and of agitating those communal and social reforms which are so essential among all classes, its worth cannot be too highly estimated.

Now, while leaving our contemporaries to plead their own cause, we feel justified in saying that if ever energy and perseverance deserve to be rewarded, *THE NEW ERA* ought certainly to receive the generous

encouragement of the Jewish public, and the cordial support of all lovers of progress and free thought. For two years we have succeeded in doing what no one of our friends thought we could do, and that is, in keeping the journal alive. Thanks to the favor which has already been extended to it, there is now no question as to its future existence. Whether or not it has been productive of good is for others to say; but if the repeated assurances which have been communicated to us, both verbally and in writing, of the pleasure and satisfaction it has afforded, are indicative of merit, then we feel happy in believing that our exertions have not been altogether in vain. We are fully conscious that our journal is still much below the standard to which we hope eventually to bring it, but a great deal of its future merit will depend on the material aid which will be extended to it during the present year. We have been fortunate enough to enlist the co-operation of all of our eminent clergymen who are able to write English, and the contributions of these, together with the writings of several learned laymen, will add considerably to the worth of its pages. Translations from the best Jewish writers—ancient and modern—will also form a prominent feature; while the departments of Notes on Jewish Events, Science, Art, and Facts, Gems of Thought, and Literary Notices, will, as heretofore, be carefully attended to. A new department, entitled The Stage, is in this number opened; and we trust, in the course of the volume, to present other attractions. By this it will be seen that although THE NEW ERA is essentially Jewish in its character, it is not entirely devoted to Judaism, nor is it sectarian or exclusive. Contributions upon all subjects having for their object the advancement of humanity, or the development of free thought, are respectfully invited, and will, at all times, be thankfully received.

With this retrospect of the past and synopsis of our plan for the future, we appeal to all friends of progress and reform, but more especially to our Jewish brethren in all sections of the country, to come to our aid and to render us that tangible and material encouragement without which no similar enterprise can hope for success. All that we ask of our subscribers, besides the prompt renewal of their subscriptions, is, that they will take the interest to show a copy of our journal to their friends and advise them to become subscribers. If every present subscriber will only endeavor to procure us one more,—and this is surely a very easy task,—we shall soon be enabled to make THE NEW ERA one of the best journals of the time. And to those who are not yet on our list, but who may read these lines, we say in all sincerity: Give us but a fair trial. Send us your names, and judge for yourselves whether our journal is worthy of your support. We,

on our part, believing that deeds are more expressive than promises, will labor earnestly and faithfully, so that no one may have cause to regret his investment for this, OUR THIRD VOLUME.

THE VERNACULAR JEWISH PULPIT OF AMERICA.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

THE subject of regular pulpit instruction in the vernacular demands the immediate and careful attention of all who are interested in the elevation of Israel, and in the further development of Judaism in America. It is now no longer the time when discussion on this most important topic could easily be avoided or postponed to some future occasion. The requirements of the rising generation in this respect are too plainly visible to be longer neglected; and unless some means are soon devised by which those requirements can be fully met, our congregational rulers will have shirked a serious obligation, and will eventually have bitter cause to regret their inexcusable negligence. There is no disguising the fact that, notwithstanding the wholesome reforms which of late years have been introduced in our rites and services, the many magnificent houses of worship which grace the leading avenues and streets of our principal cities, the eloquence, erudition, and zeal of our ministers, there is really little or no knowledge of Judaism among the masses, and certainly very small interest manifested by our sons and daughters in anything which partakes of a religious character. This last observation is of course not intended to include matters of a purely charitable or benevolent nature. The Jewish heart, ever open to such appeals, is as emotional in the young as in the old, and from both alike there is sure to proceed a full and generous response. We allude simply to the worship of the sanctuary; to the observance of certain duties which no reform in the world can ever set aside; and to the acquirement of knowledge upon subjects which, to the participators in so holy and sublime a mission as ours, is as indispensable as the most useful branch of a secular education. From this stand-point the truth and justice of our assertion must be self-evident, for no one who honestly investigates this matter can fail to perceive that by far the greater portion of the young people not only absent themselves from the temples and synagogues, but neglect the performance of many sacred duties, and are, upon the whole, as uninformed about the history, literature, and mission of their race, as

they can possibly be. We will go still further, and assert that even the Biblical narratives and historical accounts, which to our well-educated Christian brethren are as familiar as household words, are to many of the sons and daughters of Israel, perhaps also to the fathers and mothers of a similar grade of education, totally unknown.

That this lamentable state of affairs may be due to other causes beside the want of a vernacular pulpit, is freely admitted. The spirit of the age, to begin with, is too materialistic. There is too much trifling with religion, too much reckless dealing with sacred subjects. While a mistaken orthodoxy, which would substitute form for spirit and faith for reason, is at all times to be dreaded and deprecated, yet its opposite extreme of unbridled license and total disregard of religious ceremonies is just as dangerous. It is indeed to be regretted that the same energy which has been exerted in the Jewish fold to tear down has not also been used to build up. Not that we object to an act of destruction whenever the exigencies of the time render it necessary for the welfare of humanity. We are no believer in patching up rotten edifices; we have no sympathy with those who see the structure tottering from decay, but who, lacking the moral courage to pull it down and rebuild it, are silly enough to think they can avert the threatened danger by a vain attempt at repair. No: we belong to no such class. We say unhesitatingly: Pull it down; tear it to the ground. It not only has ceased to fulfil a useful purpose, but it has become injurious. It has no right to exist. Away with it. Only do not forget to put something better in its place. Worthy as may be the hand which fearlessly pulls down an evil, still worthier is the one which substitutes for the evil something good and noble. While, therefore, we are the uncompromising opponent of religious follies and superstitions in every shape and form; while we shall ever be ready to give our unlimited assistance towards abrogating any doctrine or abolishing any custom or ceremony which has lost its significance, and ceases to be of value for our age and condition,—we nevertheless sincerely believe that in the mere act of removal alone but one-half the duty has been performed. This is doubtless one of the causes which have induced the indifference to Judaism so noticeable in the rising generation. They have been often told what they are not to believe, and what they need not keep; they have been well trained to reject the follies and erroneous ideas of so-called orthodoxy, and in this they have been apt scholars; but they have not been sufficiently impressed with what they are to believe and what they ought to keep, nor have they had the proper opportunities of learning the sublime principles of a religion which is destined to bring happiness to mankind.

The pernicious example so often set juniors by their parents and elders, must also be among the causes which act injuriously upon them. How can children be expected to entertain reverence for religion, when they see practically contradicted at home the little they are taught in their religious schools? Take, for example, the observance of the Sabbath. The children are taught to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" they are told it is positively wrong to violate it; and yet, week after week they witness their own parents wilfully transgressing it, and repairing as usual to their places of business to pursue their daily avocations. If they think at all, what a fearful inconsistency must this seem in their eyes! In the school, the teacher has denounced as a sin what their own parents never hesitate to commit! This violation of the Sabbath, even by many well-meaning and earnest reformers, shows also how much has yet to be done in the liberal or reform school of Judaism. For if it is wrong to transfer the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday, it is the bounden duty of every clergyman and every man of influence to remove this reproach of Sabbath-breaking from Israel, and to cause the Saturday to be respected; whereas, if the change of day is permissible, and has the full sanction of the spirit of Judaism, we can see no good reason why the change should not be made. We allude to this subject, not because we intend to discuss it in this article, or to express at the present time any opinion on the question involved, but merely to show the great inconsistency which prevails, and under what unfortunate circumstances our children are placed.

Another prolific source of young Israel's religious depression is in the form of divine worship used in our synagogues and temples. According to the orthodox ritual, the services are positively intolerable; for they are so lengthy, so burdened with tedious repetitions, and the recital of compositions which, far from being prayer, have not even the semblance of sense, and so full of mock forms, ceremonies, and gesticulations, that the sentiments of piety necessarily become weakened, and the entire performance ceases to be an act of devotion. How void of all religious spirit must such a service appear to the intelligent minds of young American Israelites, especially when it lasts for hours in a language which to them is perfectly unintelligible! Much has been done by the reform school in amending the ritual. By expunging many portions the sentiments of which are antagonistic to the feelings of the present age, by abolishing all needless repetitions, and by the adoption of the three-yearly cycle of reading the Law, the service has been considerably curtailed. It has also been rendered more attractive and impressive by the introduction of the organ, by the beauty of the

music, by proper order and decorum, and by the devout manner in which the prayers are read. Still the rituals in general use among reform congregations all labor under the same great defect—the want of the vernacular. Herein is another glaring inconsistency. Hebrew is retained in the services in a far greater degree than is actually necessary, and yet the study of it is purposely neglected. But few parents care to give their children any greater Hebrew education than what is barely sufficient to enable them to read. Thus they are expected to take part in the devotional exercises without being able to comprehend the meaning of a single word they utter. And even in those congregations where but little Hebrew is retained, the result is the same; for in place of Hebrew, German is substituted, which, in the majority of instances, is as little known to the young. How, then, can the services of the Sanctuary exercise any beneficial influence over the hearts and minds of our children?

Besides the causes already mentioned, there may be many others which tend to alienate Jewish youth from the house of God, and to wean them from the observance of their sacred religion. But chief among all causes, and perhaps the parent one from which the others emanate, is the want of a vernacular pulpit. It is to this subject we desire especially to call the attention of congregational rulers, heads of families, and all others who profess to have the welfare of Judaism at heart. The want of a vernacular pulpit is, we maintain, the crowning wrong which, from a religious point of view, is being done to the rising generation; for it is depriving them of the last and only chance of acquiring some knowledge of Judaism, and of their responsibilities and obligations as Jews. It is a crying shame and disgrace to our people that, with the wealth they enjoy and the position they occupy in this country, whose language is English, they have, as yet, comparatively done nothing towards the permanent establishment of a vernacular pulpit. To what end has been the erection of those gorgeous temples which are now to be found in every city of the Union, and which in the aggregate have cost millions of dollars, unless the word of truth shall there go forth to teach not only Israel, but all men, the knowledge of the true God? And do they fulfil their mission when their pulpits either do not give forth their lessons at all, or do so only in a language which is not understood by the masses?

But lest it may be thought that we are hardly justified in this criticism, we submit the following facts to our readers as something very pleasant to contemplate: In the United States of America, where there must be, at the least calculation, a Jewish population of nearly half a million, and where there are over two hundred and fifty

established congregations, there is not a single American-born Israelite in the ministry, there are only four to whom English is the mother-tongue, there are not six places of worship in which English discourses are delivered on every Sabbath, not more than thirty in which even occasional English sermons are given, and not over seventy where the pulpit exists at all in any language. In the city of New York, where there is a Jewish population of seventy-five thousand souls; where the richest and most influential Jews reside; where the synagogues and temples are remarkable for their magnificence; and where there are over thirty congregations,—there are not ten places of worship whose pulpits are occupied, and of these only two, both of which are orthodox, discourse in English. Now, “facts are stubborn things;” and, with this astonishing array before us, we ask the candid and unprejudiced reader, whether the circumstances which we deplore are not serious enough to call for immediate action? Is it not high time that the elders of Israel should realize the sad results which must inevitably follow from a continuance of such a state of things?

Let it not be supposed that we advocate the abolition of the German pulpit. Far from it. We are fully sensible of the many advantages which the Jews of America have derived from those eloquent and able German rabbis who have identified themselves with the country, and who, having studied the necessities of American Israelites, have labored to supply them. We are even prepared to admit that, as the bulk of the elder brethren in this country are Germans, and must necessarily be attached to their own language, ample opportunities should be afforded them for receiving pulpit instruction in their own tongue. Besides, inasmuch as the German pulpit has been mainly instrumental in the development of reformed Judaism, some consideration is due to it, even if it is no longer of the same imperative necessity as it was formerly. And here, in order to prevent misconception, we desire to say that whenever we speak of the German pulpit, we mean simply the language, and under no circumstances the incumbents. It is the language which is now not so essential as formerly. In the earlier history of the reform movement in this country, the German language was indispensable. But not so now; for while we have a large generation growing up of native Americans, who, though the majority may be of German origin, must yet regard the language of their parents as foreign, the adults themselves have become so conversant with English that, except in a few cases, English discourses would be fully appreciated by them. And as our German ministers are for the most part men of education and ability,—as several of them have been in the country long enough to acquire the language if

they had the inclination,—we can see no reason why the present incumbents should not address their congregations in English. Admitting that the process of acquiring a foreign tongue for the purpose of pulpit addresses is a difficult one, and that at best the foreigner cannot discourse with the same effect as the native, it is yet no uncommon thing in this country to find many Germans ranking as public orators, and speaking English with remarkable fluency, correctness, and power. Fortunately, the majority of our ministers seem to indorse our view, for, to their credit be it said, they are doing their utmost to acquire the vernacular, and we know that their main object in so doing is that they may be enabled to use it in their pulpits. Some of them have for years past made it a practice to deliver English sermons, either on alternate Sabbaths or at least once in every month, and their own experience will testify that the attendance was always better on the occasions when they spoke English than when they preached in German. From personal observation, also, we are convinced that there are several worthy ministers at present among us who do not yet preach in English, but who will in time become excellent English speakers; and, as all things must have a beginning, we appeal to them most earnestly to delay no longer, but to come boldly to the front, even if they are not as qualified now as they would wish to be. To our German brethren throughout the country do we also appeal to strengthen the good cause of reform, for which they have already done much, by encouraging every effort for the advancement of the vernacular pulpit, and by clearly showing to their ministers that they feel the necessity for English preaching, and are determined to have it. We know, unfortunately, that in some quarters this true reform has met with much opposition. There are rabbis who, having neglected to identify themselves with the country, to acquire its language, or understand its needs, have become so fossilized in their ideas on some subjects as to dread the introduction of English sermons in their pulpits, lest they might lose some portion of the influence or popularity they imagine they possess with their congregations. In such instances, however, we hope and believe that the good sense and practical judgment of the congregations will rise superior to the narrow-mindedness of their spiritual advisers, since the inclinations or vanities of individuals are of little import when the religious culture of a whole generation is at stake.

But even supposing that the present ministers would, of their own accord, undertake to deliver English sermons, the want of a vernacular pulpit would still exist in a great degree; for, as we have already shown, the pulpits of more than two-thirds of all the congregations are vacant.

Thus the whole subject of the Jewish Ministry of America must come under discussion; for how to fill those vacant pulpits with men capable of addressing American Israelites, and how to provide for replacing those clergymen who are now in office, should resignation, dismissal, or death deprive their congregations of their services, is now the problem which is before the public. Its solution will involve a careful examination of many questions which are intimately connected with it, and without a knowledge of which it will be extremely difficult to arrive at any beneficial conclusion. As a subject of such vital importance, however, is of too exhaustive a nature to be summarily dismissed, we shall reserve its further consideration for a second article.

A PROPOSED FANATICAL MEETING.

It seems strange that in an age like the present, when intelligent minds are beginning to discard the bigoted and time-worn ideas which once separated God's children from each other on account of their creed, an attempt should be made, in this free and enlightened country, above all others, to revive the bitter spirit of intolerance which for centuries has inflicted the most dreadful sufferings on humanity. Yet to such a conclusion are we forced when we find men of acknowledged ability, and holding positions of trust and honor, advocating one of the most dangerous and vicious propositions ever entertained by sane minds since the formation of this Great Republic. We allude, of course, to the fanatical effort to obtain the recognition by government of the Christian religion. That such a scheme can never and will never succeed, is, we need scarcely say, a settled matter in our mind. Hence we do not intend to waste either our own or the reader's time by discussing so egregious a piece of folly. We call attention to it only to show how strange are the vagaries of the human mind, and how persistently some men will exhibit their madness to the world. It is now some time since that immaculate embodiment of Christianity, Judge Strong, sought to force on the country his project of putting a special clause in the Constitution of the United States, whereby Christianity should be the recognized religion of the land. Though nobody but a few raving zealots has paid the least attention to him, he has continued to hammer away at the subject with a persistency which indicates that he would have made a most suitable judge in the days of the Inquisition, when intolerance was at its height, but which is very incompatible with the advancement of the age, when perfect religious freedom is being recognized by almost every civilized government.

The latest we hear from him is that he has signed a call for a public meeting under the auspices of the National Association, to be held at the Cooper Union in this city on Feb. 26th, for the purpose of again urging upon the country the necessity of pretending to be religious by a constitutional amendment. The noble association under whose auspices this meeting is to be held has for its glorious mission the altering of the great Constitution of the United States, so that in future it will "indicate that this is a Christian nation" and "place all Christian laws, institutions, and usages on a legal basis." As we have already said, we apprehend no danger from either Judge Strong or his association. If anybody is hurt it is themselves, who are striving very hard to convince the country of their own illiberality, and of how little attention they have paid to the changes which are daily occurring around them. The press and the most sensible of the Christian clergy are opposed to the proposition, and the mass of the people understand their dearest interests too well to listen for a moment to the union of Church and State, which is really what the proposed amendment would effect. That a Judge of the Supreme Court should put himself at the head of a clique having such objects in view, is indeed a sad spectacle, for it shows too clearly what must be his ideas of justice in general. But since he has thought fit to make himself a laughing-stock for the community, we can see no reason why he should not hold as many meetings as he likes, and propose to those meetings as many absurdities as they are willing to listen to. He may rest assured, however, that liberal-minded and honest men of all denominations will unite in defeating any action which may tend to subvert the greatest principle on which this government is based.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL AND HIS LECTURES.

THE presence of Professor Tyndall in the United States, as a lecturer, is such an important fact in the scientific history of our country, as to be worthy of more than a passing record in our pages. As was remarked by the *Tribune*, "these lectures developed a condition of the public mind in this city (New York) hitherto not understood." The general impression was that lectures of a mere scientific character would never draw large audiences; that an attempt to fill a lecture-room, of more than ordinary capacity, would be almost an impossibility. Yet this distinguished scientist, perhaps the most remarkable of his age, was listened to by audiences quite as large as those ever assembled to listen to the most celebrated orator or statesman of the day. The

man himself is worthy of particular attention. In him seems to have culminated not only the mental but the physical qualities. To study the glacier theories he is known to have been among the bravest of the Alpine climbers, and to have sought the exact march of these ponderous ice rivers, by dwelling amid them, satisfied, at the peril of his life, if he succeeded in gathering even the inkling of some new fact. As a lecturer, the salient fact which impresses one is, that he is thoroughly in earnest about his work. The lectures, six in number, were devoted to the subjects of heat and light. Occasionally Mr. Tyndall, dropping the colder nomenclature of science, seemed to soar as if inspired by the majesty of his subject. We have particularly to mention that portion of his lecture where he told of the long struggles of Thomas Young, a name perhaps unfamiliar to most of our readers, who dared to oppose the theory of the great Newton, and how for many long years, knowing he was right, he still battled on, and at last his law of light, which is the wave motion, eventually was established. In narrating the long strife this theory had to fight through, he mentioned a conversation with Sir David Brewster on this subject. "Sir David," said the lecturer, "told me that his chief objection to the undulatory or wave theory of light was, that he could not think the Creator guilty of so clumsy a contrivance as filling space with ether in order to produce light. This, I may say, is very dangerous ground, and the quarrel of science with Sir David, as with many other persons, *is that they profess to know too much about the mind of the Creator.*" What sublime wisdom there is in these few words, and how pertinent they are, not only to scientific but to religious disputes! Who knows the ways of the God of the Universe? And yet how prone most of us are to give our own particular thoughts or impressions as those arising from celestial inspirations.

We are not of those who think there is a gulf, which ever yawns, between science and religion, and that new discoveries but tend to widen it. Every new stride science takes, even the last and greatest one, the one which now enables us to determine out of what the Creator has made the sun, the planets, and the myriads of shining stars, can only tend to impress us the more strongly with better ideas of His great wisdom and forethought, and that as man improves, the time is coming when, made as he is, with but the slightest inspiration from his Maker's mind he may be better worthy of his place in heaven.

B. P.

THE MOVEMENTS OF RECENT TIMES IN ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN.

BY ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID.

FROM the investigation we have thus far pursued in these Lectures, into the development of the Religious Idea, what are the deductions to be drawn? It has been seen that the Religious Idea was first set forth in Mosaism; taking as its foundation the oneness of the idea and the life, yet clothing itself in the reality of a national code. It has been also seen, that from this starting-point it came by means of Prophetism to pervade the Jewish race; that it afterwards disseminated itself by the medium of Christianity and Islamism among mankind, though in consequence of the existing historical conditions necessarily assuming a one-sided form. Its progress has ever been marked by two features. First, it has had periods of strife in which the Religious Idea was in conflict with the Human Idea, or Paganism; and during which, therefore, unembodied in any tangible shape, it developed its abstract strength only. Of this Prophetism, when seeking to overcome Heathenism in the Jewish race itself, furnishes an example; as again the early ages of Christianity and Islamism, when the Religious Idea was to win for itself an entrance into the world of man. Then when the tendency towards the Religious Idea began to prevail, it everywhere subsided into a fixed but one-sided form. Thus Prophetism passed into Talmudism, which, while preserving the Religious Idea entire, shrouded it in a formula that repressed and fettered the idea. Talmudism therefore limited individual freedom, by deducing from the Mosaic national law a law of material life for the individual. Christianity on its side passed into dogmatism and the church; Islamism, into dogmatism and hierarchical government, that, vitiating the Religious Idea with Pagan elements, sought to endue traditional interpretation with the validity of a ruling principle of life.

A fixed and thence from historical necessity an imperfect form, presupposes coming periods of struggle in which old and worn-out formulas will be superseded by new spiritual movements. Hence, by the new direction taken by human intellect, a new era of struggle was necessarily prepared for the three great spiritual theories, Christianity, Islamism, and Talmudism, which has rendered their stability doubtful, and which tends to the evolution of some new mental phase in •

the world of man. This age of struggle is come; in it we live and have our being. Christianity was the first subjected to these convulsive movements, because its home was amid those races of men, the races of Europe, which have always been the most accessible to intellectual activity and the especial vehicles of intellectual progress. Then followed Talmudism in such parts of Jewdom as had become European. It is true that, in consequence of the complete social exclusion and spiritual isolation of the Jews, Talmudism stood unmoved much longer (full 300 years longer) than Christianity. But as soon as the exclusion and isolation of the European Jews were disturbed, the prevailing intellectual movement forced the combat into the very camp of Talmudism. Islamism lastly remains unchanged up to the present day. The Asiatic knows naught of a gradually and slowly developed intellectual progress—he knows only storm and calm; no thunder-cloud has as yet burst on the Eastern world. There are indeed different and very hostile sects in Islamism; but these came into existence soon after the rise of Islamism itself, and have ever since remained unaltered.

The movements and conflicts within the pale of Christianity and Talmudic Judaism, their several epochs and their respective imports, are what we now have exclusively to consider.

This is not the place in which to trace the course of events, that from the middle of the fourteenth to the sixteenth century caused the mind of Europe to awaken from the dull sleep of the middle ages, and to shake off the incubus that had oppressed it. These causes existed, as ever, both within and without. The revived study of Greek and Roman antiquity, a knowledge of nature in its various branches, induced by the extension of navigation and commerce, the discovery of America, and some important inventions, had given the impulse; and the state of philosophy, just preparing to emerge from dry scholasticism into a new phase, produced the internal momentum. The external causes were two: the conflict between Church and State now pressing towards a decision, and the condition of society struggling to free itself, on the one hand from feudalism, and on the other from absolute monarchical rule, by means of constitutional government. The new movement succumbed at its commencement to the force of existing institutions and authorities, as the Spanish Inquisition and the Council of Constance testify; but by means of its very reverses it gained strength, and took root in the hearts of the people. The Reformation, attacking Catholicism in its extreme points, such as the sale of indulgences, etc., was victoriously achieved; Christianity had shaped itself into three powers, namely, dogma, church and formula.

As regards dogma, the unity of God had resolved itself into the Trinity; the creation of man in the image of God, into the doctrine of original sin; the possibility of sin into Satan, the principle of evil; the direct relation of God to man into the redemption of man through the human death of the one Divine Being incarnated. Religious knowledge was replaced by faith; love, by the election of believers. The church had raised itself above the community, and had placed in opposition to the laity a priesthood as the vehicle of the Divine Spirit; and to all State authorities, a hierarchy, at whose head was elevated a visible representative of God on earth, invested in the person of an infallible Pope with authority to bind and to loose, with undisputed religious sway over the bodies as over the spirits of believers. The formula had embodied hypocrisy, and had substituted the adoration of saints, images, and relics, the remission of sin and a multitude of symbolic ceremonies, for heartfelt, inward piety and devotion.

Let us now examine the significance of the Reformation. It began with the sixteenth century, and employed as its instruments of success bitter and sanguinary conflicts. The Reformation, when historically established, laid low the Church and its ceremonial, but left the dogma untouched, or rather, by means of the full development of so-called symbols, for the first time invested that dogma with a fixed and determinate form. The Reformation of the sixteenth century in its essential purport was far more a social than a religious reformation. The oppressive power of the Church had to be destroyed, and with it necessarily fell the ecclesiastical formula. Necessarily too, the Reformation, for the sake of contrast, gave to dogma increased prominence. Again we see that, as soon as the struggle had taken a decisive turn, a distinct character manifested itself; and this was severe dogmatic form. Hence we perceive that, from its very commencement, either the Reformation called the State authorities to its aid, or the Government claimed the Reformation as their own; that soon were formed evangelical States and Catholic States; that these States took up arms against each other; and that it was not the power of intellect, but the chances of war, by which the extent of the Reformation was determined. This was the more natural, as the Reformation took place at a period of social agitation, during which the feudal system in its decline and fall had resolved itself into the absolute sovereignty of the reigning princes. Hence we see that the first reformers bound themselves to symbols and to creeds worded with stringent exactness, and that, after the Reformation, the strictest dogmatism wielded its barren sceptre.

The same causes operated, even in those very countries where the

Reformation had fought and conquered, to render the victory over the Church and its formula but a partial one. For, in the place of the Catholic, or Church-Universal, was erected the national Church, based on dogmas and symbols. In the place of the chief Bishop or Pope, we find the Sovereign Prince, or in his default the consistory; instead of the consecrated priests, ordained clergy; and in lieu of a gorgeous ceremonial, certain sacraments which were held to pertain to the very essence of Christianity. From all this it is evident that by means of the Reformation the Religious Idea gained merely outward although important advantages, and had encountered a fresh antagonism in the dogmatism of that Reformation itself.

[] But the severe dogmatic character of the Reformation necessarily in itself became the condition of a new struggle, the more inevitable, because at this time, in the seventeenth century, the intellectual movement experienced a much briefer interval of repose, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century received a most powerful impetus. This rigid dogmatism it was that first called forth its opposite extremes, skepticism and materialism, developed in the last century, as is well known, into diletanteism, in the writings of Voltaire and those of his followers the Encyclopedists. The more unsatisfactory these were felt to be, the sooner did they pave the way to what has been termed rationalism, which by means of the Kantian philosophy gained ground rapidly and invaded the territory of the Christian religion. Again here, we must not overlook the great social movement which was going on at the same period. During the second part of the last and the first of the present century, absolute government was struggling with constitutional government. In like manner, there were and are active the desire and the attempts of rationalism to overcome the dogmatism of the Reformation; to substitute for the State church, an independent free church; for the consistory, Presbyterian assemblies and congregational church-government, and to declare the sacraments mere form. Rationalism itself has lived through a two-fold period: the first, which was merely an analytical criticism of dogma; the second and present period, marked by the efforts to combine out of the elements left, after this critical analysis, something new and determinate, something more humanizing and gentle in its character and in its mental influence. Allow me, my hearers, to endeavor to make this somewhat clearer.

It has been seen that Christianity was combined out of those antagonistic elements, of which the historical causes have been elucidated in their proper place. Christianity adopted from the Mosaic precepts as the universal principle of morals, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor

as thyself," making love the life-principle of the human being. Yet it simultaneously renounced all influence over human society in its collective form. While Mosaism comprehended this love to our neighbor to be a declaration of equal rights to all men members of the national polity, Christianity, being a subjective religion, only enforced unconditional submission, under every governmental and constitutional form of society. This introduced the first contradiction into the Christian system; for the whole of society, as it has existed from the origin of Christianity up to the present day, has been the complete reverse of that moral axiom; and I do not hesitate to assert, that the precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," throughout the whole of the middle ages up to the present time, has been one monstrous falsehood. Christianity adopted from Mosaism the unity of the Divine Being, but so modified its clear attestation, that Christianity became a mystery and took its stand thenceforth on that which is the opposite of actual knowledge—faith. All the specific doctrines of Christianity are opposed to reason, and are consequently obliged, in order to maintain their ground, to deny the sufficiency and the rights of reason. Christianity aimed at the destruction of Paganism; yet it taught a trinity of the Divine Being and an incarnation of the Godhead. It sought to abnegate the heathen notion of fate; yet it replaced it by another sort of fate, the doctrine of original sin, and of belief to which mankind must be subject. Christianity sought also to rescind Jewish ceremonial; yet substituted for it another ceremonial, baptisms, communion, the mass, liturgies, fasts, etc. Thus into Christianity were introduced many inconsistencies; to reconcile which and to secure their continued existence, it became necessary to set aside human reason, or, in other words, their own agreement with the whole organization of the human mind, and to assert Christianity to be a third revealed fact. Accordingly, so soon as reason acquired such a preponderance in the developed intellect of man as to be no longer ignored, all the irreconcilable inconsistencies of Christianity became apparent, and the original elements adopted by it from the Religious Idea were seen to be in direct contradiction to the modifications evolved in its historical progress. What course did this impose on its followers? When any great and widely-spread institution has reached the point at which all its contradictions and incongruities come to be displayed to the world's view, recourse is had to a solution in which three contradictions are ever apparent; and three parties always hold their ground on the great battle-field. One party endeavors to uphold at all costs that which is, and to set aside all innovation; this one has on its side all the powers appertaining to the institution, so far as it still

predominates. The second party is desirous of yielding at once to the attack, and of permitting the total subversion of an institution that has lost its unity and position. On its side it has the strength and prestige of a new and powerful intellectual movement; opposed to it, not only the existing state of things, but also the great mass of the people, prone ever to remain in a condition of repose and neutrality. Lastly, the third party is composed of those who recognize the inconsistencies of the institution as a whole, yet wish to preserve such portions of it as can be retained, in order not to endanger their own tranquillity and safety. The first and second parties know exactly what they seek; while this third or middle party, having no clear consciousness, are ever trimming and wavering, inclining first to one side, then to the other, and splitting at length into several parties, according as their views approach more or less to the one or the other of the two above described.

This, my hearers, is the picture of Protestantism at the present day. The first or orthodox party, upholding the rigid dogmatism of the Reformation in its fullest extent and holding fast to existing institutions as the only true Christianity, reject reason as uncalled for and incompetent to the criticism of this divine revelation. They further assume themselves, and claim to be, the national church, and call, as such, the State to their aid. The second party are directly opposed to this system, and reject everything that reason does not bring as true to their convictions and entire consciousness. Hence they set aside all historical Christianity as untrue and inconsistent with reason, and seek to substitute for it their self-attained convictions and the general consciousness of mankind. Finally, the third or middle party select from out of historical Christianity certain fundamental elements, declare them to be true Christianity, and, so far as reason can accept it, in the elements thus selected by them, endeavor to uphold this Christianity.

On closer examination we find that the first or orthodox party is the only one which has a fixed well-ordered basis; but its adversary Reason has acquired so vast a preponderance in every other department of human affairs, that by the exercise of arbitrary power alone can it be excluded from the domain of religion. Orthodoxy is truth to those only who still retain a child-like simplicity of intellect. Those only whose whole life is passed in a condition of continued intellectual childhood can be really satisfied with orthodoxy. The more developed man either forces himself back to this position, for the sake of the peace which he has not the energy to seek for elsewhere, or adheres to it from obstinacy or in pursuit of worldly advantage. In the first case

he is honest, albeit somewhat egotistical in his nature ; in the second, he is a hypocrite.

The second or anti-Christian party possesses a clearly-defined knowledge of its own ends, but has no determined basis of operation. It is directly opposed to the historical party, of which it desires to achieve the annihilation. It acknowledges no authority and no revelation ; it insists on the self-origin of all convictions, and on according to these convictions full weight, even in the religious community. This is the institution termed free congregations ; but in this also the elements of dissension are present. For whither must the system of this party lead if perfectly consistent with itself ? Manifestly to a return to the human idea,—to Heathenism, though necessarily and evidently to a modern Heathenism. For whereas ancient Heathenism saw warring principles in nature, and thence deduced the plurality of the gods, Man in recent ages has learnt to look on nature as a whole, and hence to recognize the God whom she discloses to him to be One God, a Unity. The most important point is, however, that the view he takes of the Godhead in nature is identical with that held by the heathenism of old. God and nature with him are one and the same thing ; whereas the Religious Idea teaches us that God is supermundane, and that nature is the work of God. Setting forth from this principle, the inevitable sequence is, that man being the highest organism, full validity will be restored to the motive principle of selfishness ; love, justice, purity, and morality will lose their foundation in God, in whom the Religious Idea places them, and will become mere relative conditions and aspects of man's being in regard to himself. It is but recently that this has for the first time been openly avowed as the basis of a religious system, by the "Marbourg Friends of Light," a body which, though scattered, is more numerous than it is supposed to be. Another large party, repelled by the comfortless character of these views, stop half-way on a path in the same direction, and profess Deism, that is, the God of the Religious Idea, while they refuse to be indebted to history for their knowledge of Him, and declare that knowledge to be a native growth of their own minds. These, however, want a firmer foundation for their system. They accept nothing that is not proved. Yet they take for granted as proved that which is not susceptible of proof (as Kant shows), and then impute to it the same validity as though it had been demonstrated. Besides, to combine the complete sufficiency of individual conviction with any universal doctrine is *per se* a contradiction, since the right of private judgment assumes the severing of the general bond of a common belief. Here, then, as well as in the orthodox party, we encounter elements arbitrarily combined.

We come lastly to the third and middle party, those who chose to remain Christians yet reject historical Christianity. In their system, also, a weak point may be found; that point is the absence of any fixed and determinate standard. They aim at separating from historical Christianity so much as they deem to be true. But what is their ground, what is their measure of acceptance or rejection? The ground and measure are the Scriptures, they reply; that is, the New Testament. But the New Testament as a whole furnishes the materials of all the Christian doctrines. Dogmatism has its entire foundation in the New Testament. This being an accepted fact, the phrase so constantly employed, "The Scriptures according to the spirit, not according to the letter," are words without meaning. For either I put into them whatever my mind is compelled or wills to find in them, or I leave out whatever my mind is compelled or wills to reject. Both these operations transform the Scriptures into something I have willed them to be; and thus all becomes individual. My idiosyncrasy comes therefore to be my motive principle, and not the Scriptures; and to the whole system is thus given the instability of a mere delusion. Finally, another course is to seek a primitive or original Christianity; the later writings, the Gospel of St. John and the Epistles, are severed from the New Testament, the more ancient portions only being retained, in order to establish this primitive Christianity. But where, as a historical truth, is this primitive Christianity to be found? At its rise out of Judaism; for, tracing the course of Christianity back to its source, we arrive at Judaism as it existed in Mosaism and Prophetism. But there, too, at the point where Christianity flows out of Judaism, we have already recognized that severance of the Here from the Hereafter, that breach between the Idea and the Life, that sacrificing of the Present to the Future, in which assuredly truth, whole and entire, cannot be comprehended. We are therefore compelled to further retrace our steps, until we reach Mosaism. Again here, be it observed, the arbitrary assumption of the individual determines both the ground and the measure, and a halting point is sought on a road on which it is not to be found. This is just what we perceive to be actually the case among the "Protestant Rationalists" and "Friends of Light." These two sects have the merit of asserting the rights of reason as opposed to orthodoxy; they have further the merit of desiring to protect the Religious Idea against the assaults of Pantheism. But with these negative services they have never been able to combine any positive benefits, the specific one excepted, of maintaining the rights of the community in opposition to the encroachments of State Churches.

Upon these movements a fresh one has recently supervened, on a

territory which had hitherto remained unshaken by mutations, that of Roman Catholicism. While it was really Protestantism that fought the battle above described, it is nevertheless certain that very many individuals, though for various and manifold reasons nominally remaining within the pale of Roman Catholicism, were not uninfluenced by the movements around. As at the time of the reformation, a number of Catholics separated themselves from orthodox Catholicism, and, attacking one of its extreme doctrines, the adoration of the coat, abandoned the ranks of the church and formed themselves into a new community. The movement was rapid, the agitation it produced spread rapidly, and was rapidly brought under certain regulation and control. But as rapidly was it outwardly checked, and confined within prescribed limits. It must here be observed that it doubtlessly gained most ground in those parts of Germany where Protestantism chiefly prevailed. It is vain to object that its progress was forcibly arrested by State authorities. For, in the first place, in several Protestant countries even, it had to overcome the hostility of the respective governments; and in the second, when, we would ask, was ever any religious movement suppressed by the exercise of political power, if it had deeply imbued and extensively pervaded the mind of the masses of the people? Never! On German Catholicism this good fortune attended not. And wherefore? The development of the Protestant struggle was naturally progressive, and its instruments were therefore always ready prepared and available for immediate use. The road from Catholicism to dogmatism, from dogmatism to rationalism, from rationalism to the Free Communities and the "Friends of Light," is one definite onward path. Now German Catholicism had to overstep this development, and found in the Catholic mass very little prepared material. Here, then, was their first stumbling-block. Again, the German Catholics, like the reformers of old, were precipitately urged on to decide at once on their future course. Was it not then probable that they would fall into one of the phases of Protestantism? And into which? A form as elastic as possible was therefore sought which should admit within its limits the greatest possible number of individual sympathies, and in which should be preserved something of the old Catholicism in a modern dress. But this proved another stumbling-block. For the mass of mankind require something tangible, something that they can grasp and hold by; they want not to seek, but at once to find. So, as was inevitable, no members of the Catholic Church gave in their adhesion to the new community, except such as had long previously had a Protestant bias. And very few of the Protestant party joined it, since they found it nothing more than what they already

possessed. German Protestantism, it is true, endeavored to gain a certain footing by means of a more outward elaboration. It aimed, as its name implies, at uniting, in one universal German Church, all those who had outgrown Catholicism and Protestant orthodoxy. But under existing circumstances this great idea could not be carried into effect. The age is as yet unprepared for the realization of a task which is in truth the mission of Protestantism itself.

What is then the result of the whole Christian development, from the Reformation to the present time? It is this; that reason has made good its claims against dogmatism and has separated from it the specific elements of Christianity. Hence results again a twofold effort; on the one hand has been attempted the re-edification of the Religious Idea divested of its specifically Christian elements, by the "Friends of Light," on the other, the "Free Communities" have dissolved all common bond of union, by establishing the validity of private judgment or individual reason; and thence has been evolved its extreme result—Pantheism, or modern Heathenism.

(To be continued.)

A STAG'S EXPERIENCE.

A STAG stood at the side of a brook, and after having quenched his thirst, looked admiringly at his elegant figure, which was reflected in the smooth glassy water.

"How beautiful, how noble, are these horns of mine! Well may the beasts of the field envy me such ornaments. But, alas! when I come to look at my lanky thighs and thin legs, I find they are quite out of proportion with the rest of my well-formed figure."

While he was thus communing with himself, he heard a lion approaching. Up he started, and scampered quickly off. The lion pursued, but was unable to overtake him. The stag's nimble feet carried him rapidly over hill and dale.

At last the stag reached a forest, where he hoped to find a safe retreat. But the lion followed him. The stag started again, but, alas! in his attempt to escape, his horns became entangled in a thicket. He was unable to extricate himself, and so he fell an easy prey to his pursuer.

Too late the silly stag found out that the lanky legs, which he had despised so much, could have saved him, and that the splendid horns, of which he was so proud, were the cause of his destruction.

THE INDIGENOUS SCHOOLS OF INDIA.

BY A NATIVE HINDOO.

To a reading and inquiring community like the American public it may not be uninteresting to examine the old indigenous machinery of popular instruction existing in the vast Empire of Hindustan. Much has, indeed, been written on that interesting country and its people with great minuteness and skill, but, as far as we know, the subject of which we are treating has never been handled before—at least not in a satisfactory and authoritative manner. The writers of that extensive Indian literature, which has sprung up with amazing fertility in the course of half a century, have undoubtedly been men of no ordinary learning and powers of observation, but they have been casual and hasty observers, and their opportunities have not been great. It is, perhaps, owing to this fact, as well as to their uninviting nature, that the indigenous schools of India have not received more than a passing mention at the hands of these writers. We have undertaken, therefore, to give a short sketch of them for the edification of American readers. The writer was born and brought up a Hindoo. He has gone through the ordeal of native training, in his own country, and is competent to convey information that has never transpired beyond the narrow limits of native school-rooms. It is not our purpose to imitate or follow the immortal Tom Brown and others of his kind. We shall content ourselves with a humbler position and act the student rather than the teacher, arranging our materials, like him, in the form of a simple narrative that admits of details necessary for its proper delineation. It must be premised that, from various considerations, we have thought it right to combine several personalities into one, and here and there to credit ourselves with actions in which we have not had the smallest share.

At this point the reader will permit me to drop the formal "we" and pursue my narrative in the first person singular. It was after my fifth birthday, on a day that had the entire sanction of the high and unfailing authority of my family astrologer as to its being all-auspicious, that I was surprised by a sudden and startling metamorphosis in my personal appearance; so great, indeed, that I should scarcely have known myself if I had the slightest misgiving as to the soundness of my senses. A child is not accustomed to reflect much at that tender

age, but reflection was forced upon me by the unusual circumstances surrounding me. For what was the meaning of all the noise and bustle in my otherwise quiet home and neighborhood? What had gathered together under our roof our family relations of all ages so early in the morning? For what purpose were meant the horses and chariots in the streets? But I was not allowed to indulge long in this sentimental train of reflections. I was led to the bath-room, where I was made to sit in a shallow copper bath that evidently seemed to have undergone some kind of ceremony from its red marks; and a barber, who used to perform on my father twice a week, was introduced. Fiendish as he looked, even he shrank back when, on seeing a sharp instrument in his hand, I raised my wild cry. Kind entreaties, fond coaxing, great inducements, wild threats and petty punishments were all set to work, but to no avail, and I writhed and struggled on till two buxom women overpowered and held me tight in their arms. And now the barber came grinning: my hair, that had been hitherto allowed to grow in profuse curls or beautiful ringlets, or tied in such ornamentations as the fancy of my mother and sister suggested, was cropped and sheared by his ruthless hand. His frightful image still haunts me when I think of that "all-shaven and shorn" appearance. For, behold the scene of transformation! What could be more smooth, more polished, more thoroughly divested of everything that luxuriantly grows on the head of man? Be it said, to the unqualified credit of that artful man, that he acquitted himself with a success that procured him universal applause from those who were witnesses of his deed and its results. The polished head might have deserved no mean position in the artist's studio. It might have given no ordinary opportunities to the phrenologist, and it might have saved no little trouble to the student of anatomy. But, though my treatment had thus been cruel for a while, after the operation was over I became the centre of general observation. Most flattering attentions were paid to me by all around. Everybody talked and cheered and amused me. My aunt, with unfeigned pleasure, took upon herself the management of my bath, being the legitimate person, in the eyes of our religious canons, for this onerous task. My body was first anointed with a strange mixture of turmeric and fragrant substances to give it a yellowish tinge, then my feet were washed with milk as though they were the centres towards which all that was holy tended; and lastly warm water was poured on me in small jugfuls, the delicate arms of my fair attendant rolling like Turkish gloves with a zeal that made me sure of finding my tegumental covering divested of every particle of its store of black pigment. The next step was to dress me with taste in the latest current fashions

of my people, which by the by have been so stable as to have undergone very little change in the long course of centuries. It would be tedious, except in the columns of "Harper's Bazar," or the "Ladies' Journal," to describe the varieties of shapes and cuts and stitches. Suffice it to say that more of gold, silver, and jewels, and of rich silks and elaborately-worked textures one could scarcely have desired. Not that my father was a millionaire; on the contrary he was a poor man, growing poorer "with thirty pounds a year." But the good old customs of my country permitted, without any reflection on an honest man's dignity and pride, the borrowing of valuable articles from the more favored sons of fortune. It would be an act of unpardonable vanity to describe at length my looks as they appeared in the mirror before me. And, indeed, it might be asked, though the gold and diamond necklaces, the lampblack mark on my cheek and on the edges of my eyelids, the red sacred mark on my forehead, and the pink hue of my painted lips may for a while feed my love of self, what interest could they have for the readers of a chapter on primary schools?

And yet we have not occupied all this space without grave deliberation. The reader could not with fairness question that what we have hitherto enlarged upon has been quite unknown and new to him, and novelty has claims that could not well be overlooked. Besides, these are preparations that must necessarily precede, on a greater or smaller scale, in the case of every Hindu boy's exodus from home to school. It must be observed in connection with the cropping ceremony, that owing to astrological causes it has in certain cases to be performed with strict secrecy, the principal actor himself not being permitted to know anything till he sees the barber's grim face. In such cases he is invited to sleep at a near relation's house, where arrangements have been completed for the proceedings of the morrow.

Whilst my body was undergoing a thorough reform within the house, outside it a procession was in course of formation. A few ornamented chariots, some decorated horses with corresponding bands and *Tomtoms*, and in rare cases an elephant with its quaint riders, constitute a file of men and animals not unworthy of the zeal and eagerness with which the people assemble to witness the spectacle. As the great hero of the occasion, seated in a silver saddle (so I imagine it was) on a magnificent horse that was not meanly bedecked with ponderous ornaments, I came last in the train, the best band playing merry tunes before me, and my father and other relations walking by my side. Led through the principal streets, the procession at last arrived at the school, the Alma Mater of my sire and great grandsires, where the revered master had made the boys stand on one side of the road in

martial array in one long row, extending over a quarter of a mile, to welcome the distinguished new-comer.

From time immemorial it had been the custom to select generally the ground-floor of a house for the location of primary schools—very wisely and considerately, perhaps, for otherwise the danger connected with going up and down the stairs would become a source of no little anxiety to the master, as well as to parents of the little urchins. The school-room was large and spacious, though the accommodation it afforded was far from being sufficient. The floor was neither carpeted nor planked, but covered with dust, oftentimes wet and damp, perhaps with a view to keep the body cool whilst the little brains were being heated. If in dry weather the floor became much heated, the boys carried a piece of carpet with them from home. The roof was low, and the walls bare and unplastered. Here and there figures in bold relief might be seen representing the deities. There were no pencillings and carvings of names and phrases on them, as are often seen in more civilized countries. As to furniture and school requisites, none of those expensive and useful articles that excite the admiration of visitors to the European and American schools were to be observed. A table was never heard of, or chairs, or benches, or boards, or plates, or diagrams, as though poverty were the first moving force in the foundation of these schools, and most philosophic doctrines of economy the guiding principles. In one corner might have been seen a heap of wooden slates, in the fanciful arrangement of which the boys exercised no little ingenuity. In the other a wooden stool with a piece of carpet on it, or a rectangular mound of earth in the fashion of a crude Divan. These seats are intended for the venerable pedagogue, and are placed so close to the wall that the necessity for a back is dispensed with. In a large school the assistant master, however, has not this advantage, his seat, a small stool, being placed in the midst of a crowd of boys. The limp body of a vegetarian Hindu requires support, however, and his resources rarely fail him. He bends his legs upon his thighs, and his thighs upon his body, and ties them in this position with a shawl or sash his customs oblige him to carry round his shoulders.

Into a school of this type I was ushered and seated on a low stool that rose scarcely five inches above the ground, just in front of the above-described throne of my learned master. Beside me was another stool on which lay a heap of rice, a cocoanut, five betel nuts, and the same number of betel leaves marked with "sacred red," and intended to represent *Suruswatee*, the Goddess of Learning. I was made to go through a course of worship to this deity, invoking her blessings for

the proper training of my mind. The details of more than half an hour amounted to the master reciting verses, of which I of course understood nothing, and it is questionable whether he himself comprehended much if anything of them, and to my performing the mechanical acts of placing a garland of flowers on the symbolic deity and asking her acceptance of silver coins. It must be observed that in the recitation of these sacred verses all phrases relating to offerings are distinctly pronounced with an emphasis that never fails to strike the audience. The generous goddess never troubles herself to take the offerings to her ærial home, but leaves them entire to her representative, who, by the by, turns so ungrateful as oftentimes to cook and devour the rice deity on the very same day. In the midst of this monotonous recitation, on hearing a certain word, the boys who were seated on the ground, many of them without a carpet, burst into a confused chant composed of a variety of notes from the squeak of a boy of five and six to the loud bass voice of the assistant. They congratulated the new-comer, asked blessings for him, and demanded valuable presents for the masters and trifling ones for themselves. This mixed chorus met with a ready response at the hands of my father, their claims not being very exorbitant—all that they asked for was a day's holiday, for which a certain fee was to be given and wooden pens and sweetmeats. As to my master, his claims were rather high—a shawl, a turban, and such other raiments which it was not in the means of my parent to afford, but he was contented with what was offered to the deity. This long ceremony being over, amid loud cheers of merry school-boys, I was reseated on my horse and the procession led homeward. I must not omit to mention, before dismissing the procession, that in high and respectable families this occasion does the twofold duty of ushering the little candidate into the school of learning as well as into the higher institution of marriage. In my unfortunate instance my parents had not yet fixed upon the intended partner of my joys and sorrows in life, otherwise I should have directed the band of horses and chariots towards the residence of my bride and paid my court to her and received presents in turn before invoking the great Goddess of Learning.

It now appears to me that the guardians of my childhood possessed tact and knowledge of human nature truly admirable, for they never alluded to school or lessons for a long time after, as though it were premature to hurl me from my enviable position on horseback on that auspicious morning down on the succeeding morrow to the level of a common school-boy with shabby clothes and a piece of carpet in hand, sadly and reluctantly trudging on his way towards the place where

not many hours since he was the most honored and admired of all. They gave ample time for every memory of the exciting scene to fade away, and willingly allowed me my own way. I carried on my boyish gambols and frolic as usual with my playmates, who were not a little pleased at my metamorphosed appearance—my bare head, with a leaf of castor-oil plant interposed between it and my cap, furnishing them with a fruitful subject to practise their infantile wit on. Little did I imagine to what end all the excitement I had been lately subjected to was designed, till one morning the grave-looking old pedagogue, my master, with a long cane in hand, and followed by half a dozen little boys, stopped at my house, in the course of his daily round, and surprised me by peremptorily asking me to join his retinue to school. I remonstrated, and set my potent lachrymial apparatus agoing, but to no avail, being dragged most remorselessly by him for a while, and then delivered over in charge of two of the seniors. Arrived at school, I was glad to find some distinction made in my case by the master accommodating me by his side, on his little throne, as also by his not keeping me long, but sending me away after a few hours' stay, in charge of an older boy. But such favors were of short duration. Within a week, as soon as I had made one or two friends, I was sent down among the multitude, to be seated on the ground, without fear of burns or chilblains. Thus my infant bark was fairly launched on the dubious waves of education, and, though I often cried when the school-hour arrived, I invariably went to school morning and afternoon, except on such days as my mother took pity on me and found excuse in two plain words to satisfy the master waiting at the door.

For months my lessons amounted to almost nothing beyond taking part as best I could in the general chorus of singing aloud the figure tables. This system is quite natural. Knowing the imitative faculties of little minds, the master does nothing, but leaves them to themselves till they have mechanically picked up something of their own free will. Then he occasionally calls up one by one and asks them to repeat the figures from one to a hundred, and then to a thousand. After this follow multiplication tables, including tables of fractions. All this is learnt by rote without any great stretch of mind. When in about a year I had given satisfactory evidence of my progress in this branch of study the master proposed that I should commence writing figures, but, before doing so, it was necessary that I should go through a second course of ceremony of offering thanks to the goddess who presided over the school. Accordingly this was done as soon as my father received his monthly salary and was enabled to meet the claims of the

somewhat exacting deity. This ceremony was very much the same as the initiatory one in substance, only on a smaller scale, and without any kind of show or pageant. We have in these schools no slates, or the writing materials used by distant foreign nations. A rectangular wooden board, a wooden pen, and a small muslin or calico bag are all one is required to possess. We fill the bag with thin dust, which is never wanting in the street—substituting the filings of two bricks rubbed together when the roads are muddy—strain it in a thin layer on the board and make figures with a blunt pen. I was made to write in this manner day after day all the figures and multiplication tables I had learnt by heart, and having afforded satisfactory evidence of my proficiency in them, I was given simple sums in fractions and rule-of-three. Then followed a third ceremony, and I commenced writing letters of the alphabet. For this purpose, I had a metallic slate—not specially made, but extemporized out of articles in the kitchen, the flat back of a rice plate answering all the conditions of an economical writing material—smooth, and polished, and allowing what is written to be easily washed and rubbed off. No ink is used, but a thick solution of chalk; very wisely, indeed, for such articles possess a peculiar aptitude for sticking to the scanty clothing, and to the body and face of the little pupils, and black marks on a dark face by no means improve the appearance. Another of our wants in this writing department is supplied from the stable. Four or five large bundles of the stubble which go to sustain the life of a cow or a pair of bullocks afford a large field for the selection of one or two reeds, wherewith to make pens. Having learnt to write the alphabet, simple combinations are next attempted. One of the senior students in turn is called upon to spell loudly and dictate names of persons and things and forms of correspondence. After finishing this curriculum of three or four years' duration, we were allowed thick paper boards, about a dozen in number, to practise writing with ink. All that was required of us at this step was to settle our handwriting. I was now in the ranks of senior students, waiting the pleasure of my guardians to make arrangements for my future walk in life. At the time of leaving the school a fresh edition of the fruitful ceremonies was never omitted, and my father gratefully rewarded the master for his years of toil in making "a diamond of a stone," as he allegorically expressed himself.

I am not aware how these schools first came into existence. Whether there was one soul above the rest, like that of the celebrated John Knox, of Scotland, indifferent about himself but anxious for the good of mankind in general, who laid the foundation of this system of instruction for the well-being of the youths of his country, or whether

a thirst for knowledge originated in the hearts of men, and some honest souls of a commercial turn of mind considered it of advantage to supply the demand; or whether, again, the State, wielding for the time the destinies of men and things, was moved by a sense of self or public interest and wise policy to take measures in this direction, I am not prepared to decide either from the voluminous records in the Government House or from the transactions and researches of the Royal Asiatic Society. It is evident, however, from the nature and management of these schools that they had no connection with the State. I do not deny that when, on certain occasions, the Rajah or the Nawab led his retinue in procession through the city and passed one of the schools I have described, he waited to respond to the graceful bow of the master and the congratulating chants of the boys; on the contrary, with commendable liberality, he ordered a shawl or such valuable articles to be presented to the master and a long holiday to be allowed to the boys. Nor did he ever grudge to pay the Brahmin's due on certain days of weeks, months and years to the hoary heads who presided over these schools. But there was nothing like an educational department or any kind of State provision for this purpose. If people wished to learn to read and write and count, it was their own work and not that of the government.

Nor could it be said that these primary schools took their rise in motives of gain. For the greed and restlessness which prevail in the commercial world did not there exist. The masters are as poor as the rest of their countrymen, and their fees trifling and optional. It appears to me that the race of school-masters sprang from one man, as did that of the tailor, of the shoemaker, of the blacksmiths, and of the goldsmith, etc., and that the descendants of the learned and revered pundit, who first thought of teaching, both to supply the demand and earn a living, could not, without loss of caste or position in society, engage in any trade, not even that of begging, which is a legitimate profession of the Brahmins.

Their sons and cousins increased the number of workers in the field, and thus schools were established and maintained in different towns and cities. It is, therefore, generally an old Brahmin that we see presiding over these schools. He has his sons, or, failing them, some near relations to occupy the chairs or rather stools of assistant mastership, and help him in his arduous duties. If in advanced age he survives his wife, which, judging from most of the masters I have seen, appears to be the rule, he cooks his own food, and some of his pupils zealously and willingly assist him in scrubbing and washing, as well as in doing justice to what surplus remains in the dish after he has satisfied his appe-

tite. He is kind and fatherly, and looks upon school-boys as his own little world. At home he lives on simple diet, but receives frequent invitations to join the feasts of the Brahmins, which occur in the families of his pupils on different occasions of marriage and holidays, and of death and mournings in particular. On these occasions, he is never bashful, but does full justice to his host. He indulges in very few luxuries. As a Brahmin he does not smoke, but he chews tobacco and betel-nut and betel-leaves. A mugful of bhang (a native intoxicating drink) forms his day tea in the afternoon. He prepares this drink himself, of course, with the kind help of some of his pupils, whom he rewards with a taste of it if they are not very young. The preparation of this drink and its subsequent ceremony inspire one with the belief that it is necessitated by a religious vow. For he never drinks it without offering a portion of it to the *Shiv*, as though it were to stupefy this god of destruction and avert his wrath on himself and his little world. For this onerous duty some of the senior boys offer ready assistance, and they are despatched with a small copper mugful to the temple where the image of his heart may be living or dying in the form of a block of stone.

Here, apropos of school adventure, I shall relate an instance of one of those tricks, which it is the special privilege of boyhood to delight in. On one occasion it was my good fortune to be deputed to accompany a senior fellow-student as carrier of the grateful offering to the black stone deity. A privilege like this means a half holiday, and we played and rambled on the streets and whiled away the time as best we could. Of course the master does not delay his drink till the boys return from the temple. He has generally an easy conscience in this way. He does not wait a minute after the deputation of two or three boys has taken its departure. After enjoying a hand at marbles on an unfrequented street we arrived at the temple in good time. My companion was an adept in performing the religious rite entrusted to us. He left me at the entrance to keep watch and cry out a word of signal if the old woman in charge came out of her little cottage close by. He went down stairs to a domed circular hall, poured the bhang on the black smooth stone and clasped his hands and knelt and bowed. On his way up again he grasped the butter which fed the burning lamp—it is a religious injunction to keep lights burning day and night—and quietly swallowed it. This was my first visit, and I was not initiated into the mysteries. I wondered, therefore, seeing the jaws of my friend at work, if the deity gave him something to eat by way of reward for his trouble. In that case I thought it was but fair that we should have taken it to the master instead of making use of it without

his sanction. I found, however, that I was but a greenhorn yet, and soon learnt to my cost what it was to receive presents from the good god. On questioning my friend he told me that by going down and kneeling before the god I should be entitled to the butter in another lamp in which a flickering light was waning away. In my awkwardness and confusion, notwithstanding the assurance of my friend that there was nothing to fear, I displaced the lamp from its rest, and the metallic noise it produced immediately brought the old woman there, who in great astonishment exclaimed, "God, it is neither a dog nor a goat, as I feared, but this scoundrel of a little boy. What have you been doing, you little dog? Don't you wipe it off your lips. I see the butter plain on them." And then she gave me a blow that made my face red and caused it to smart for a week; she asked hurried and indignant questions as to who I was and what business I had there; but all I said, if I answered at all, was drowned in the hot tears flowing in streams down my cheeks. I left the temple thus rightly punished, determined never to make my appearance again and resolved to go home directly. But at the corner of the street I found my companion patiently waiting my arrival and congratulating me with roars of laughter at my decided success. He soothed my temper, however, and told me many a story of like adventures, and I learnt that so great is the devotion of these boys at times that if they happen to have a cane in hand, they try its effect on the poor block of stone, and realize its wrath by the crash with which it splits, and that not only the butter often disappears but the grateful drink of bhang, also, instead of cooling the heated deity, allays the thirst of truant boys.

It will be perceived that the education imparted in these schools is of a practical nature, comprehending very little beyond the bare wants of the people for transacting ordinary affairs of life. Arithmetic formed the basis of instruction, its principles being required by men in all walks of life for buying and selling. Reading and writing were not resorted to by many, as the sons of tradesmen and lower order of people scarcely knew what to do with these qualifications, books being not extant and intercommunication very rare. For this occasional letter-writing one could engage the services of a writer at no very great cost, writing being a trade as much as shoemaking or rice-selling. As for keeping accounts, it was only in the offices of bankers and brokers that ledgers, entries, and cash-books were required. With most men the mind was the book on which could be read in indelible characters the dealings of years, so efficiently was the memory exercised at learning figures. I have seen with admiration men who would add, and divide, and subtract, and say with exactness how their

credits and debits stood. When the accounts stood long and there was fear of the memory proving faithless, marks were made on rafters and backs of doors with chalk or lime, and these were counted up when drawing the balance-sheet.

It may be observed that, while our education was rigidly utilitarian, principles of morality were not neglected. It was a common practice to make the boys stand in a row, before discharging the school in the evening, and recite long verses of moral truths, impressing on us our duties towards parents, masters, elders, and relations; guarding us against the temptations of this frail world, and indicating the true conduct of life. Religion was never taught, except one's duties to the Creator of all. The schools are purely secular; Hindoos, Mohammedans and Parsees all meeting under one common roof without losing caste or fearing conversion. An inquiry into the details of this system cannot but be of some value to the Western educationists, while the battle between "Bible" and "no Bible" rages with vigor. It is evident that the good old Brahmin, with his characteristic national foresight, saw the danger and folly of inculcating sectarian doctrines in a country where sects counted by hundreds.

The expenses of this education during three or four years amount to a trifling sum. There is no fixed fee, but every boy is required to bring a handful or more of grain, at least on four days in a month, and oftener if his means permitted. Sons of men in higher ranks in society are required to bring a copper coin (half a cent or more) in addition to the grain. But this is to an extraordinary extent optional. No account is kept, and no boy is ever turned away for neglecting to bring the master's due. I may mention that the master loses little by this voluntary system, as the zeal and rivalry of boys for taking the handful of corn for their learned "puntogee" can only be exceeded by their desire to play.

The school hours are between seven and eleven in the morning, and two and five in the afternoon. One or two of the senior boys go early, open the door and sweep the floor, and as the morning advances the boys begin to pour in. The master leaves home after his morning ablutions, and calls on boys who require invitation on account of their age or unwillingness to go to school. At 11 A.M. the school is discharged, and the boys, as well as the master, go home for dinner; after which the school meets again at 2 P.M. The system of punishment of the refractory and the miscreant is not less primitive and original than that of teaching. As a rule the boys are mild and no mischief is at work, though now and then one of warmer blood does try his revenge after receiving flogging. When his mind is thus inclined he manages

to leave the school later, and takes the cane home with him. He steeps it in a solution of common salt during the night, and goes to school very early, to the astonishment of his parents. The cane takes its legitimate place, but when the master tries its strength on an offender it cracks into pieces, to the no little merriment of the crowd. When any boy is found whispering or playing, the master sends him a cane, calling on him to bring it back, which he does, and as a reward receives his due amount of flogging. When a number of boys are detected at playing or making a noise, the master painfully leaves his seat and goes on whipping a dozen of boys without caring whether the blow falls on the guilty or the innocent. For a slight offence a pinch or two on the uncovered thigh generally suffices; next comes flogging with rattan cane; and for grave or repeated offence a form of punishment is adopted of which I have seen or heard no parallel. Both the hands of the offender are brought together and tied with a rope. They are then carried over the head to the back of the neck, so that the arms stretch at right angles to the body. A number of wooden boards, on which the boys write, are then placed horizontally between the head and the tied hands, and the offender is made to stand in this pitiable condition 'till such time as the master pleases. Considering the tender age of the boys, the delicate frame of their body, and the oppressiveness of the weather, nothing could be more torturing, and it is to be hoped that ere long this cruel system will cease to exist, as will the schools in which it is in vogue, under the improved machinery of education that is rapidly spreading in all directions under the benign British rule.

THE END OF CREATION.

ONE of our ancient traditions tells us, that when the work of the creation was accomplished, and when the Angel of Mercy perceived the laborious mission of man, he approached before the throne of the Most High, and said: "O Lord! is it for this that thou hast created man? Is it to a life of incessant toil that thou hast doomed the being whom thou hast created in thine own image?" The Most High answered: "Nay, it is not for toil, but for the result of toil, that I have created man. By laboring zealously in that path of duty which I have marked out for him, man will earn that blessed repose which I have stored up for all faithful and zealous workers. On earth, also, I have provided him with a respite from toil. I have appointed the Sabbath, the proper use of which will give man a foretaste of the eternal Sabbath, which I will help him to attain."

NOTES ON JEWISH EVENTS.

NEW YORK.—THE NINETEENTH STREET SYNAGOGUE FOR SALE.—The Synagogue of the Portuguese Orthodox Congregation in Nineteenth street is for sale, and the directors, though not anxious to get rid of the property, will not refuse a favorable offer. The reason of this is, of course, because the present fashionable taste for religion is in having an up-town place of worship. Since the orthodox gentry who govern that congregation are about making a change in location, would it not be well for them to make other and more important changes? It is not to be expected that for a generation or two the members of this *very respectable* congregation will be able to shake off their bigoted notions, and attempt something in the way of reform; and, therefore, we do not for a moment offer such a shocking suggestion. But this we do, with all humility, venture to recommend to that august body, that they engage, as soon as possible, a competent minister to occupy the pulpit, so that their children may not altogether forget the spirit of Judaism, which is fast becoming lost amidst the heap of unmeaning ceremonies, which are invariably performed whenever the synagogue is opened. The Nineteenth Street claims to be an American congregation, and those who belong to it pride themselves, though we cannot see the reason, on their aristocracy. Yet, perhaps, in no congregation in the world are the interests of Judaism so neglected as in this. For years no word of religious instruction has been heard within the walls of the synagogue, except recently, when a gentleman from the South delivered two or three well-written sermons in the hope of showing his ability to fill the pulpit. The services are fearfully tedious, lengthy, and unimpressive; the synagogue is almost always empty, and the decorum observed even by the few who are present cannot, to say the least, be very highly complimented. We think, indeed, that it is time for a change; and we would gladly learn that some real improvement was contemplated, even if the matter of location were deferred for the present. The congregation owes it to itself to do something for Judaism, since it is the oldest Jewish congregation in America.

THE HOME FOR THE AGED.—The project for the establishment of a "Home for Aged and Indigent Hebrews in the City of New York," has been realized in so far that the society is now formally organized.

The work of charity in this respect has hitherto been well attended to by the Ladies' Society, under whose auspices the present Home in Thirty-second street has been maintained; but now it is likely to be extended and made more generally beneficial by the new organization. It is to be hoped that the erection of the Home will be shortly commenced, especially as there is no difficulty in obtaining the site, the same having been generously given for the purpose. An institution such as the one now established has been long wanting in this city, and if the new Home is properly managed, as we have no doubt it will be, it will be productive of many blessings to the poor, and will rank among the first of our benevolent institutions.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL.—The annual meeting of the members of this noble charity was held on Sunday, December 22d, for the first time in the new building, and notwithstanding the severity of the weather there was an excellent attendance. From the report presented we cull the following interesting items:—

During the year there were 741 applications for admission, of which 615 were admitted; out-door patients amounted to 765, making a total of 1,380. Of the discharged there were cured, 416; improved, 108; not improved, 4; left before treatment, 8; died, 50; remaining, December 1st, 71. The receipts of the year amounted to \$102,848.73, and the expenditure to \$77,971.60, thus leaving a balance of \$24,877.13. Payments have been made on the building to the amount of \$297,461.40, and \$50,000 still remains to be paid. Of the patients treated Dr. Trausk's report gave their nationality as follows:—Germany, 274; Russia, 176; United States, 50; Austria, 26; Bohemia, 19; England, 18; Hungary, 13; Ireland, 10; Alsace, 9; Holland, 9; France, 3; others, 8.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the following:—President, Emanuel B. Hart; Vice-President, Samuel A. Lewis; Treasurer, Lewis May. S. L. Cohen, F. Kurzman, Isaac Phillips, A. B. Ausbacher, A. Simm, M. S. Fecheimer, and D. Salomon, Directors.

BALTIMORE, MD.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE HEBREW BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The Hebrew Benevolent Society of this city celebrated by a banquet, on the 18th ult., its seventeenth anniversary. After the cloth was removed many able speeches were delivered in proposing and responding to the several toasts. Mr. Abraham Nachmann, the President, in the course of his remarks, alluded to the good work accom-

plished by the Society. "Our Society," said Mr. N., "was ever an unfailing sheet-anchor to the poor, even in the darkest hour of their necessity. Our assistance is rendered with that delicacy of manner which does no violence to self-respect; those that need our aid are not treated as paupers, but as our fellow-beings—like us, created in the image of God and our brother. We dispense our gifts with impartiality; mercy, compassion, justice, are our only guides."

In the course of the evening subscriptions to the amount of \$8,000 were received.

Baltimore has now, besides the Benevolent Society, a Hebrew Hospital Society, and a Hebrew Orphan Asylum, and it is also contemplated to establish a Free Burial Society; this speaks well for the liberality of our Baltimore brethren. Of the Benevolent Society the following are the officers for the present year:—President, Mr. Abraham Nachmann; Vice-President, Col. M. J. Cohen; Treasurer, C. Bamberger; Secretary, J. Lauer; Directors, Messrs. Simon Stern, S. G. Putzel, A. Gusdorf, S. Blum, J. Hausmann, M. Reinhardt, M. Friedenwald, J. Rose, M. Pollack, S. Leymayer, J. Castleberg, S. Cohn, M. Lindauer, A. Rosenfeld, J. Gazan, J. Hamburger, M. H. Springer, and J. Stiefel.

WILMINGTON, N. C. — A NEW SYNAGOGUE.—The Jews of Wilmington, N. C., feeling the necessity for a proper place of worship, have very praiseworthily determined to organize themselves into a permanent congregation, and to spare no trouble nor expense in obtaining the desired synagogue. Some time ago, Rev. Dr. Jastrow, of Philadelphia, addressed a large meeting of the Jewish citizens, held in the court-house, and by an able address delivered on that occasion, together with an eloquent sermon given in their temporary synagogue, contributed much towards strengthening the good intentions of his hearers. Accordingly a large amount has already been subscribed, the lot procured, and the following gentlemen have been elected as officers: Sol. Bear, President; A. Weill, Vice-president; N. Jacobi, Treasurer; J. T. Mark, Secretary; F. Rheinstein, T. Levy, N. Greenwald, H. Marcus, and M. M. Katz, Directors. We extend to the new congregation our hearty congratulations and sincere good wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

ENGLAND.—ANOTHER REFORM CONGREGATION.—We learn with pleasure that a movement is on foot in England for the purpose of establishing a new congregation on reform principles in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The town in which the proposed

synagogue is to be erected has not been definitely determined upon, but it will be either in Leeds, Bradford, or Huddersfield, in which places there are several Jewish inhabitants. Subscriptions amounting to over \$5,000 have already been promised, and it is fully expected that there will be no difficulty in obtaining the required sum. It is gratifying to find that, notwithstanding the bigotry of our English brethren, and the power which priestcraft in the person of the Chief Rabbi and his orthodox colleagues still has over the people, there is some attempt at progression. Reform moves slowly in England, but it moves surely and will continue so to do, in spite of all the block-heads who put their shoulders against it. We hope soon to be able to chronicle the permanent establishment of the new congregation.

BRIEF NOTES.

THE Berlin papers assert that Alderman Meyer Magnus is to become a member of the House of Lords of Germany.

Dr. Selig Auerbach, son of the late Dr. A. Auerbach, Rabbi of Halberstadt, has been elected to fill the position made vacant by the death of his father.

The Jews of Ktno, Poland, have recently suffered the severe loss of a very beautiful synagogue, the same, with all its contents, having been entirely consumed by fire.

The Emperor of Germany has been pleased to decorate Dr. Hildesheimer, orthodox Rabbi of Berlin, with the medal of merit, in token of his services during the recent war.

Jews are being received into the order of Free Masons in Prussia, the first instance being in Berlin, where four of our brethren have been formally initiated into the mysteries of the ancient society.

Rev. Simon Archer, the reader of the Great Synagogue of London, died on the 30th November, in the 83d year of his age. For 37 years he officiated in the same congregation, and his loss is justly deplored by those who knew him.

The first Jewish institution for the blind at Vienna, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on December 1. Dr. Ludwig Frankel, the well-known German author, was the instigator of this noble movement, and by his influence succeeded in obtaining very rich endowments for the institute. The cost for the ground and the erection of the buildings amounted to 150,000 guilders, and was defrayed by the late Jonas Von Koenigswarter. Among other large contributors were the Barons Rothschild. The dedication was attended by the governor of Lower Austria, and many of the notables of the city.

SCIENCE, ART AND FACTS.

WHERE shall we get paper enough for all the books, reviews, and newspapers of the world, is again commencing to be the cry. In England they are trying to find a substitute for rags, in a material coming from Africa. It seems most of the rivers there are choked with a plant known as the palmete, a kind of large rush, 8 to 10 feet long, and large quantities are now being collected and sent to England, to be transformed into paper.

Late experiments made on the drying of wood for manufacturing into furniture is worthy of notice. Growing wood contains in winter 50 per cent. of water, in March and April 46 to 48 per cent., varying but little from 50 all the year round. Timber dried in the air still contains from 20 to 25 per cent., and never less than 10. Wood dried by artificial means, containing less than 10 per cent., loses all its elasticity and is brittle.

The ostrich has usually been considered as peculiar to the continent of Africa, where two species have been recognized, one belonging to the northern portions, the other to the regions nearer the Cape of Good Hope. These species were long considered identical, but their being distinct species has been lately proved by a difference in their eggs. In a recent work on the birds of Eastern Africa, it is shown that either the ostrich of Northern Africa or a third species was known at a very remote period in Central Asia, and perhaps even in India, and that at the present time it occurs wild in Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, where in fact it was mentioned by the earliest writers, including Herodotus, Aristotle, and Darius.

The great value of mosaics consists in their indestructibility. The most careful pigment fades, whilst the mosaic is everlasting. Its use dates back from unknown ages. In Rome it was first introduced by Sylla. Of course we are all familiar with it, but only when applied to those small ornaments used for personal decorations. But of late there has been a wonderful revival in the art of mural mosaics. On a little island near Venice, where the art was carried on 800 years ago, some of the traditions have been preserved, and within the last three years extensive factories have been started, where mural decorations are made. We call the attention of our numerous readers to this fact, trusting that some day some of our own temples may be decorated in this way.

The most voracious fish in the world is probably the *piraii* of Guiana. Their jaws are so strong, that they are able to bite off a man's toe or his finger. They attack fish of twenty times their own weight, and devour them. Indeed there is scarcely any animal which it will not attack, man not excepted. Large alligators which have been wounded on the tail, afford a fair chance of satisfying their hunger, and even the toes of this formidable animal are not free from its attacks. The feet of ducks and geese, where they are kept, are almost invariably cut off, and the young ones devoured altogether. In these places it is not safe to bathe, or even to wash clothes, many cases having occurred of fingers and toes being cut off by them, and yet the fish is not more than two feet long.

Before the slow but unceasing approach of the glacier human power quails. For the last fifty years the town of Zermat, in Switzerland, has been more or less frightened by the glacier of Santa Rosa, which has been moving gradually forward at the rate of about one foot and three quarters a month. For half a century it has dug its way through green pastures and grain fields. Its approach was heralded by great boulders, which it kept constantly moving before it. Serious apprehensions were at one time entertained for the safety of the town, which lay directly in its track. But during the last ten months this icy monster has changed the direction of its movement, and thus the danger has been averted; but the fields through which the track lay can never be again cultivated, on account of the immense fragments of stone, by which its course was thickly marked, and which are deeply embedded in the soil.

One becomes so much accustomed to the many conveniences of life as to forget sometimes to give to certain persons the credit of having originated those objects which are so necessary to our comfort. We should like to know what the civilized world would do without matches? Yet the invention of our present lucifer match was great, because it was so small, and it now turns out that the production of this most useful but dangerous fire-work was due to a happy thought which flashed through the brain of a Mr. Isaac Holden, an Englishman. Mr. Holden had to rise at four o'clock in the morning, to pursue his studies in chemistry, and experienced the greatest inconvenience from his tedious efforts to obtain a light from flint and steel. He says: "Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light, but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, phosphorus, when the idea occurred to me to put under that material sulphur. I

did that, and told some of my friends about it. There was a young man in a class of chemistry, who told it to his father, a London apothecary, who seized on the hint, and immediately afterwards lucifer matches were issued to the world."

In the economy of nature sea-weed plays a most prominent part. If we look back to the distant period of the world's history when the scarcely cold crust of the earth was covered by water, we find the remains of those gigantic sea-weeds which existed in the lukewarm waters. As the higher summits emerged to the light of day, they were covered by the first layers of earth or mud arising from the decomposed sea-weed. To the present time they continue to lay the foundation, at the bottom of oceans, rivers and lakes, of that fruitful detritus which successive generations of vegetable matter utilize so successfully. Independently of this they have also an immediate and practical use; no poisonous sea-weeds are known; there are many kinds which furnish abundant alimentary resources, and others which are used on a vast scale in manufactures. There is one patch of weed, extending on the Pacific Ocean, not very far from California, computed to be about six times the size of France. It is from the peculiar color of sea-weed that the Red Sea owes its name, the microscopic seeds of a certain sea-plant giving the water at times a peculiar blood-red color.

Anthropologists, or those who make the study of mankind, are delighted with a new fact, which they think they have discovered. Starting on the hypothesis that no abnormal act of men can exist without some natural cause, they have endeavored to trace out the origin of suttee, or the act performed in India, known as the burning of widows. The following is their statement:—They say that before its introduction wives in India were in the habit of avenging themselves on their husbands for cruelty or neglect, by mixing poison in their food, and at last things came to such a pass, that the least matrimonial quarrel resulted in the husband's death. An easier remedy for the evil might have been, we suppose, found in permitting the wife to eat out of the same dish as the husband, but this would have, perhaps, involved too wide a departure from the customs of society. It must be admitted that this process of burning is of that kind of peculiar refinement which would commend itself to the Asiatic mind. So much, then, for the theory of suttee. These anthropological gentlemen, however, get off strange ideas from time to time. Very lately they asserted that all mankind were originally cannibals.

A series of curious experiments have been tried lately on the effect of swinging. A number of rabbits were taken and subjected to the

action of swings, the swing making as much as 40 oscillations in a minute. The effect, as was to be expected, was a lowering of the temperature, but not, as might be supposed, from the renewal of the air in contact with the animal, as this was carefully guarded against. The animals became terribly depressed, the action of the heart was lowered, and various other disturbances were manifested. The question naturally arises, why swing rabbits? What good could come from it? Lately very serious and attentive studies have been made in regard to the motion of vessels at sea, and many thousands of dollars are being expended to overcome the nausea attending sea travel, by the building of ships which, with internal arrangements of decks hung on pivots, and always kept parallel, would obviate sickness. No less a person than Mr. Bessemer, the originator of the great process for turning iron directly from the ore into steel, is directing his time and energy to this important subject. The rabbits were then used and swung in order to find out what would be an aggravated case of animal distress, from involuntary motion.

MR. JOHN ROGERS, the eminent American sculptor, has added another laurel to the many he has so well earned by his recent publication of a charming little group entitled "Playing Doctor." This last happy effort represents three children engaged in mimicking respectively the parts of Patient, Doctor and Nurse. A mischievous little urchin is seated in dishabille with his feet in a large pail of water, evidently going through the operation of taking a foot-bath. It seems, however, that he desires to try the curing properties of the bath on his boot, for he has placed that useful article of his wardrobe in the tub, heedless of the damage which will accrue to "papa" therefrom. On one side he is carefully attended to by a girl, elaborately dressed in clothes which certainly were never made for her, who, fearful of her patient taking cold, has thrown a sheet around him. On the other side another boy, some years older than his companions, administers mock medicine and advice with all the gravity becoming his assumed profession. Though attired in his own childlike jacket and pants, he has donned an immense overcoat, from the pockets of which several bottles protrude, but as, unfortunately, the cork of one of these bottles has fallen out, its contents are trickling down the side of the coat, unheeded by the would-be physician. An umbrella, almost as large as himself, is resting against his knees, while at his feet lie the cup and spoon, doubtless intended for the draught which he will administer to the patient from the large bottle which he holds in his hand.

The peculiar talent of Mr. Rogers lies in the portraiture of familiar

scenes within a small compass, and because he produces most pleasant impressions. You have before you a little group, and within its small sphere it tells all its story, whether it be one which is happy or sad. That the public fully appreciates his works is apparent from the fact of the number of his statuettes which grace our drawing-rooms, and the public, though they may be indifferent or regardless of the delicate subtleties of art, are never wrong.

REVERENCE FOR AGE.

A DECREPIT old man used often to come to Obadiah's house. His head was bowed down with age; his voice was scarcely audible, and the little that could be heard was unintelligible.

But Obadiah loved the old man; and whenever he saw him at a distance, he ran to meet him, invited him into his dwelling, offered him his softest-cushioned chair, and, when he left, accompanied him back to his lonely hut.

Obadiah's sons saw with astonishment how their father honored the old man, who seemed to them a dotard; and one day they asked him why he did so.

"My sons," he answered, "this man, who is now scarcely able to speak, was in former years the greatest orator and deepest thinker of his time. Old age first attacked his body, and then his mind; and with the light of his eyes the light of his intellect became also darkened. Our sages say, that when Moses had placed the tablets of stone in the ark of testimony, the Lord commanded him also to preserve the broken tablets. Not alone those which now serve, but also those which did serve, a holy purpose, though useless now, are to be held sacred. Reflect on the deep meaning of this beautiful parable. And whenever you see a man who has once served the world by his wise lessons, his good example, or his benevolent acts, remember the broken tablets of the law, and honor and reverence him though his day be past."

A SUPPLICANT'S ADDRESS.

A SUPPLICANT once addressed a prince to the following effect: "I approach thee to solicit that of thee for which I have already supplicated my Creator. Grant it to me, and I shall praise the Lord and thank thee; refuse it, I shall still praise God and excuse thee." This pleased the prince, and he complied with his request.

THE STAGE.

WE have long considered that a fair and true review of the Drama, as represented on the leading stages of New York, would not only be of great interest to our readers, but would be in itself a legitimate subject of criticism as entering especially within the domain of our magazine. That principle of imitation so inherent in mankind, which flows through painting and sculpture, certainly in the drama finds its noblest outlet, and we trust to make *THE NEW ERA* a chronicler of the most noteworthy tragedies, comedies, or dramas which attract the multitude in New York. Of course a proper selection will be made of such plays as engross public attention, and while the many immoral ones, which pander to a prurient taste, will be ignored by us, what is worthy of mention,—those performances to which a father can take his daughter to without causing the blush of shame to mantle her cheeks,—will only have our careful attention.

First, Booth's Theatre claims our notice, with a piece called the *Lily of France*, a production of the versatile Mr. Brougham, who, at one and the same time, is ready to produce a farce, a comedy, and a drama. The *Lily of France* is the old story of Joan of Arc, and we are in the midst of the Middle Ages. No house in New York pays more strict attention to the *mise en scène*, and the decorations were of the most superb character. The part of the heroine was personified by Miss Temple. As all stories which have charmed our childhood make popular dramas, the beautiful story of the Maid of Orleans is no exception. But good as the piece was, it had to make way for the *re-entrées* of Mr. Booth, who made his *début* in *Richard III.* It seems, of late, that hyper-criticism is in order, and that those who write about this wonderful performer are prone to lower his delineation of Richard, affirming that his subtle talent is more at home in the more delicate personifications of a Hamlet, or the more mazy villany of an Iago, than in the downright barefaced wickedness of a Richard. We must confess that this splitting of artistic hairs is not to our taste. To us every delicate shade of rendering, every gusty rush of passion, in Mr. Booth's Richard, is the personification of Shakspeare's most difficult problem. Who is there now alive who can play it better? New York never tires of Mr. Booth, and crowded houses have welcomed his return.

Mr. Wallack's, the theatre of elegant comedy, the model house of the United States, has for a season given over its peculiar line of performances, and, with Mr. Sothern, has been playing to crowded houses for the last month. And what a wonderful actor he is! One tires, after a while, of the agonizing drama, the high-flown comedy, and the human mind, without wanting exactly to roar with laughter over the broad farce, finds a peculiar and complacent pleasure in being amused in a half-way measure, keeping back the side-splitting roar and substituting for it the gentler simper. The impression this consummate actor, Mr. Sothern, makes on the theatre-goers is somewhat of this character. You sit and see him personate the weak-minded Dundreary, or the equally addle-witted Sam, with a constant desire to ripple over with smiles. Those who have only seen Mr. Sothern in Sam or Dundreary can hardly believe what intense strength and vigor there is in him, which finds its power and fullest development when he takes the character of Garrick. Some plays have their private histories, and of such is the American Cousin. Originally Asa Trenchard was the character, and Lord Dundreary but what is called in stage parlance the gag part; but Mr. Sothern, by true force of talent, has made Lord Dundreary, the once insignificant portion, the leading character of the piece.

At the Union Square Theatre several standard comedies have been produced during the past month, but these have given way to a new play from the pen of Mr. John Brougham, entitled "Atherley Court," and founded upon F. W. Robinson's novel, "A Bridge of Glass." As far as the play itself is concerned, we do not think it is entitled to rank with the best of the author's works. Still it is not without merit, since in many parts the skill and genius of Mr. Brougham are clearly discernible. The character, which deserves most attention, not only from its clever conception, but from the excellent way in which Mr. Mackay represented it, is the *Earl of Atherley*. This impersonation is perfect, and well deserves the compliment of a call, which he always receives at the end of his first scene. The other characters claim no especial notice, except that the actors and actresses performed their respective parts very creditably, and made as much of them as opportunities allowed. The great attraction in this piece, however, lies in the beautiful manner in which it has been put on the stage. The scenery is exquisite, and gives ample proof of the great talent of Mr. Richard Marston. Indeed, two of the scenes, the drawing-room, in the third act, and the exterior view, in the fourth, are the finest of their class we have ever seen either here or abroad. Altogether we regard "Atherley Court" as a success, and doubt not it will have a long run.

The reign of the Black Crook is not over, and even fire and all other afflictions could not suppress the indomitable Jarrett & Palmer. If the new piece at the new Niblo's (for it has all been rebuilt again) is not exactly like the Black Crook, Leo and Lotos resembles it as closely as might twin sisters. In fact, when we say Niblo's is *on its legs again*, we give the fittest criticism of the new spectacle, which has dancing women, and dancing dogs, and circus people, and combats, and blue fires, and dissolving views, and real water, and everything, in fact, which renders it the most effective spectacular piece of the day.

If all is glare and glitter about a theatre, and mimic fires sometimes illuminate the scenes, the true, the fearful, the actual fire, is unfortunately of late too common. In the midst of a most prosperous season, when a charming spectacle,—New-Year's Eve—was drawing all the *élite* of New York, in a few short hours Mr. Daly's theatre, one of the prettiest in New York, was consumed by fire. It seems every precaution had been taken to guard against such an accident, but by some oversight a flue was in bad order, and thus the fire arose which in an incredibly short time left nothing but a few ashes. Mr. Daly has, however, not been discouraged, and has taken a new theatre, and will resume his business very shortly. In the mean time, he is doing well with a piece called "Round the Clock," at the Grand Opera House.

From the stage proper we now turn our attention to Mr. De Cordova, who delivered his new and humorous lecture on "The African Livingstone and Stanley" in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on the evening of the 30th ult., before a very large and intellectual audience. As a lecturer Mr. De Cordova may be regarded as one of the best in America, and as a humorist he certainly has not his equal on this side of the Atlantic. It is therefore very enjoyable to spend an evening at his entertainments, which, if not as scientific as Tyndall's, nor as historic as Froude's, certainly possess not only great merit, but tend to correct many of the abuses of society with which we are surrounded. In the present lecture, Mr. De Cordova had great scope for exerting his satirical powers, and although many in the audience were severely lashed, yet it was done in such a facetious manner that no one could take the least offence; for, while recognizing the truth and correctness of his humorous 'pictures of themselves, they were compelled to regard them with as much pleasure as did those whom the remarks were not intended for. In this lecture Mr. De Cordova introduces us to the African Livingstone, whom he calls *Borobobo*, stone-with-life, or living-stone. Imbued with the spirit of Speke and Grant, whom he encounters surveying, and bent upon the discovery of the sources of

the Nile, Borobobo resolves to come to America, and discover the sources of the Shrewsbury river, or perish in the attempt. His voyage to these shores, the trials and privations which he encounters, his entering business as a white-washer, his despair, and at last, when reduced to "a mere ruckle of bones," his meeting with Stanley, who has come over to his rescue, all these scenes can only be appreciated when heard from Mr. De Cordova's own lips. But the happiest effort of the lecture was in the notes which Borobobo entrusts to Stanley on his return to Africa, after refusing to go back until he has accomplished the purpose for which he came over,—the discovery of the sources of the Shrewsbury. These notes are comparisons of society, social, political, and commercial, between America and Africa; and in many instances redounding to the credit of the latter, showing as they do the follies of dress, the ill effects of our protective tariff, the abuses of our courts and jury laws, and the corners in grain and stocks, where everything tends to promote the poverty of the masses, and the massing of fortunes for the few.

In conclusion, Mr. De Cordova exhorted all the young men present to exert themselves in abolishing the abuses which he had alluded to; and after an hour and a half the audience was dismissed, highly satisfied with the lecture and lecturer.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

HOPE is a light diet, but very stimulating.—*Balzac.*

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—*Adam Clarke.*

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.—*Locke.*

If there is anything that keeps the mind open to angel visits, and repels the ministry of ill, it is human love!—*Willis.*

Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear Reason, she will rap your knuckles.—*Franklin.*

Men love better books which please them than those which instruct. Since their *ennui* troubles them more than their ignorance, they prefer being amused to being informed.—*L'Abbé Dubois.*

He who would pass the declining years of his life with honor and comfort, should, when young, consider that he may one day become old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.—*Addison.*

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—FEBRUARY, 1873.—NO. 2.

THE VERNACULAR JEWISH PULPIT OF AMERICA.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

IN resuming the consideration of this important subject, it becomes necessary to inquire into the several causes which tend to suppress an institution of such vital consequence to American Israelites. No feeling of false delicacy should prevent us from going to the very root of the evil, or should influence us to conceal a single fact, even should the confession thereof be humiliating to our communal pride. As was stated in our first article, the pulpits of more than two-thirds of all the congregations are vacant, so that if even the present incumbents were of their own accord to deliver regular English discourses on the Sabbaths and Festivals, the want of a vernacular pulpit would still exist in a very considerable degree. The question which arises then is not so much: Why have we not English preachers? but, Why is our Ministry so inadequately supplied? Let us answer this, and we shall soon find reason enough why there are so few among us competent to enter our pulpits and teach Judaism in the language of the country.

Until within comparatively late years, the Jews of America never had a ministry. It is true some few honorable exceptions were to be found, but the majority of those who officiated in the Synagogues, were most incompetent to represent a community in the eyes of the world. Possessed of but little education in general and no theological knowledge whatever, they of course failed to command the respect even of those who placed them in office. Yet they did all that was required of them. They sung the services in the Synagogue, buried the dead, married couples, and slaughtered animals according to pre-

scribed form. Perhaps, as an additional means of eking out a scanty subsistence for themselves and families, some may have taught Hebrew reading to the juveniles of their respective congregations. And here the duties of their office were really ended. That no word of pulpit instruction escaped their lips was no matter of astonishment, for it was not asked of them, in fact, not expected of them. They had no recognized position in their congregations, much less in society. They were simply hirelings, paid to do certain duties, and very poorly paid at that, which, when performed, balanced the account between themselves and their employers. Such was once the unfortunate position of the Synagogue official.

At that time, it must be recollected, the Reform School, which has since grown so great and powerful, was in its infancy. Bigotry and superstition were then the rulers of the Synagogue. The *Torah*, the *Talmud*, the *Machsor*, and the *Tefilah* were all considered of equally divine origin, and the people knew as little of one as of the other. Custom was the only guide, and so it was deemed heretical to make the slightest deviation from old forms and ceremonies, or to curtail by a single line the volume of verbiage which under the misnomer of prayer had to be weekly recited. Here, indeed, was one of the chief causes why religious discourses were neglected. It was utterly impossible to maintain a pulpit with the liturgic system which then prevailed. The services were so extremely long and burthened with tedious repetitions, that it took hours to go through the performance, notwithstanding that the prayers were invariably recited at rail-road speed. The additional time required for the delivery of a discourse would necessarily have been only an infliction on the worshippers who were sufficiently exhausted without it. Again, it must not be forgotten that the delivery of addresses in the house of worship was regarded as the custom of a faith in direct opposition to our own. That the Christian churches of the land maintained the pulpit, was reason enough why it could not be introduced into the Synagogue, since it was held that nothing belonging to an alien faith could be adopted by Israelites without infringing upon the Biblical commands. Such were the arguments of the weak-minded and ignorant men who then governed congregations and directed public Jewish matters, and who, if not thoroughly unacquainted with history, would have known that the institution of the pulpit was by no means original in Christianity, but had been borrowed from Judaism, it having existed long before the age of the Apostles.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, the Ministry as a profession did not exist at all. There were certainly a few noble-minded men of good scholarship, who having their hearts devoted

to Israel's cause, albeit they were firm adherents to orthodox principles, accepted situations as *chazanin*, and by dint of indefatigable perseverance, raised somewhat the standard of their calling as far as they were individually concerned, and forced their congregations to extend to them that respect due alike to their talents and zeal. To one of these—the late Rev. Isaac Leeser, of Philadelphia—must be attributed the honor of having first introduced the practice of regular pulpit instruction in the vernacular. But men such as he were in those days too few to constitute a ministry. Thus they stood alone, faithfully fulfilling their mission, but utterly powerless to induce others of like intelligence to follow their example. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise? What inducement was there at that time for a young man of ability to enter a calling which could neither give him a decent livelihood nor afford him opportunities of earning renown? A fine voice and a smattering of the *Shulchan Arooch*, were then all the qualifications deemed necessary for that vocation. Talent was not required and not remunerated when by accident it was found; hence talent sought other spheres to make itself appreciated. But when at last the time came for bigotry to yield to reason, the eyes of the people were opened, and they saw with shame and humiliation that heretofore they had been content to seize the empty form to the exclusion of the heavenly spirit. Then they realized the unhappy state of the house of worship, and found to their regret that the services were wanting in everything which could elevate the soul or promote true devotional feeling. The Reform School necessarily gave the impetus to all the improvements and changes which were commenced in the synagogues. Though at first the so-called orthodox decried every innovation as heresy, and strove to crush out every attempt at reform, yet by degrees they felt themselves compelled to do something towards maintaining their position among the new congregations which were being established. They, of course, did not at first follow or join the reformers in abrogating the rabbinical laws, or in removing any of what they were pleased to term the landmarks of Judaism, but they sought to stem the tide of progress by meeting at least some of the demands of the age, chief among which was the introduction of the pulpit. It is not our purpose to show how, step by step, the Reform School developed itself and broke down the follies and superstitions of the past; how antiquated and time-worn ideas gave way to rational and purely Jewish doctrines; how orthodox customs gradually lost their hold on the people; and how the new congregations grew strong and numerous by the constant addition to their ranks by members from the old school. These are events which, though exceedingly interesting and instructive, do not come within the sphere of this article. Yet

they undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence in the formation of a Ministry which was at length recognized as indispensable for the preservation of Judaism in America. But where were the ministers to be found? With the few exceptions already alluded to, the *chazanim* were totally unfit to enter the pulpits, and it was impossible to obtain preachers from England, since the Jews of that country were, if possible, in greater darkness than their American brethren. Besides, at that time, the vernacular was not so essential as now. The majority of the congregations were composed almost exclusively of Germans and Poles, who had not been long enough in the country to become sufficiently acquainted with the language to warrant its use for pulpit discourses. From Germany and other European countries, therefore, had our preachers to come, and this system of importation, which was resorted to from sheer necessity, has continued to the present day, simply because the proper steps towards building up a ministry and inducing our young men to devote themselves to that exalted calling have been shamefully neglected. But what was once a necessity has ceased to be so, since English is now well understood by all classes of Jews in America, but more especially by the rising generation, which is essentially American, and for whose benefit the pulpit is mainly required. And if this were otherwise, the foreign supply would be inadequate to the demand; so under all circumstances it is an unwise policy to depend so entirely on Europeans.

We have thus seen that the want of a ministry was due in the first place to the mistaken orthodox system which once prevailed—mistaken, we use the word advisedly, because those who professed to be orthodox really knew not the principles of orthodoxy. Without any knowledge of the original sources from which the rabbinical laws and edicts emanate, without any acquaintance of Jewish history or literature, without an understanding even of Biblical Judaism, their orthodoxy consisted in blind obedience to the customs they had witnessed in their childhood, and to the ideas inherited from their parents, by far the greater portion of which was at total variance with true orthodox doctrines. Orthodoxy never attempted to suppress the pulpit. On the contrary, it strongly advocated it. To spread light and impart knowledge has always been the mission of Judaism, and inasmuch as instruction formed the chief province of the ancient Jewish rabbi, the pulpit exercised a powerful influence for good over the people. Thus history affords us the strongest proofs that, from the time of the destruction of the Second Temple and the dispersion of the Jews to the present day, the pulpit has been inseparable from the Synagogue. For though at times, owing to peculiar circumstances, it degenerated in certain

countries, and in fact ceased to exist for many years, it nevertheless, during the same epoch, flourished in other countries not affected by those circumstances. Now as orthodoxy prevailed generally until the present century, without in any way restricting the right of the Synagogue to maintain the pulpit, it is quite evident that when, not alone in this country but also in England, arguments were advanced against it on the ground of its being un-Jewish, it was not orthodoxy which thus spoke, but the ignorance and intolerance of those who imagined themselves orthodox in their folly and pious in their bigotry. This vicious system, however, once so destructive of the ministry, is fast sinking into the grave to which long ere this it should have been consigned. It has forever lost its power to inflict injury.

But another cause, as dangerous perhaps as the first, depresses the clerical profession in America, a cause which in fact is a remnant of the old system, since it is the inadequate return made by the people to those who devote themselves to the sacred calling. The return to which we allude, and which should in all cases be rendered to a minister who faithfully fulfills his duty, implies not only a monetary remuneration sufficient to enable him to support himself and family in comfort, but that due amount of respect to which the office of a clergyman is eminently entitled. Now we maintain that, except in a few instances, the conduct of congregations to their ministers is much to be deprecated. They not only do not pay them in proportion to the services rendered, but they fail to evince that encouragement and appreciation so dear to the human heart. A minister's position as at present constituted is certainly not an enviable one, for apart from his numerous duties, which, if conscientiously performed, are by no means light, he is entirely dependant on the whims and caprices of his congregation, and can at any time be dismissed from his office. In the majority of cases, when disagreements result in severing the connection, public opinion generally sides with the congregation. In this way an ignorant president or an obtuse board of trustees can make matters very unpleasant to the poor incumbent, who has not the slightest chance of obtaining redress. To this is due that lack of independence and manly spirit which is too often characteristic of the Jewish clergy, for the policy of many of our ministers is not to do what they know and feel to be their duty, but rather to please their congregations by pandering to their peculiar tastes and wishes. Thus those who should be the followers become the guides, and those whose high mission is to lead and instruct become in fine the servants, the tools of their employers. Far be it from us to justify or even to palliate the conduct of those ministers who would be willing to abandon a princi-

ple, or to sacrifice their own self respect, in order to secure the goodwill of their congregations. Yet we ask whether under the existing state of things such degeneracy is much to be wondered at? To many an incumbent, the loss of a situation means the loss of a living, and in such cases the claims of a family to be supported have the first consideration. If, however, the minister's salary was sufficient to enable him not only to live comfortably, but to put aside a few savings yearly as a protection for his family, in the event of any contingency arising whereby he would be temporarily prevented from earning a living; if proper congregational laws existed to protect him in the discharge of his duties; if he received the respect becoming his vocation; if he was regarded more as the leader, the pastor, the teacher, the guide, and less as the paid official, every temptation would be removed from his path, and his only incentive would then be the laudable ambition to benefit his flock and to advance the cause of which he is an advocate. Until such wholesome reform takes place, we must not be surprised to find the Jewish Ministry of America very inadequately supplied. Those who possess the means will not enter it for pleasure; and our native young men of ability are too full of spirit and ambition to be content to forego the advantages offered to them by any of the liberal professions, or even by mercantile pursuits, to adopt a calling so unprofitable in every way.

While on this subject we cannot refrain from calling attention to another serious drawback, which at present affects the clerical profession, and to which may be attributed in a measure the smallness of salary. There are, in small cities especially, too many congregations. We know of towns in which there are as many as three distinct congregations, each possessing a place of worship, a burial ground, etc., and each desirous of having a minister, and yet the three combined do not number over a hundred families. Now it is quite clear that if these three were merged into one, their united contributions would be sufficient to pay all congregational expenses, including a proper salary for a competent minister. As it is, however, each is too small to incur any considerable expense, and so each offers as remuneration a sum so insignificant that no intelligent man would think of accepting the office. It is amusing to read the advertisements which appear in the weekly press, of congregations who desire to engage "a gentleman" "fully qualified," to read the prayers, lead the choir, preach both in English and German, give instruction in Hebrew, and fulfill all other duties incumbent on a minister, at a yearly salary of twelve hundred dollars. "No travelling expenses allowed." It necessarily follows that the successful candidate is as unfit for one duty as the other, and

knows as little of the minister's calling as he does of any thing else. In some of the large congregations the reverse of the preceding is the rule, for there the desire is for two officers to perform one man's duty, and, as a legitimate result, the salaries of both are ridiculously small. We cannot see why a minister should not also read the prayers. To our mind this is entirely within his calling, and as it is customary among reform congregations for the prayers to be declaimed and not sung, the want of a fine voice or of musical knowledge on the part of the preacher need not prevent him from assuming this additional duty. Among our Christian brethren the clergyman always conducts the service, and if we are not much mistaken, he regards that privilege as one of the highest which fall to his sacred office. In recommending the adoption of the same custom, we, of course, refer only to reform congregations, where the chanting is performed by the choir, and the recital of the prayers merely an act of devotional reading. And here we venture this remark: If we desire to raise the standard of the Jewish ministry, and to enlarge its sphere of usefulness by increasing the number of its votaries, the cause of progress and reform must be advocated by one and all. The old system has been tried and found wanting. It has not only failed to give us a ministry, but it has been proved to be unfit, in every respect, for the present generation. There is, therefore, but one course to pursue, to regard it as an unworthy legacy of the past, and as such discard it, and to place in its stead some other system better calculated to serve the religious requirements of a progressive age.

At this point we must conclude our present article, promising our readers, however, that we intend to continue the consideration of this subject until we have thoroughly sifted all the circumstances connected with the past and present condition of Israel's ministry, in the earnest hope that such investigation will be productive of good in the future.

THE OPENING OF THE ASSYRIAN LIBRARY.

THE reading of the Chaldean story of the Deluge has been among the latest triumphs of modern study. Five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Layard disinterred and brought to Europe the mighty winged bulls and graven slabs from the palace of the Assyrian Kings at Birs Nimroud. Homer's song and the marbles of Phidias were modern when compared with them, and Alexander the Great might have seen them, precisely as visitors to-day might look at some curiosities in a museum, so much older were they than anything of his time. And yet these slabs

and pot-sherds were real treasures-trove. But how was the secret key to read them found out? Some twenty years ago, at Bethstun, in Persia, there was found a sculptured rock, bearing inscriptions in three distinct characters. One of these characters was the arrow-headed, the others were Persic, and Median or Scythian, and, like the famous Rosetta stone of Egypt, which divulged the hieroglyphics, this carved stone of Persia became the lexicon for the cuneologist. Guided by the Persian writing, Sir Henry Rawlinson constructed a vocabulary of the arrow-headed letters, and though no man alive can guess what is the sound of these letters, their signification has been surely understood. In the British Museum, where they were stored, there is a Mr. Smith, who has toiled long and laboriously over these tablets. It was a work alone of years to join together the thousand disjointed pieces, for they may be roughly represented as resembling a collection of broken drain tiles. Yet when we think of it, whether by chance or not, those old races used the most indestructible material that could be thought of, a thousand times more lasting than paper or parchment. When a record had to be kept, it was written in cuneiform characters on a piece of soft potter's clay, which clay, rolled out in thin sheets, was prepared for this purpose, and then sent to the furnace or kiln to be baked. When the pieces were joined, in our day what is called a *squeeze* was made, which is simply done by pressing on the tablets damp paper, which takes the impression of the letters, from which subsequent casts are taken. For a long time the readings were published, but attracted little attention, as they only gave long lists of Assyrian kings and queens, of no possible interest to the world, when suddenly the story of the Deluge was discovered. To enter here into a discussion regarding the Deluge would be out of place. That such a fact existed, no one can doubt, but it seems pretty well solved that the Jews had it as a tradition from the Assyrians. But important as are these discoveries, Mr. Smith asserts, from some few fragments of inscriptions read and decyphered by him, that though as yet fragmentary, there must exist chronicles of dates and events, running thousands of years anterior to those lately given to the world, telling of the Deluge. It is true of this older ceramic history there are as yet but a few tiles, but he rests his hopes in future discoveries, which explorations are sure now to follow. Sargon, the name of the monarch in whose reign the Deluge chronicle found its scribe, states that three hundred and fifty kings reigned over this country before his time. Two thirds of these monarchs have yet to be discovered even by their names, to say nothing of the prodigious roll of their deeds and glories. The mounds of Nimrod, Kalah Shergat yielded the present curious history of the Deluge to Layard. Similar heaps of

ruins, called Lura, Hillah, and Warka, remain after the lapse of thousands of years undisturbed, and will doubtless be ransacked, and the pages of the wonderful libraries, hidden from the world, be again republished for the benefit of modern civilization. Bound up with the history of these early kings, is a question which must be of the utmost interest to the Jew. If Abraham, the father of the race, left Ur of the Chaldees, who ruled over Western Asia, from Persia to the Mediterranean, these Babylonian records when discovered will determine for us the date of Chedorlaomer, and thus settle this important question. But is this all? Not only may facts in regard to the particular families of men be solved, but we may be able to penetrate even further, as to the vexed question of races, and the origin of the Semitic branch to which the Hebrew essentially belongs. In early times—we speak of a period—the furthest remote in history, Western Asia is believed to have been inhabited by tribes of men, whose language was totally different from that of its present inhabitants. Those early communities founded the civilization of Babylon. At least two thousand years before the Christian era, these aborigines were conquered by the great Semitic stock from whence have descended, Jews, Arabs, Syrians and Assyrians. We can never know the exact facts, in regard to these ethnological questions, until the tablets recording the histories of these kings are exhumed. From them, too, we may ascertain other views of the Creation—of the Man before the Flood. An inkling that such records have existed has long been credited, and that they were once translated into Greek, in the third century of the Christian era is also believed. As to the facts of modern date (if those of the reign of such a *late* king as Nebuchadnezzar can be called late, and really to the historian, this reign is as if but of yesterday, in comparison with the reigns of kings known to have existed long before him), we shall learn very possibly the story of the captivity of the Jews, and how Cyrus rebuilt the temple. But not only will we be able by these researches to get a glimpse of the past, or what was the past to the Assyrians, but may be better able to comprehend how wonderfully intelligent and highly educated their learned men were. Already in England, what appears to have been catalogues of their best works, have been read. They seem to include dissertations on grammar, astronomy, and astrology. Few persons know even to-day, when they look at the curious figures in the celestial globe, those strange characters which adorn our almanacs of 1873, that these rudimentary signs are Chaldean, and that our astronomy, and our mathematics are built on foundations, the first stones of which were laid by the Babylonians. These are but some few of the principal subjects in

which we are sanguine that accessions will be made to our knowledge. Perhaps, there entombed in that valley of the Enphrates lie hidden all those questions of man's early life—religion, arts and science. Somehow, as we conclude this brief summary of these new discoveries, there creeps over us, after all, the sad feeling of how impossible it is for man, hungering though he may be, to pierce back into time's mysteries. Perhaps in two or three hundred years hence, our descendants will have dropped the plummet of research into the utmost deep; but still research will never be satisfied. Even should the progenitor of this race of three hundred kings be found? What then? It is still only more groping to be done. Yet do all these things—despite our despondency directed towards man's incompetency, tend directly to his glorious future. Perhaps our descendants, more happy than ourselves, will trace tradition to its early source, and stripping it of all those shreds and tatters, which every subsequent race has tacked to it, will approach nearer to the Creator's eternal truth. Then will religion shine forth in all its grand simplicity.

B. P.

THE REPUBLIC IN SPAIN.

ANOTHER European nation has joined the sisterhood of republics. Spain, having lost her king by his own act of abdication, has repudiated monarchical institutions, and adopted a popular form of government. The revolution which has accomplished this desirable change, will be ever memorable from the unparalleled circumstances under which it was inaugurated and brought to a successful termination. That a monarch in every way fitted for his exalted office, should voluntarily resign his crown, because he admits his inability to harmonize the conflicting elements which disturb the peace of his people, and is too noble to be content to remain king of a party, is in itself a surprising fact; but that his resignation should be accepted, even by the republican leaders, with feelings of genuine regret, that he should leave the country bearing with him the good-will of the nation, and that immediately on the official announcement of his abdication, the representative bodies should quietly, and almost unanimously vote for a republic, are events worthily entitled to the consideration of the whole civilized world. As the first and greatest of Republics, the United States, hails with pleasure and satisfaction the commendable action of the Spanish Cortes, and has already, through her minister at Madrid, recognized the new government. Let us hope that Spain will be true to herself and to republican institutions.

THE MOVEMENTS OF RECENT TIMES IN ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN.

BY ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID.

(Concluded from page 22.)

LET us now direct our attention to the movements which have taken place within Judaism, of which we must date the commencement from the middle of the last century. In so doing, we at once bring into strong relief two distinct and characteristic features, that necessarily and essentially distinguish the Jewish from the Christian movement. First, in Judaism there has been no controversy as to doctrine; the relative obligation of observance of the ceremonial law or of adherence to the idea, forms the chief ground of debate. 2ndly. The change produced by the social movement was necessarily, within Judaism, far more decisive, and effected a far more marked transformation. For the social and religious movements of Christianity proceeded simultaneously, were the outpourings of one and the same spirit; but in those of Judaism, the social element was in itself the primary cause, and became in fact the umpire in the dispute. These two characteristics have a close mutual connection; for the social movement met a decided obstacle in the Talmudic ceremonial, which it had to break through, and which it has in fact brought into desuetude; a task it had in a great measure achieved, while the intellectual movement remained yet undecided.

We have seen, viz., that Talmudism preserved the whole of the Religious Idea as Mosaism and Prophetism had handed it down, but hedged it round with an extensive ceremonial; weaving at the same time out of the Mosaic national law a law of material life for the individual, by which the Idea was thrust into the background and individual freedom annulled. To this ceremonial, Talmudism attributed imperative sway, partly by referring it to the Scriptures, partly by declaring it to be a traditional interpretation handed down orally from Moses himself, and partly in fine by asserting the claim of the Talmudic teachers to absolute and uncontested authority.

It was during the first half of the last century that the first rays of light fell on the benighted isolation of the Jews. The dissemination of these stray beams was aided by the position of some among them

as members of the medical profession. Then the intellectual culture of the Jews increased both within and without, with almost magical rapidity. Mendelssohn became, as it were, the type of Jewish cultivation. He, the son of a Jewish scribe, brought up in the midst of Talmudism, instructed only in Hebrew lore, attracted, ere many years had elapsed, the attention of the whole world of letters by the fluent, sweet, and elegant style in which his learned and instructive works were composed; works conceived in the spirit of the Grecian writers, and subsequently translated into all living languages. What was at that time the attribute of the few Jewish intellects became, in the course of the century, the universal property of the Jewish mass, thereby raising the whole of the next generation to the intellectual European standard, and consequently far above and beyond the domain of Talmudism. This intellectual cultivation could not fail to re-awaken the Idea, and to cause the right of private judgment and the claims of individual freedom, in opposition to Talmudism, to be fully recognised.

But at the same period, viz., the latter half of the last century, came to pass that revolution in municipal society which transformed absolute into constitutional government. This was not a change in social forms merely, but in society itself. The state ceased to be expressed by the person of the monarch alone (*l'état c'est moi*), and extended itself to every part of the social edifice. The state became an organism, to which all its members belonged equally as integral parts. For all those members the groundwork of the state thus became one universal rule of right. Among the rest, the Jew quitted his isolated position, and was incorporated with the state. As one of its members, he lost the miserable privileges granted to him in the exercise of usury and hawking, and inherited all the duties belonging to a member of the state and with them all the rights appertaining to such members. Hence, as this view of national existence became general, its application to the Jews could not long remain disregarded. If to Germany belongs the merit of having first given it written utterance (Dohm., 1781), it was North America, 1785, and Holland, 1796, that first carried the principle into practice, and placed the Jews, as citizens, in a position of perfect civil and legal equality with the members of all other religious denominations.

The attainment by the Jews to a like condition has been in the other countries of Europe a matter far more difficult; in them the progress of emancipation has been gradual. Prussia conceded some very unimportant municipal rights in 1812, and has since withdrawn them. Denmark followed the example in 1814 by more extensive

grants. That equality which was established by the French, in Westphalia and Italy, was subsequently partially rescinded in the former; wholly in the latter of these states. Hesse-Cassel is now the only place in Germany where the Jews are legally on the same footing with other communities. In the other German states a varying scale of freedom has been adopted. In Bavaria and Austria, the condition of the Jews is yet marked by many exceptional laws. In Poland and Russia the mediæval state of the law has not yet yielded to the intelligence of the age. In Mahomedan countries the position of the Israelites has remained unchanged for centuries.

If the Jews have legally taken their place in the civil community, they have done so far more socially. The particular callings to which they have been exclusively condemned have been abandoned by them: every branch of trade, commerce, science and art, has been opened to them, while in each succeeding generation they have availed themselves more and more extensively of the new fields thus granted to their activity and intelligence. And as, during the past thirty years of peace, commerce and industry have undergone a complete revolution, and the spirit of castes and corporations has gradually died away, so have the Jews been led on further and further into these new phases of life. The more clearly impossible it was to arrest this onward course, the more the necessity or the desire of self-maintenance impelled him forward who had once entered on it, the sooner did the Jew find an obstacle arise in the pursuits of his daily life, in the requirements of the Talmudic ceremonial. This ceremonial law, especially calculated for an isolated and retired existence, could not in many cases be made to agree with a life merged in the pursuit of worldly gain and the duties of citizenship. To such a life it was opposed. Numerous individuals were soon carried by the force of the current over this Talmudic dyke. Thus two great causes operated to cause the Jews to demur as to Talmudic Judaism. Their intellectual cultivation, which infused new vitality into the Idea, awakened their sense of right to liberty of thought and to individual free agency, and their social life imbued them with a desire to break through the Talmudic ceremonial law, by which that life was so trammelled.

Long did this contradiction exist, long did these elements of strife operate, before the mental struggle gave outward signs of its inward being. Existing authorities that had remained unshaken and inviolate as the ruling power, during fifteen hundred years, and the indifference towards religious matters necessarily resulting from the latent contradictions,—an indifference which carried religious earnestness and religious needs and aspirations to an alarming extent, without and

beyond the pale of the Jewish community, caused the actual inward strife to be hushed up, the discrepancies to be concealed by silence. Individuals sought to regulate their religious practices according to their own convenience, a process the more easy, since the doctrine of Judaism was never subjected to any open attack.

This state of things could not long continue. The extended mental cultivation itself generated the requirement for the more earnest working out and solution of the religious problem. The first opportunity was afforded by the mode of religious worship, which retaining the form it had received in the middle ages, denied all satisfaction to the improved taste and the refined feelings of the present age. This controversy arose twenty years ago and is only now approaching to an issue. Yet this strife about the worship, like that of the Reformation, refers only to outward forms. The history of Jewish worship lies pretty clearly before us. To the Mosaic revelation it has no relation, since in the Law of Moses no specific form of worship is prescribed. Nor did it institute any form of divine service for the individual. The question therefore respecting worship was not a question of principles; the attack was directed not against law, but against custom; it took place in fact on neutral ground. But it soon gave rise to a second question as to the obligatory force of customs unconnected with divine worship. Upon this a third question speedily supervened, a question as to the compulsory and binding character of the Talmudic law. History was appealed to, and by it the alleged uninterrupted oral tradition from Moses down to the writers of the *Mischna* and *Gemara*, was not established; on the contrary, it was disproved. The Talmudic law therefore could claim no decided authority, excepting so far as it is confirmed by the Scriptures. But the Talmudic interpretation is a free interpretation, without regard to the rational sense of the sacred text. Hereupon arose the fourth question. Moses laid down certain general principles, the principles of the Religious Idea and the religious life; these he immediately embodied in a code for the nation and the state; but the nation and the state no longer exist. The greater portion of this national and state law lost its actuality when the nation lost its independence. Now the greater the truth indwelling in the general principles embodied in the national and state laws when consistently developed, the sooner arises the inquiry: Is the extant portion of the Mosaic national law, which became by the overthrow of the Jewish national life a mere dead letter, still binding in its literal acceptance? Or does it stand in so integral a connection with the whole, that both it and the rest of the code have lost their unconditional validity in real life? For

instance, it is asked, Were the dietetic laws of Moses only a part of the law of sacrifice and purification, so that they have lost their value with the present non-application of that law, or have they so important and independent a significance, that the Jew of the present day should consider them as binding? Have they or have they not, like the sprinkling the water of purification after contact with a dead body, only a symbolical, devotional character?

Such have been and are still the questions that have arisen among the Jews and have taken a character more or less prominent, according as they refer to matters more or less important; for example, the question as to the laws for the Sabbath, and the customs relating to the day of mourning. From all this, collectively considered, results this particular and essential inquiry: How far is the Mosaic-Talmudic-ceremonial law binding on us, in our present condition of intellectual and social development? And from these elements came into existence in Judaism also, different parties respectively formed of individuals holding and professing certain shades of opinion. These parties may be thus described: First, there are the orthodox Talmudists, who insist on upholding the binding force of the Talmudic law entire and the unconditional authority of the Talmud. This party is again divided into two sections, one enforcing a literal fulfilment of the laws of the Talmud according to the signification of the Rabbins; the other and smaller section, while inclining to the Idea, seek a new, ingenious and artificial foundation for the Talmudic law. Secondly, the Reformers, who refuse to the Talmud not only all authority but all value, set the ceremonial entirely aside, and insist on the recognition of individual freedom as the first and highest of all principles. This party are likewise devoid of a consistent foundation for the theory they would establish; for they deny at once all that was established by Mosaism as an essential element, viz., the union of the idea and the life. They in fact elevate themselves above Mosaism, and adhere only to an arbitrary interpretation of Prophetism. The ground on which they thus place themselves affording no firm footing, in the extremes of this party has naturally been betrayed a tendency towards modern Paganism or Pantheism, leading them directly away from, and out of, the Religious Idea. Thirdly, midway between these two, is the so-called moderate party, which might more justly be termed the historical party. Their specific purport and aim are, the upholding of Judaism as the special vehicle of the Religious Idea. They desire, on the one hand, the development and elevation of the Religious Idea; on the other the maintenance, as far as is possible under the circumstances of these times, of the his-

torical form of Judaism. According to their view, the ceremonial law has no real and absolute value, but is to be upheld as the means of preserving the independence of Judaism, by combining with it the antagonism to its surroundings. How important soever this party may be in the present time, they are seen to be ever involved, for want of an abstract principle, in internal contests. For if subservience to the age, which must always coerce them to fresh concessions, is to be their leading principle, what they hold fast to-day, to-morrow they will find escaping from their grasp. Each day they would fain cry, 'Halt!' but the halt is ever being further postponed.

I have thus, my friends, endeavored to give you an impartial sketch of the condition of the age and of the controversies which mark it in the domains both of Christianity and of Judaism. I must beg your indulgence, if the space of one lecture has afforded time for a mere sketch, rather than a regular and complete analysis. I have only indicated the questions and difficulties they involve; viz., in Christianity, the restoration ultimately of the Religious Idea, without the specifically Christian elements; and in Judaism, the divesting the Religious Idea of the ceremonial law. I have shown how in Christendom, Christianity is evolving itself into the Religious Idea predicated by Mosaism; how in Judaism the ceremonial law is merging into the Religious Idea; how in Christendom, the Religious Idea *itself* is still matter of debate, while in Judaism the Religious Idea is ever extant, ever openly expressed, ever uncontested, but clothed in a ceremonial law which forms the subject of dispute. And lastly, I have shown how the task of Judaism is, as it has ever been, to preserve the Religious Idea perfect and entire; and how that of Christianity is to arrive at the complete Religious Idea by the path of free, independent self-development. What is the solution of these problems? What is the future of religion? What is the goal? These questions press upon us; they rise unbidden, as the result of our previous inquiry. Assuredly, to these questions no simple and unconditional answer can be given. The child of earth cannot raise the veil of the future. Nevertheless, at the point of the world's history at which we have arrived, it may perhaps be permitted to us, when once we have taken our stand on ground above the level of parties, to derive from history some insight into that which is to come. We seek our clue in the Past, and then, guided by it, pursue our onward path into the Future.

BABETTE.

BY PHILIP BART.

CHAPTER XXL

"Yes," said Babette to herself, "it's only a short distance down to the water by the cross road, and I am used to bad weather;" and here she repeated to herself, "Bad weather, bad weather," and added: "Now I think of it, there has been much bad weather with me—in my heart lately, and all things have seemed dismal and dreary. There has been rising up within me storms, and howling, gusty tempests that have almost wrecked my former happy life. Why did I ever leave my home! a quiet, peaceful existence might have been mine; I might never have known those secret torments which disturb me! What impulse even dictates me now to thread this dreary wood and brave this storm? I must see him. He has certainly visited my uncle, and from him will I know whether they still entertain some semblance of respect for me. It is true, my uncle has bid me come to him, but could I ever do so, when the least suspicion was attached to me? Rather than be harbored there, taken on sufferance, I would face the world. This communion with myself is dreadful, and leads me almost to madness!"

Whether people immersed in thought are well able to face real physical dangers, the chronicler of this story can hardly state; for just then fell, almost on her, the heavy branch of a tree, twisted off from the trunk by some violent gust of wind; springing like a fawn, she just evaded it, but her path was for the moment barred. So far her road through the wood had run parallel with the travelled route. She made one or two ineffectual attempts to scale the obstacle, but as the brambles were dense on either side of it, she must take the main road. In a moment she had found a gap in the heap, which skirted the lawn, and was on her way again. Before her she heard the clatter of horsemen; she allowed them to precede her. Suddenly they stopped, and through the mist she saw a single man advance from the troop, as if in search of something. Seeing a person on the road, he addressed her. He was muffled in a huge cloak to the eyes, and was dripping with the wet.

"Hallo!" he cried in the dialect of the country. "I say, my little woman, here is a trouble ahead. My men can't pass; the confounded bridge has an arch gone, and what was a brook is now almost a river.

Look you, you must know all these parts of the country, and is there not a ford lower down somewhere? I know there is, seeing that once I had a tumble from off my horse in this locality. I suppose the crack I got in the skull then made me forget the country."

"Could he have recognized me?" thought Babette.

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly.

"To the landing," replied Babette.

"What for?"

This was a puzzling question. What business had she, in fact, there?

"Any friends there?" suggested the captain.

"Yes, friends."

"Well, what can a mere slip of a girl like you want to do there. It is not weather to turn a dog out in,—you will be soaked through. Has the Baroness any property on the river bank. This Baroness, what a complete little potentate she is here! All the hospitality I have received there, I think, is fully repaid by my turning out this dreadful morning and buffeting the storm, perhaps to save some miserable house or other of this lady's."

"It is not true. Her ladyship cares not a whit about her buildings; all her interest lies in trying to save the poor people's property. Carry away her ladyship's mining works, and you throw eight hundred people starving on the world."

"How do you know all this? What warmth! Are you in her ladyship's service?" asked the captain, bending down almost to his horse's mane in order to catch, if possible, a clearer intonation of the girl's voice. But just then came a blast of wind, which made for a moment conversation impossible.

"All well at the residence?" he asked. There was no reply. "And Mademoiselle Melanie as fine as ever? and Mademoiselle Babette? You say, or at least you intimated, you were in the Baroness' service. You see I know them all—some of them too well." Here there seemed as if some painful impression pervaded the officer's mind. "Here, tell them at the chateau that the captain has returned; that he could not stand his exile from this place, and has come back again, and——"

"I should think," here interrupted Babette, "that it would be better if you get another messenger than a serving girl, and besides, it strikes me that you are wasting precious time, chatting with me here, keeping me away from where I am desirous of going, and that your presence is wanted perhaps now, right off, by the river's bank, where, for aught you know, your soldiers may be the means of saving life and property."

"I suppose," said the captain, here, with a laugh, "you belong to that free-talking race of peasants the Baroness has done so much to produce, where serving-girls give their advice gratuitously, and, by heavens! where governesses and ladies' assistants put on the manners of princesses. But for once I will take your advice, young woman, though you have a free tongue. Here, as you can't pass this way, you will have to go along with us and direct us. Stay where you are, and I will send a sergeant, who will mount you before him on his horse—a pretty girl never objects to that, you know—and you shall command the party. What a nuisance it is, to be sure," he added in German, "to have to ride, through this brutal storm, some twenty miles, all on account of this beastly freak of nature. There, steady now," and he struck his fractious horse a heavy blow; "and as to you, young woman, stay where you are, and you shall show us straight the way, and besides the ride, you shall have a silver piece to buy ribbons with at the next fair;" and saying this, putting spurs to his horse, he clattered through the mud of the road to his soldiers. In a moment, the troop wheeled; this time the officer was in the rear, and a gray-headed sergeant was in the advance.

"My little child," said the soldier kindly, "the captain's orders are for me to pick you up, put you here comfortably before me, and that you shall show me the road. It seems these poor devils of country folks are having all their houses and goods swept away, and that we are to be present to keep order, to prevent robbery, and to give a helping hand. So come along. The horse is as gentle as a milch cow, and here is my hand. Put your foot on my stirrup, and I will have you up in a twinkling, and with this heavy cloak of mine around you, you will be just as comfortable as a little bird in her nest;" and with this the sergeant held out his hand.

"Sergeant," said Babette, having no inclination to travel in the peculiar matter designated, "it is more than willing I am to show you the way, only I don't choose to ride. I know the ford, there it lies—over to your left; in fact, if you follow me, I can shorten your road fully a half-hour to where the landing is, which is the place, I suppose, you are going to."

"But, little child, the captain's orders were that you should ride, and orders are orders, you know. Of course I have no desire to be rude, but obedience is my rule, and it is a military necessity, so here goes;" and leaning forward, he made a clutch for the girl's cloak. In a moment, Babette was on the other side of the road, and a second afterwards had clambered over a small stone wall. The soldier spurred his animal towards her, but the ground was so slippery that the horse

almost fell as he plunged forward. Now came a little parley from Babette.

"Don't swear, please, and listen. If you try to come after me, and even insist on taking me up beside you, I am off in the woods here in a moment, and you never could catch me, and then how can you find the ford?"

"But my orders," said the trooper, not angrily, rather amazed at the rapidity with which the girl had eluded his grasp. "Ah! here is the captain: he will settle the matter." Just then the officer rode up.

"Hell and fury! what does this all mean? Here we are all tangled up in this muddy lane. Where is the girl? Why have you not got her? What about my orders?" he asked.

"I have not got her, sir," said the man, "because she is the other side of the wall; but she says she will show the way, only she won't ride."

"Nonsense! See here, young woman, is your quality so fine that you cannot ride with one of my men? Here, come here; as I command you shall ride with me."

"With neither of you," said Babette, her voice disguised by her muffling her face in her hood. "This is the way, push down the wall, it is only of rough stone, and follow me: I am going straight to the ford;" and with this she moved quickly on. "Well, we must make the best of it; what a squeamish jade! Here, you two dismount, and push over that wall. This is the Baroness' grounds, and I shall inform her why we did it. There, that is enough; now forward, or the girl will be out of sight. What a springy, lithesome gait she has, and disappears through the wood like a fairy. It is bad luck I have had with most of my adventures with women in this quarter," and saying this, seeing his men through the gap they had made in the low wall, the little troop plunged into the wood, Babette hurrying along, full fifty yards in advance. The soldiers were as quiet as uncomfortable soldiers mostly are; occasionally some grumble was heard, as a swaying branch would catch in their accoutrements. The captain was now in the lead.

"It is," he said, "somewhat like fox and hounds, with the fox flying before you. How she doubles, and withal how graceful she is, despite the rain, which has dragged her long cloak, and the mud which is splashed on her. Ah! there goes off her hood, and a chance of seeing her face. Confound that rapid turn, which concealed her, just as I might have found out whether she was good-looking or not. What a gait she leads us! Have I not seen that easy, graceful carriage before? and the tone of the voice. I must reconnoitre," and with this he urged his horse onward to a faster walk—to gallop was im-

possible. "Here is a short cut—I think that will do it." But it led to discomfiture; the short cut went straight into a bog; and in a bad humor, after seeing his whole troop defile before him, he had to occupy the rear. It was now the sergeant who led. Suddenly the guide turned and made a signal of halt.

"We will stop here," she said. "Sergeant, over there, beside that farm-house, through the vines, leads the road; turn sharp to the right, and in twenty minutes you will be at the river's bank. I have saved you a half-hour fully."

"And will you not go with us?" he asked.

"No: the route I take now, you could not follow. There, you can hear from here the rush of the river."

"Allow me to compliment you on being the best infantry soldier, as far as marching goes, that I ever saw, and somehow you don't seem to have lost your wind. To the right, you say?" But there was no response; parting a thick bramble, he heard the crackling of the branches, and the woman was gone. Just here there was a little semicircle in the road, and in an instant it was filled with the soldiers, the captain being the last.

"Well, sergeant—and the guide?" he said.

"Disappeared, sir, gone like a flash; she says there is no use now of a guide; there lies the road, and now I can see a lot of wagons and the Baroness' teamsters going that way; knowing the country better than we, they have advanced before us."

"All right; only I should have liked to have known who that woman was. Forward, to the right, and lively now."

Babette with difficulty made her way through the underbrush, but presently struck a narrow path used as a short cut, for the carrying of ore from the mines. "The captain," she said, "returned! I had hoped, had thought, that he had left this portion of the country for fully a year! Who was it who told me that he had joined another regiment in a far-off garrison town? I have never dared ask Melanie about him. Taking me probably at my word, since that ride with him, since a formal good-bye at the house, months ago, I have not seen him. His presence here now strangely disconcerts me. I have not for him the least possible trace of even respect, God forgive me! I absolutely hate him, now, despise myself for ever having given him once a passing thought." Just then the rapid gait she had been going told on her, and she leaned for a moment on one side of an earth embankment, regardless of the rain, which had now formed a pretty deep rivulet in the narrow path. Presently some one moving slowly up the way attracted her attention.

"Ah! it is you, Mademoiselle Babette! What on earth brings you here?"

It was the man who had been at the Barracks two hours before.

"It's getting dreadful. I have come up this way to see if those soldiers are coming. It's getting beyond our power to save anything. It's the deluge coming over again. The houses from the village, three miles above, are floating down; and God knows, if there aint more than one poor soul drowned. It's just ruin that's on the land."

"The soldiers are coming. I left them a moment ago; so lead me now to the river's side," replied Babette.

"But it's sheer madness of you to go miss. You are now soaked through; and there ain't a woman, much less a lady, among the many people there. Well, I know you mostly have your own way, so if you will go, well then, I have only given you the best advice I could."

During this last sentence, however, long before it was concluded, Babette was before him, and was on her way once more. There was no declivity from which you could get a view of the scene. The hilly country was behind the river, and the land lay now in a wide monotonous expanse of flat before her. All was soggy and overgorged with water, and the wash of the hills had given the water a red hue. Though vegetation exists at all times on the river banks, it had lost its bright vivid summer green, and had now assumed a darker and more melancholy hue. Such inundations as may arise in colder countries, from the locking in of the waters by icy barriers, and then their sudden breaking up, when the rivers flow down with unpent vigor, have their dreadful character; but once the ice-dams removed, there is a certainty, that, no longer barred in its course, in comparatively a short time the waters will fall. In southern Europe, water catastrophes are, if not as instantaneous in their character, much more terrible, because they are more lasting. A freshet in Lower Hungary is an affair of months, not of weeks or days, as in colder regions. The river in itself showed no very visible perturbation, though it was already fully a third wider than usual. It was ugly in color, of a turbid ochre stain, but its speed had been increased tenfold. Huge trees torn from their mountain-sides, maybe hundreds of miles higher up, were being hurried along and tossed hither and thither. So far, they seemed to be carried in the middle of the stream, but occasionally some huge giant of the woods would take a sudden deflection, and strike like a catapult on the bank, and remain fixed there, uprearing for a moment its roots in the air, then its branches, as would a man in an agony of drowning.

The exertions of the workers seemed to be directed towards prevent-

ing the floating debris from lodging on the bank. Men were up to their waists in the water, dislodging such trees as had landed. Another portion, and by far the most numerous, were dragging timbers from the dyke, and forming a species of boom, which they were securing with heavy iron chains. People were running hither and thither, but there seemed to be some order about it. On the wharf everything had been moved away a hundred feet higher up. Presently Babette could see the wagons arrive. In an instant their loads were on the ground, and the contents, food and wine, were being distributed. Just then, some one who was nearest the river had made his way to them, and was at the horses' heads, and was taking them out of the wagons. She could see him point to some heavy timbers, which formed a portion of the dyke, and presently a rope was brought, was tied firmly to a huge beam, and the horses, ten of them, with freely applied whips, were seen to tug at the main timber, which was the key of the dyke. He who seemed to order all this now was visible, with an axe in his hand, and she could see, under his vigorous blows, the chips fly from where he was cutting away the timbers. Next, the little body of cavalry got on the ground. All the men dismounted save the officer, who, apparently, after a moment's inquiry, rode towards the dyke, and addressed the man who was wielding the axe.

She could see that the Captain was off his horse too, and was proceeding towards the dyke. She noticed that he touched his cap with a quick military salute, then seemed puzzled, as if surprised at some strange or unexpected meeting. It was no easy task for her to proceed now much further. A heroine in the mud, no matter how romantic may have been her condition, is certainly a difficult task to portray otherwise than in a ludicrous light. She had got as far as a running stream, in ordinary times a little spring only, but now fully ten yards in width. There she was as if stranded, with no possibility of advance or retreat. By this time, the exertion she had gone through made her feel weak and ill, and she was chilled with the cold. The cloak with its capacious hood, no longer was a protection to her; overloaded with water its weight almost crushed her. To stand where she was, was madness; the stream was getting wider and wider, and now, by a sudden freak, divided itself some twenty yards above her, making for itself another course, so that she stood now almost on an island. No one seemed to take notice of her, such was the excitement, and though the peasant people were passing sometimes within the call of her voice, and she would address them, either they did not care to listen, or the rush of the water, the blast of the wind, or the rain-squalls drowned her voice. "I cannot wade it," she said, "I should now be carried away." Just

then, even though in danger, her eyes were directed towards the dyke. He who was directing its destruction was now on the land again, and was apparently looking round, as if in search of more help; presently she could make out that the sergeant approached him, and that he pointed—as if miraculously—in her direction, and that a minute afterwards the soldier came splashing through the mud to the brink of the stream.

"Ah," he halloed out, "is it you, my little woman, and on dry ground yet, when we are all drowning here! But it's no joke. The man who is directing all this matter, says he saw a woman come this way some ten minutes ago, and that I was to come here and warn the country folks not to venture down on this side."

"Sergeant," said Babette, "this morning I did not want to ride with you; will you take me now? I can't ford this stream here, it is running now too strong for a girl like me to pass. Spur your horse in, and take me up, and I will thank you."

"Of course I will, and serve you right for not wanting to ride with me this morning, for now you have to ask me for it;" and, with a laugh, he forced his horse into the stream. There was a plunge or two, and in a moment he stood on the bank by Babette. This time the proffered stirrup was not refused, and in a trice Babette was in the saddle before the trooper, and in a second afterwards, with a loud snort or so on the part of the horse, they were all landed on the other side. "You would have drowned if you had staid there," said the soldier, "it was most swimming."

"Now, please, stop and let me down, and thanks for your politeness," and springing lightly from the horse as soon as they were safely on the land again, before the trooper knew how she had slipped out of his arms, she was off again.

(To be continued.)

RABBINICAL APHORISMS.

Man without wisdom is like a house without a foundation.

The wise of the earth resemble the luminaries of the heavens.

He is no wise man who authorizes another to inflict injury.

Patience is the safest counsellor, and meekness the truest companion.

Contentment, which protects its votaries from baseness, is superior to opulence, which exposes its owners to disdain.

Regulate thy means, lest thy means will be governed by thy cravings.

THE SECT OF THE CHASSIDIM.

BY M. H. BRESSLAU.

THE Hebrew expression *Chassid* signifies, "to do something beyond the common," excited by an irrepressible ardor; or, "to do something extraordinary," be it for good or for ill. We denominate by this term he who, with respect to religion, not only scrupulously performs what is prescribed, but, from his love of God, imposes upon himself the privation of lawful enjoyments, in order not to be led to commit anything wrong. For instance, the Chassidim not only do not partake of meat, but they eat nothing whatever that is produced by a living creature, as eggs, butter, honey, etc. They wear a hairy garment under their clothes; before the morning prayers they bathe in cold water, even in the most intense cold of winter. They always travel on foot, and do not stay more than one night in the same place; they often fast three, and even six days in succession; they lie down in the snow in winter, and in the summer upon thorns, and deny themselves all the enjoyments of life.

The greater part of these men occupied themselves with the study of the Cabala, and thought that they could only render themselves worthy of being initiated in that mystic science by suppressing all their passions, in order to be capable of entering into a relation with spiritual existences, and with the Divine Being.

Towards the middle of the last century, some of them, feeling the inconveniences arising from such privations, resolved to mitigate this austerity. They then laid down the principle, that the union of man with his Creator was limited to the time of prayer, which must consequently be offered with the strictest devotion, *i.e.*, with all the exertion of the mind and soul, and with the exclusion of any exterior influence. They said that the only means of man's being at unity with God was to renounce all earthly connections, in order to enter into communication with the Celestial regions. At any other time but that of prayer, they maintained that man had to develop all his natural abilities, both spiritual and corporeal, and to seek as wide a sphere of action as possible.

In the year 1740 there lived in Poland, in the village Thuszty, a person named Israel, who afterwards resided at Medzeborz, a city in the province of Podolia. At the latter place he spread his principles and doctrines, and gathered around him a great number of disciples.

A legend composed by a certain R. Bar, under the title of "She-woche Habescht," printed in 1814, and which went through five editions in four years, records the marvellous deeds of that personage. In the "Book of Morals," the author of that sect has laid down the principles upon which it was founded, and according to which he regulated their articles of belief, and their habits of living. The most celebrated orthodox Rabbins of that time opposed these innovations with all their might; but the anathemas which they fulminated against these sectarians had no effect, and their persecutions were eluded. Notwithstanding all their efforts, the followers of Bescht (under which name the above-mentioned Israel is generally known) organized a sect, and spread their doctrines over the whole of Poland, Wallachia, and Moldavia, and soon afterwards in Hungary, especially in the parts bordering on Gallicia. From his earliest youth Bescht had given himself up to the study of Cabala, and thus acquired a reputation for sanctity. He pretended that his soul often departed from his body, and rose up to heavenly regions, and listened to the decrees of the upper Senate,* so far as they concerned the earth; and that he had the power of controlling the deliberations of that assemblage.

By the favor in which Bescht stood with those heavenly Senators, he was enabled to perform miracles, as, for instance, in the war of the Russians with the Turks, it was asserted that the Russian army was victorious through his prayers; and that he rendered barren women fruitful, recalled to life persons that were dead, liberated such as were condemned to perdition, caused souls to leave the bodies of the animals which they had entered, brought the prayers of men before God, and punished those who did not attach any faith to his miracles; in short, that he made the dumb speak, and rendered dumb those who spoke; and that a motion of his was sufficient to cure the blind, or to blind the seeing.

After the death of Bescht, his disciples, who had acquired from him this sort of professional quackery, dispersed themselves all over Poland. Each of them fixed upon a certain district, and then placed himself at the head of the Chassidim resident there, assuming for himself the title of *Zadik*.

To a certain degree this arrangement exists to this day. No one can attain to that honor without possessing a great deal of Talmudical and Cabalistic knowledge. But above all, it is requisite that any one who

* The Cabalists say that there is in heaven a Senate composed of several angels, and presided over by God, and Satan is also present at that assembly.

would obtain that distinction should possess much cunning, knowledge of the world, assumption, and courage. These Zadiks, or leaders, have no fixed salary, and apparently perform their functions for the mere love of God and their disciples; but yet they are supported by the communities in general, and by each of the sectarians in particular, so that they actually live in abundance.

The following are the principles upon which the creed of the Chassidim is based:—

“A blind faith in, and close attachment to, the Zadik.” Strict obedience to the ordinances of the Zadik, which are presumed to be the will of God, is the only standard by which every Chassid has to regulate his thoughts and actions, and which obedience nothing must be allowed to impede. Their chief is invested with the power of absolving a part, or the whole of their sins, because he is the representative of God. It is the duty of every Chassid to love the Zadik above all things, to praise him, and maintain him by gifts of honor, and especially to procure for him every comfort so far as lies in his power. The study of sciences is not only vain and useless, but even injurious to the felicity of soul of the Chassid; and he who engages in such studies is considered a heretic. The acquisition of foreign languages is prohibited, and the art of medicine is regarded as a science altogether useless.

The principles of the Chassidim are very advantageous for the Zadik of that sect; as every Chassid will do all in his power to gain the favor of his chief by all kinds of services. To be admitted into the presence of the Zadik, or to hear him speak, is considered a meritorious act, and pleasing in the sight of God. Every Chassid is obliged to solicit the Zadik's intercession before God in his favor, on every event of his life, and to ask his blessing on undertaking any important affair. If the prayer or the benediction of the Zadik is not productive of the desired result, this is not to be attributed to him, but rather to the sins of the individual for whom the Zadik interceded.

Since Satan, by his intrigues, often seeks to prevent the prayers of the Zadik from ascending to the throne of God, the latter must frequently use cunning to deceive Satan; for instance, he does not address his prayer directly to God in the usual form, but converses with some one on another subject, and mingles his prayers with that conversation, so that Satan should not be aware of his intention; and thus he finds himself tricked by the Zadik, who is more ingenious than himself.

All these advantages may be obtained by a sincere attachment to the Zadik. Every Chassid is anxious to see him as often as possible.

They assemble for that purpose every Sabbath evening, to make the third meal.*

In these meetings, which generally last till midnight, they chant Chaldaic hymns, written by R. Isaac Luria.

The following is a translation of one of these hymns :—

“The children of the palace, who are desirous to see Adam, may appear at that table where the king is seated with his image. Rejoice ye, all in this assembly, amidst whom there are angels winged in every form. Rejoice ye in this moment, where there reigns in the celestial regions grace and no wrath. Approach, behold an assembly from which every impure mind is removed. They are removed, and those impudent dogs dare not enter. God has decreed that towards the evening they should disappear; it is His will to annihilate all such impure spirits: He once conjured them to their retreats in the cavities of rocks. It is now that peace reigns around Adam.”

On such an occasion, the cup of Meth,† and the brandy bottle, are the means of divine inspiration. Then the Zadik displays his learning, his genius, and his gift of divination: Every one present quotes a verse from Scripture, and the Zadik gives the explanation, and, in a discourse, brings those different verses in some sort of connection.

Though the Talmudists allow that the words of Holy Writ may be explained in diverse ways, yet they say that the simplest manner, that is, the one most conformable to the Hebrew expression, should be adhered to. But the Chassidim maintain that the literal signification is but the garment in which the mystic meaning is wrapped, and that therefore the literal sense is nothing, and the mystic sense the true essence of Scripture. They suppose that this kernel hidden under the shell of the text is the sole end for which God has revealed His holy law, and that he had as it were incorporated it, and given the key to the Zadik.

A general meeting of all the Chassidim in the residence of the Zadik, takes place once a year in the month of Tishri; every one is anxious to render him some service; for instance, to light his pipe, and to see his face. The Zadik reads the prayers on the festival days; it is the duty of the Chassid during his prayers, to scream aloud, to clap his hands, and to strike them against the walls, to jump about, and to move his body convulsively. If a Chassid is railed at on

* Every Israelite ought to make three meals on a Sabbath, viz., one on Friday evening at the commencement of the festival; another at noon on Sabbath; and a third after the afternoon service.

† A favorite beverage of the Poles.

account of such grimaces, he must sustain it patiently, for he is executing the command of the Zadik.

Once a year, the Zadik journeys through his district. He is then accompanied by a number of Chassidim, who serve as his guards, protect him against the insults of the populace, converse with those who come to see him, and receive the presents that are brought to him.* At his arrival at any city, the Chassidim come out to meet him, receive him with great joy, and with loud acclamations accompany him to his lodging. He then decides the quarrels and disputes brought before him; for he is considered as judge of the first rank by every Chassid, and every one is satisfied with his decision.

There prevails among them a sort of fraternal equality; whether they be poor or rich, young or old, learned or ignorant, courageous or cowardly, they are all esteemed alike. What is mine is also thine; what thou art, I am. This is their motto and their watchword.

The occasions where the Zadik meets with his faithful are the source of his great wealth; for every Chassid feels himself honored when the Zadik accepts some present from him. After the death of a Zadik his clothes fetch great sums of money, for they are regarded as efficacious means for the atonement of sins, and a preservative against the threatenings of Satan. The tomb of the Zadik is looked on as sacred, and they perform pilgrimages to it. There is generally a small mausoleum erected on such a tomb, the key of which is deposited with the widow or the heirs of the Zadik, and if any one wishes to visit it, he has to pay a certain piece of money to obtain the key. There are such mausoleums at Zloczow, Sulsziver, Lizezik, and Romanow.

According to the doctrine of the Chassidim, every Israelite has two souls, a bad one shut up in some vessel near the heart, and a good one which dwells in the brains. These two souls carry on a continual conflict: man prays that the good soul should always have superiority over the bad one, and if that is the case man can present himself before his God. One of the Zadiks thus cultivated his soul, that it ascended to heaven and had an interview with the Messiah; it asked of Him the time of His descent upon earth, and the answer was given, that this event would take place when every one would follow out the Cabala as well as that soul had done.

The Chassidim maintain that the union with God is the great principle of their religion, they believe that the soul is an emanation from the Deity, and that, therefore, man must do all in his power to

* In 1835, the Governor of Moscow met a number of Chassidim with their Zadik; and as they would not make way for him, but exclaimed loudly, "This is our king, our holy prophet!" he ordered some of them to be arrested and sent to Siberia.

link himself with the highest wisdom, by concentrating the whole man in his soul; they call this "seeing God by faith." Their belief is that the sole object and the greatest felicity of man consists in his placing himself in communication with God, so that all that passes around him disappears, and he does not feel anything but the delights of celestial joy.

But since man is not always disposed to such contemplation, the time of prayer is destined for them; they have for that purpose some cabalistical words containing the names of God, or of angels, which they repeat before every prayer.

The union of man with God can only take place through joy and gayety. Therefore, if melancholy or sadness takes possession of a Chassid, he must endeavor to chase it away.

Another principle of the Chassidim excites them to courage, resolution, and daring.

The Chassidim keep the Rabbinical ceremonies as far as they are in accordance with the Cabala and the ordinances of the Zadik; but the orthodox Jews do not keep the cabalistical ceremonies when they are in contradiction to the Talmud.

The Chassidim do not use the ritual of the German and Polish Jews, but that of the Sephardim, in which there are many prayers referring to Cabala.

The Chassidim never go to the Synagogue. At every place where there are ten Chassidim, they have a house of prayer apart from the rest of the Jews. These houses of prayer, called Klosels, serve them not only for places of worship, but also for meetings, whither they repair, as soon as their occupations permit them, to spend the time in conversation, relating news or miracles performed by the Zadik. There they eat, and drink, and smoke, in order to chase away the evil spirits. Frequently, the same room serves as bedroom for the Zadik.

The Zadik always dresses in white. He pretends to be able to heal the sick miraculously, and reserves for himself the right of blessing the commercial enterprises of the Chassidim. None of the sect would ever form any establishment without consulting the Zadik. Many women belong to this sect. There are continual disputes and quarrels between the several Zadiks, between the Chassidim of one Zadik and those of another, and between all the Chassidim and the Rabbinical Jews.

All the enlightened Rabbins speak of the sect of the Chassidim with contempt. It is to be hoped that the different authorities will adopt efficacious measures to prevent the spreading of such dangerous principles, with which almost all the Synagogues of Poland are already infected.

THE NEW JUDGE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

In one of the countries of the far East, there lived a king who was wise in his generation, and knew the thing which was good in the sight of the Lord. But his people sinned grievously.

Now it came to pass that the chief judge, who sat in the gate and judged the people, fell sick and died. And the king called four of his wisest men, who were great in counsel, and said unto them: "Get you to the four corners of my land, and search out each of you a good man, the best that ye can find; and I will choose from these a judge to judge my people in righteousness and truth. And look ye well that ye choose only the best, even if he be not so very learned; for I know of a certainty that the most learned men are not always the best."

So the wise men departed to the four corners of the land, and they searched through the length and breadth thereof; and after many days they returned, and each brought the man that he had chosen according to the word of the king.

And the first of the wise men came before the king, and made obeisance, and said: "My Lord King, I have done according to thy word, and have chosen the best man I could find in all thy kingdom." And the king said: "Let him come in." And he came in. And when the man came in, lo! he was good to look upon, and comely, and of noble bearing, but he had no hands.

And the anger of the king was kindled against the wise man, and he said: "Did I send thee forth to search out a man to be a laughing-stock to my people, and to bring the glory of the king's majesty into disgrace? Wherefore hast thou brought the maimed and the crippled into the palace of the king? Because thou hast done this thing, thou shalt no longer sit at my right hand on the seat of council. Thou shalt be a slave forever."

And the second of the wise men entered, leading by the hand a man that was blind. And he said: "Behold, O King! the best man in all thy kingdom." And the king's anger waxed very great, and he said: "Is this thy discernment and thy wisdom—to choose a man, the light of whose eyes is extinguished, and who knoweth not day from night? Because thou hast done this thing, thou shalt live all the days of thy life in the darkness of the king's prison, and be as one of the blind."

And the third of the wise men entered, and with him the man that

he had chosen. And the king said unto him: "What is thy name?" And he answered not, for he was deaf, and could not hear. And the wrath of the king waxed greater and greater, and he said: "Was it for this that I sent my wisest men into my land, that they might scoff at me, and make me little in the sight of my servants? Because thou hast done this thing, to choose for me, as a judge, a man that cannot hear the words of them that contend, thou, too, shalt never hear again the voice of man." And the king commanded that he should be cast into a dungeon, and that no man should speak to him that came nigh unto him.

And when the king's wrath was a little abated, he commanded that the fourth of the wise men should enter; and he entered. And with him was a man tall and comely, who made obeisance unto the king. And the king said in his heart: "Surely this is the man to discern judgment." And he said: "Peace be to him that cometh to judge my people!" And the man answered not, for, lo! he was dumb. And the king lifted up his voice; and the voice of the king was heard like thunder: and he cried aloud to his servants to bring him a javelin, that he might smite the wise man. And the king's servants went out to fetch the javelin.

And while they were gone, the king communed with his soul thus: "These four wise men have I sent to the four corners of my kingdom, and they have brought the maimed, and the blind, and the deaf, and the dumb. Surely the finger of God is in this thing." And the king said: "Let the wise men come before me." And all the wise men bowed down before the king; and the king said: "What is this thing that ye have done?" And the first of the wise men answered, and said: "I have searched throughout thy land for the best man, according to the word of the king, and now behold him! Many have I tried and proved, and all accepted a bribe save this man. He hath no hands, and taketh naught. And no one uttereth aught against this man."

And the second of the wise men answered, and said: "My Lord King, I have done according to thy word; for there is none so righteous as this man. His eyes turn not after evil things, for he is blind; and all say that he is a good and upright man."

And the third of the wise men answered, and said: "I also have done as my lord commanded. I have searched throughout the land, and beheld the people thereof hearkening to the voice of the wicked, and listening to scandalous speech; and this man lent not his ear to their follies, for he is deaf; and all men praise him, and cry, 'Oh that he were not deaf!'"

And the fourth of the wise men opened his mouth, and said: "Let

not the anger of my lord the king burn against thy servant, and I will speak. I also went, according to the word of the king, to search out the best man; and lo, behold him! Thousands and tens of thousands have I beheld; and lo! they were all sinners save this one. For I heard them speaking against their neighbors, and uttering lies, and speaking conceits, and taking in vain the name of the Most Holy. But this man alone was not like the rest, for he is dumb; and all say that he is worthy, and that he multiplieth goodly deeds."

And the king's soul was troubled within him, and he communed much with his heart. And he opened his mouth, and said: "Call a solemn assembly of the people; gather old and young, rich and poor; for I will address unto them words of reproof." And the servants of the king hastened to obey his command. And they passed through the streets, and proclaimed the word of the king. So a great multitude assembled before the gates of the palace.

And the king came forth with the four men that were chosen, and spake unto the people, saying: "Behold, I have sent amongst you the wisest of my counsellors, to find out a man who excelleth in righteousness, to be a judge over you. But lo! the only man they could find that did not utter falsehood is this dumb man, who hath no tongue; and the only one that inclineth not his ear to slander is this deaf man, that cannot hear. And all stretch forth their hands to grasp bribes, save this man, that hath no hands; and none turneth away his eyes from forbidden things, save this blind man. My people! O my people! should it be thus? Shall it go forth to the ends of the earth, that he whom the Lord hath created with perfect body, is corrupt in his soul and wicked in the imagination of his heart? Shall it be said that the dumb is better than he that hath power of speech, in that he cannot curse? Or that the deaf is better than he that hath power of hearing, in that he cannot hearken to the words of sinners? Verily, if it were so, the lowest being which God hath created, which hath nothing but a mouth wherewith to eat, and a stomach wherewith to digest, would be the best and happiest creature upon the face of the earth. But surely it is not so. For I know of a certainty that the hands of man are made for labor, and his fingers for skilful work, and his strong arms for protecting them that are weak. I know, too, that the eyes of man are as a light to guide him, as a lamp of many colors to illuminate his countenance; to shine with the dull light of reproof upon them that do evil, and with the soft light of love upon them to whom his soul is knit, and with the gentle light of pity upon them that are troubled at heart, and with the bright light of truth upon all men at all times. And I know of a certainty that the ear of

man is a goodly gift. For by the ear doth the child receive instruction from its father, so that generation after generation increaseth in knowledge. Truly, the ear that hearkeneth unto instruction is like the rock of chalk, which storeth up the rain of heaven for times of drought; but the ear that listeneth unto slander is as the burning mountain, which swalloweth the rain of heaven, and vomiteth it forth as a scorching vapor. And the tongue of man is a gift of glory and beauty; for it is given unto man to speak words of instruction to the ignorant, to cheer up them that are cast down, to utter words of kindness to the poor and the sick and the lowly, to make known the true God amongst the nations, and to sing praises to the Most High. These be the tasks which belong to the hand and to the eye, to the ear and to the tongue.

"Now shall it be said that the fruit of the lips is for a poison; the light of the eyes for envy and lust; the drum of the ear as a ten-stringed instrument of discord, and the hollow of the hand as a purse for bribery? Surely God will say, It is a perverse and wicked people, that knoweth not its strength, and understandeth not its glory! And peradventure he will smite you with blindness, and with deafness, and all manner of blemish, that ye know and learn to use with truth His goodly gifts. Repent, repent, O my people! and avert so dreadful a punishment. Verily, not one of you is worthy to judge his neighbor. So go ye home, and judge each his own ways. Go ye home, search ye the innermost chambers of your hearts, and pass sentence on your own deeds—the deeds which ye do when alone, when no man seeth. For surely there is One who always seeth and judgeth. His eye searcheth out what is hidden: before Him all things are recorded, and He will judge all in time to come. For He will summon every one into His presence; and He will show unto each the wonderful gifts which he has granted him, and will ask, 'How have ye used my gifts?' What will ye do on that awful day, when this question will be asked by Him whom no lying tongue can deceive, and no bribe appease; whose power is without end, and whose dominion endureth forever? Oh! whither will ye flee from His indignation and His anger?"

And when the king had spoken these words, he held his peace. Then all the people lifted up their voice and wept; for their hearts were troubled within them. And each man felt that the words of the king were true; and each said unto his heart, "Alas! what shall I do on that terrible day?" And some lifted up their voices, and uttered these complaints aloud.

And the king's soul yearned for his people; and he again opened his

mouth and spoke thus: "Fear ye not, ye that truly repent! Listen to my counsel, and it will be well with you. Behold! hath not the Great Judge of heaven and earth planted in our hearts the knowledge of right and wrong? Doth not Conscience raise her voice, and cry shame upon us, when we sin; and doth she not cheer us in all our righteous deeds? Let this be the new judge whom this day we shall appoint over us. There will then be but little need to set over you judges of flesh and blood, for each man will have his judge within himself. Then will ye use your faculties with wisdom, and your powers with righteousness, and ye will no longer need to fear the day of judgment."

And the words of the king were good in the sight of the people, and they said: "We will do according to the words of the king." And as they had said, so did they; for they turned from their evil ways, and from the violence that was in their hands. And the appearance of the land became even as the appearance of the garden of Eden. No cry of violence was heard, and no hand of oppression was seen; and each helped his neighbor in deeds of charity and righteousness. And the judges of the land were idle; for the causes of dispute were few, and the offences as nothing.

And from year to year, and from generation to generation, the day whereon the king had spoken to the people with words of counsel and reproof was kept as a day of joy and gladness. And when strangers asked, "Wherefore do ye rejoice?" they said, "Lo! know ye not this is a memorial of the day when we set over us our new judge?"

OPPRESSORS AND OPPRESSED.

"Be ever among the oppressed, rather than among the oppressors," was a favorite maxim among our sages, and in support of this principle they quoted a number of examples from biblical history, among which were the following:—

Abel was oppressed by Cain, and Divine favor preferred him; Noah was held in contempt by his contemporaries, and he alone was saved; Abraham was obliged to exile himself from his father's house, and he became the special favorite of God; Isaac was molested by the Philistines, and Providence became his shield; Jacob was hated by Esau, and God loved him; Joseph was deeply injured by his brothers, and he was raised to greatness; Pharaoh's persecution compelled Moses to seek shelter in a strange land, and Moses rose to be a man of God; Hannah was afflicted by a rival, and she triumphed in happiness; David was persecuted by Saul, and yet became king, and an inspired psalmist.

SCIENCE, ART, AND FACTS.

GLASS-CUTTING seems as if it may receive a new impulse from an American invention, or what is called the Tilghman sand-blast process. The *rationale* of this is, to drive, under a blast, fine quartz or emery against a glass object, covering the parts not wanted to be cut with rubber. The shocks of the minute grains of emery cut into the glass, and leave definite patterns.

Few people are aware of the exceedingly small charge of powder necessary to propel a bullet with sufficient velocity to produce death. A bullet sent through a half-inch board has more than velocity sufficient to kill a human being, and a bullet can be projected from a rifle with sufficient force to pierce a board at 12 paces, by a charge of powder no greater than will lie on a silver three-pence.

Is the unicorn a fabulous animal? An account has recently appeared of the discovery of a stone cave in Namaqua, on the walls of which tracings of just such a one-horned animal as is spoken of in the Bible is seen. Some learned naturalists of late, are rather inclined to think that an animal of this character has at some time or other positively existed, otherwise it would be impossible for the Bushmen of Africa to have invented an animal so accurately described by much more intelligent races.

It is fortunate that the sources of India-rubber are apparently so limitless. In Europe and America there are to-day 200 principal establishments manufacturing various articles, and consuming 15,000,000 of pounds of rubber per annum. The belt of land where the rubber-tree is found lies 500 miles north and south of the equator, and is 600 miles in length. The tree can be tapped twenty times a year without danger, always bleeding plentifully, and three thousand of these trees have been counted in a strip of land a mile long by an eighth wide.

The question of supply and demand must probably have arisen, in Wurtemberg, as to how they should find entrails or skins enough to put their sausages in. The matter has however been solved by the use of a new material,—an artificial parchment, which apparently answers every purpose. It is made by means of a machine, is of the thickness of ordinary writing-paper, and is said to answer its purpose perfectly.

The manipulation of the diamond, the conversion of the rough gem into lustrous, brilliant objects of ornament, has been almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews for the last two centuries. With that indomitable perseverance of the race, they seem alone to have been able to master the difficulties which presented themselves in cutting and polishing the diamond. Nine-tenths of all the diamonds cut in the world are brought to perfection in Amsterdam, where a numerous class of Jewish workmen are intrusted with fashioning them. But it is not Amsterdam alone which has the monopoly. To see diamond-cutting in all its perfection, we need not seek the city of canals, but on our own side of the water—in New York—we find the process going on in all its detail. It is to Mr. Hermann that this new and important industry owes its introduction in this country. At his establishment sit scores of men, dexterously bringing the hardest of all substances—the diamond—to its proper form, and imparting to it a polish which renders it so brilliant. The process, simple in description, is yet as difficult as it is marvellous in the exact practice. The rough stone is first given to a person of especial skill. At a glance he has to determine what shape the stone is to assume—at a glimpse he must detect any flaw on its surface. Securing his diamond in a cement of rosin and brickdust, he takes a steel blade, and with a slight tap he splits it either in two, or takes off some minute portion of it. His judgment must be faultless: once the blow fallen, and a bad calculation made, he may destroy a priceless gem. When the cleavage is accomplished, the rough stone is taken to other workmen, who, with another diamond, grind off portions of it, approximating it to the desired shape. In this condition it has no more brilliancy than a cinder. Now it goes to the polishers. Seated before rapidly revolving wheels, lubricated with oil containing diamond-powder, the diamond is secured in solder, and so applied to the surface of the turning wheel. Gradually its various facets are polished. It seems to be a process rather of intuition than of anything else, and only brought to perfection by long experience, for the workmen, save by touch, do not see the stone they are working on. The utmost success has been met by Mr. Hermann, and his work equals in every respect the productions of the Amsterdam *ateliers*. This establishment, unique of its kind in America, is well worthy of more than a passing notice, and has the credit of being the first to introduce into the United States this important manufacturing enterprise.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Two volumes. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

THE first volume of this most important work now lies before us, and may be considered as the adjunct or reinforcement to the series of lectures lately delivered by the great English historian on the subject of Irish history. Commencing with what he entitles *The Preliminary*, discarding those myths and legends which render all the early phases of history vague, misty and troublesome to the student, this portion of his work, commencing with the Norman Conquest in Ireland, concludes with the rebellion of Tyrone, and Queen Elizabeth's succession. Here Mr. Froude allows himself more speculative license than in any other portion of the volume. Two important arguments, which form, as it were, the key-notes to the whole book, and which are constantly reiterated, are: that "the right to resist depends upon the power of resistance," and "that liberty profits only those who can govern themselves better than others can govern them; and those who are able to govern themselves wisely have no need to petition for a privilege which they can keep or take for themselves." When one calmly philosophizes on these two subjects, the first assumes rather the materialistic form that "might is right;" and the second certainly seems to convey somewhat the idea that a nation should make, at least for once in their existence, the essay of trying to liberate themselves, but that, should they fail, such privilege of asserting their freedom should forever be denied them. Mr. Froude draws then vivid pictures, with all the skill of which he is master, of the differences between the sturdy contests fought out between Scotland and Wales with England, and the feebler struggles between Ireland and England, and argues that, in a strife of this character, a struggle for freedom should have developed qualities which would have made her worthy of possessing it. In discussing these early Irish contests he says Ireland would neither resist courageously nor would she honorably submit; her chiefs and leaders had no real patriotism, and he blames them for this most especially, that when "insurrection finally failed, they betook themselves to assassination and secret tribunals." The general historical student is fully aware that three centuries before the advent of the Norman, the early Irish Celts shone throughout all Europe, as the only remaining lights in the darker ages, but that at the time of the conquest they had lapsed

into the most utter barbarism ; and Mr. Froude asserts that "their chief characteristics were treachery, thirst for blood, unbridled licentiousness and inveterate detestation of order and rule," and as to this latter trait, at least in Ireland, the history before us tends to show that they have kept to the instinct of their forefathers. A powerful comparison is drawn between the character of the Norman conquerors—those men of iron—and the Celts. "They were born rulers of men, and were forced, by the same necessity which has brought the decrepit kingdoms of Asia under the authority of England and Russia, to take the management, eight centuries ago, of the anarchic nations of Western Europe." Mr. Froude pays a very left-handed compliment to the race of Celts, when, speaking of their peculiar traits, he says they are passionate in everything, in their religion, patriotism, in their affections, but without the manliness which gives strength and solidity to the sentimental part of their disposition. This analysis of the Irish character, he says, is strange from its incompleteness. If their music is exquisite, their epic poetry is fustian. If the lives of their saints are vivid with fantastic splendor, they have no secular history, have never produced a tolerable drama. He taunts them too, with having as yet never produced one single great man, at least one who, remaining in Ireland, Ireland was proud to honor, as having contributed to his success. It is for their loyalty, however, which he praises them, but thinks that a loyalty untempered by good judgment runs close to a barbaric virtue. Mr. Froude distinctly asserts, not once but a hundred times, that had such iron rulers as Cromwell only been found more frequently, whose power might have been sustained say only for fifty years, at last, the Irish spirit broken, the land might have become peaceful ; but that one moment of coercion and then a moment of relaxation has been the ruin of Ireland, and that it is this constant change of policy which has brought her to her present unhappy condition. One curious fact which the clever historian notes is this singular one : that the Irish lose their Papal fervor when settled in countries where Popery is no longer identical with patriotism. How far this may refer to the religious belief of those who were driven to Spain and France during the Cromwellian era, or to the later emigrations to this country, we cannot say. The author does not for a moment, in discussing the cruelty of the English rulers to the Irish, extenuate how miserable and appalling it is, and on page 51 appears that famous sentence, which is well worthy of consideration : "Every crime is entered in the register of nature. Expiation sooner or later is demanded with mathematical certainty, and, centuries after, the bill is presented to be paid with interest." English garrisons murdered the Irish, and in their turn, three-quarters of a century later,

thousands of the English were massacred. The aid given by Philip of Spain, and the disappointment of the Pope's legate, and the coldness of his reception, brings from Mr. Froude this withering remark: "He (the legate) learnt, as many others have had to learn, that there were two Irelands—the Ireland of imagination, the Ireland of eloquence and enthusiasm, and the Ireland of fact and performance." Words full of truth; and whether we trace the history of the Irish troubles from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, the story seems to be the same. The topics discussed in the Preliminary bring us to the insurrection of 1641; and recalling Mr. Froude's first argument, "that the right to resist depends upon the power of resistance," we naturally come to the conclusion that, whether for his weal or woe, the Irish Celt, then as now, is never conscious when he has been whipped. To the lovers of the Irish race this may be heroism, but to the Englishman, who scans the contest through eight hundred years, this heroism is to him sheer barbarous stupidity. Read our author as you may, irrespective of any other adverse criticism, one cannot help thinking how thoroughly the man is imbued with ultra English sentiment. In some places, though stating clearly the grievances of the Irish, their revolts, and their murdering spirit, Mr. Froude thinks that their punishment, on the whole, was good for them. "History," he says, "is ever eloquent in favor of the losing cause—history, which has permitted the massacre of 1641 to be forgotten or palliated or denied, has held up the storming of Drogheda to eternal execration." The Irish insurrection of this year had cost the lives of six hundred thousand Protestant souls, and Cromwell, when he stormed Drogheda, put to the sword three thousand soldiers and citizens in arms. Froude describes, with his intense dramatic power, the murdering of the Protestants, but, generally, deftly slurs over the equally brutal English retaliations. After Cromwell, Ireland was then as a blank sheet of paper on which the English commonwealth might write what characters she pleased. Now as to the punishment of those who had rebelled against England, the historian pitilessly asserts that "no government deserves to exist which permits those who have defied its authorities to suffer no worse consequences than disappointment, and to remain with unimpaired means to renew the struggle at another opportunity." Then comes, in Cromwell's time, those forfeitures of estates, which to this very day have never been forgotten. Still, after with his iron hand the Lord Protector had throttled Ireland, there was peace in the country, for Cromwell had it all his own way. Mr. Froude says something to this effect, that the worst means of governing the Irish is to give them their own way. "In concession they see only

fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise; that coercion succeeds the best, and that they respected a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one." Believing fully in this theory of might, ably showing that for almost three-quarters of a century after Ireland made rapid progress, he says that if Cromwell's principles had been accepted as the permanent rule of Irish administration those lines of difference between the two countries, now as marked as ever, and almost as threatening, would have long ago disappeared. What peculiarity is it of the Celtic race which causes it never to forget? To-day the Irish believe that Ireland is theirs; that the English are invading tyrants who have broken up their laws and habits, and proscribed their creed.

Passing rapidly in our task of reviewing the Stuart reigns of Charles II. and James, we come to the period of William and the well-known drama of Irish liberty, ending with the battle of the Boyne. Mr. Froude blames William for his temporizing policy, and wishes once more for his arch-pacifist Cromwell. But now, if no longer brutal persecution was used towards the unfortunate Irish, they were hampered with test-oaths, educational enactments, and their trade, manufactures and commerce were made to suffer by a thousand restrictions. Those woollen fabrics for which Ireland had been celebrated, built up under Cromwell, were almost destroyed. Irish wools and fleeces must remain in Ireland, and not be exported. The nation thus became a race of smugglers. Since France was the nearest port, all cargoes were run in there. This promoted a close and pernicious connection between Ireland and France. In times of war French privateers found shelter all along the Irish coast, whilst smuggling provided an open road for the coming of the followers of the Pretender. The chapters on smuggling and Irish ideas of the early part of the last century are strangely interesting, and read like the chapters of a romance. Such a wild, reckless race one can scarcely imagine. The immunity from punishment is characteristic of the lawless condition of the country. One's blood fairly creeps at the graphic pictures of the brutal abduction of women in those days. All these points are set forth by Mr. Froude with all his power, and backed up by copious historical notes. His final chapters conclude with what Mr. Froude calls "The Progress of Anarchy," and end with the Pitt Government, when, as there is hardly more than a separation of 100 years between us, the condition of Ireland seems, even by contrast with the periods which have gone before, to be plunged quite as much in a morass of anarchy as ever.

The palliative theory of government had brought matters to their

worst. Following in the weak system of the former ministers, conciliation was bought by bribes. England feared that matters would be worse, but could find no remedy. There was scandal in every court of justice. Protestants and Catholics were once more at daggers drawn, and an explosion was imminent. The country was impoverished, and factions of beggars disputed with other beggars. The volume here closes at about the year 1765. One cannot read it through without the most painful emotions. Concisely written, each sentence crisp and sparkling, the well-known authority of the author inclining one to believe that the history is truthful, one cannot but yet feel intense sympathy for the Irish, and long that there was a historian on the other side, who could with equal grace and vigor give us their portion of this sad story. Awaiting the second volume, where, we suppose, the legislative action of the present century will be described, and its influence on Ireland will be discussed, we leave the subject, still thinking that Ireland's true story is yet to come, but to be written, we trust, by a hand which neither is English nor Irish. Whilst bitter grievances yet exist, and wounds still gape open unhealed, Ireland's history must be traced by a more impartial hand.

THE RIVAL COLLECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY, for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Public Readers. By MARTIN LARKIN. New York: *L. W. Schermerhorn & Co.* The pieces which form this volume are selected with a taste and discretion not often seen in a work of the kind. It is indeed the rival collection, one of the best it has been our pleasure to inspect. Among its choice poetical selections are "Beautiful Snow," "Bridge of Sighs," "Song of the Shirt," "The Raven," "The Bells," "Bingen on the Rhine," "The Maniac," and many others of rare beauty and merit. Among its prose are selections from Webster, Bulwer, Chatham, Burke, Macaulay, Scott, Hugo, Dickens, Curran, and other leading minds of Europe and America. It is pleasant to have a book of this sort to while away the hours in sweet converse with master-minds, and the more so when these master-minds are giving us their best efforts. The only objection we can raise to the book is the arrangement of the index. It is too crude and unsatisfactory, and we trust the author will correct this serious error in his next editions. An index should be alphabetically arranged. If this be not the case it is useless, for one can find the piece he is searching for as soon by looking through the book as through the index. We take pleasure in recommending "The Rival Collection" to any one desirous of possessing a classic library in one volume.

THE STAGE.

SINCE the last issue of our Journal there has been no lack of amusement at the theatres, all the leading houses having produced new plays, which, apart from their own intrinsic merit, have the additional advantage of being placed on the stage in a manner so creditable as to challenge the admiration even of the most critical. Several of these are still running, and the lover of the drama must be indeed fastidious if he cannot derive pleasure and entertainment from witnessing any of the pieces reviewed below.

At the Union Square Theatre, the present attraction, "One Hundred Years Old," was performed for the first time on Wednesday evening, January 29th, and the welcome which was given it then, bespoke for it at once a success surpassing perhaps even the most sanguine expectations of the management. For three weeks it has drawn crowded houses, and, to judge from the eagerness with which seats are secured several days in advance, it is likely to have a long and prosperous run. The piece is a translation of "*Le Centenaire*," a French play which has created a sensation in Paris, and of which MM. D'Ennery and Plouvier are the authors. The translator is Mr. Hart Jackson, of New York; and notwithstanding that in some parts his work is not as well executed as one could wish, he yet deserves praise for having preserved in a very delicate manner all the touching episodes in the plot. The Centenarian—*M. Jaques Fauvel*—is of course the great character; and considering its extremely difficult nature, Mr. Mark Smith's impersonation of it must be looked upon as one of his best rôles. To depict one in whom extraordinary age is associated with robust health, sound intellect, noble-hearted philanthropy, and wonderful physiognomical power, requires a skilled artist. Mr. Smith, therefore, in accepting this part, assumed a great responsibility; but he has shown himself fully competent, and deserves the hearty applause which greets him nightly. In some of the scenes he is grandly effective, as, for instance, when refusing the hand of his great-granddaughter, *Camille*, to the villain *De Maugars*, he works himself up into a fit of passion, and then, suddenly discovering the base object of the man who tries to kill him by thus angering him, suppresses his emotion and becomes calm again. So in the scenes where he seeks to know the true cause of *Camille's* absence; where he learns of her supposed dishonor, and in the last touching interview with her, when he discovers her innocence, he exhibits a beautiful tenderness which moves the audience—at least the fair portion—almost to tears.

The noble, self-sacrificing *Camille*, who leaves her home at the happiest moment in her life to soften the anguish of her married sister, and heroically takes upon herself that sister's crime and disgrace, is admirably depicted by Mrs. Clara Jennings. To her usual correct and happy style, she infuses into her playing sufficient grace and delicacy to make her impersonation of the character as real as possible. In *Juliette*, Miss Mary Griswold has a very distasteful part. To confess the crime of infidelity to her absent husband, to be forced to see her sister suffering for her sake, and perhaps compelled to marry the man by whom she was betrayed, is, to say the least, a disagreeable character for a young lady to assume on the stage. With commendable feeling, however, she acquits herself; so much so as to awaken the sympathy of the audience in the descriptive portion in the first act, where she confides to her sister her shame and remorse.

Mr. Mackay would, we doubt not, surprise the authors very much in his impersonation of *Martineau*, for he has by his own genius made a leading character of what would, in less worthy hands, pass comparatively unnoticed. With the exception that *Martineau* is the honest custodian of a large amount of money which is afterwards proved to belong to *M. Fauvel*, and is delivered to him just in time to save his house from ruin, he has really nothing to do with the plot; but we are certain the audience would not be willing to part with the man simply because he is represented by Mr. Mackay.

The characters of *De Maugars*; of *Bernard*, the physician, who humors the old man's prejudices against doctors, by pretending to be a lawyer, and is thus enabled to watch over him at all times; and of *Rene D'Alby*, the lover of *Camille*, who remains true to her to the last, are sustained respectively by Mr. George Parkes, Mr. H. Montgomery, and Mr. Claude Burroughs. Each of these gentlemen makes the most of his part, and receives due appreciation. As *George Fauvel*, the father of *Camille* and *Juliette*, Mr. Welsh Edwards tries to do well, but he evidently is not adapted to the part. Humor and not sentiment is Mr. Edwards' forte.

At Booth's, the reappearance of Mr. William J. Florence, in his favorite character of *Bob Brierly*, has been hailed with delight by the habitués of that theatre. Few sensational dramas have obtained so strong a hold on public favor as "The Ticket-of-leave Man." This is due in part to the merit of the play, the tone of which is certainly unobjectionable; but we think that much of the success which attends it, at least in this country, is to be attributed to the excellent acting of Mr. Florence. That he has made a character-study of the part is at once

evident, since he is able to produce the strongest effect without apparently the slightest physical effort. There is a charming pathos and delicacy in every act and word, and at times his delineation is so touching as to elicit genuine sympathy. Miss Bella Pateman sustains the part of *May Edwards* with remarkable feeling and good taste. *Hawkshaw* and *Downey* are taken respectively by Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., and Mr. George Becks, both gentlemen giving additional force to the piece by their perfect delineation of those characters. Mr. Robert Pateman would make a capital *Green Jones* if he would only refrain from repeating so often the same joke of "the living Jingo." One may appreciate so poor a witticism if it is heard only once; but when it is dragged in a dozen or more times in the same evening, its effect is simply disgusting. We think if Mr. Pateman would omit this the audience will be very thankful, and will regard his performances as all the better for the omission. In the clog dance he is very funny, and merits the boisterous applause which he receives. Miss Millie Sackett is unequal to the part of *Emily St. Evremond*; and Miss Mary Young, though she tries to do justice to *Sam Willoughby*, is not quite up to the mark. Miss Mary Wells is highly appreciated as *Mrs. Willoughby*, while the same may be said of Mr. Glenn's *Melter Moss*, and Mr. Smith's *Maltby*. In point of setting, "The Ticket-of-leave Man" has had careful elaboration from the management, and will no doubt hold the boards for some time to come.

To make up for the loss of the pretty little Fifth Avenue Theatre, the sad destruction of which by fire was chronicled in our last issue, Mr. Daly has leased the old New York Theatre in Broadway, and transformed it into a very neat and tasteful house, which in some respects is even better than the former Fifth Avenue. Considering that the Broadway edifice was little better than a shell, and that in the short space of fourteen days it was, we may say, entirely rebuilt, Mr. Daly is certainly to be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of such a remarkable feat. The opening piece was the same as that which is now running, and is entitled "Alixé," the original French composition of which is credited to the Baroness de Plebois, and the English adaptation to the talented manager, Mr. Daly.

In point of plot, the new play has little to recommend it, for, though styled a comedy, it depicts woe to an extent almost unparalleled on the stage, and yet leaves no other moral save that crime will sooner or later meet its retribution. *Alixé* is the illegitimate daughter of Madame Valory, who many years had been separated from her husband, the *Count de Squerive*, and her lawful

child *Lucienne*. *Alize*, ignorant of her mother's shame, is the *protégée* of the *Marquise Ceseranne*, at whose house she is generally beloved for her virtue, talent and amiability. It is there she meets *Henry de Kerdran*, who, though betrothed to *Lucienne*, is so madly in love with *Alize* that he breaks off the engagement, and openly avows his new passion. *Alize*, unaware of the relationship existing between herself and *Lucienne*, fully returns the affection of *Henry*, and everything would doubtless have ended very pleasantly had not one of those unforeseen events—so common on the stage, but so very improbable in human life—occurred to change their joy into sorrow. The *Count de Somerive*, whose daughter is on a visit to the *Ceseranne* family, unexpectedly returns and encounters his wife, who was also a guest at the house. Smarting under the new wound caused by *Henry's* refusal to marry *Lucienne*, with which fact she was not yet acquainted, he reproaches his wife as being the cause of her own child's misfortune. Madame Valory, who had already discovered in *Lucienne* the daughter she had so shamefully abandoned, and whom she now dearly loves, though she dare not claim the privileges of a mother, seeks to persuade *Alize* to renounce her claim on *Henry*, and in this interview, which is interrupted by the appearance of the Count, the unfortunate girl discovers for the first time her mother's guilt and her own sad history. Heart-broken with grief, but desirous of reuniting her mother with her husband, and preserving her sister's happiness, she regards suicide as the best means for promoting those desirable ends, and forthwith drowns herself in a convenient lake or river, from which she is brought and placed on a sofa in full view of the audience, and kept there for a considerable time, while a letter she had written is read by Henry amid the general lamentations of the entire household.

If, however, we can say but little in praise of the plot, we can say a great deal about the way in which it is represented. As *Alize*, Miss Clara Morris is very fine, and to her excellent impersonation of the character must be attributed the remarkable success which attends the play. If the lady had not before given repeated instances of her ability, this one rôle would be sufficient to mark her as a charming and accomplished actress. *Madame Valory* has an able representative in Miss Fanny Morant, who in many of the scenes exhibited great power and artistic skill. No better *Count de Somerive* could be wished than Mr. Charles Fisher, who left nothing undone to make the character as impressive as possible. Miss Linda Deitz is very good as *Lucienne*, and the same may be said of Mr. George Clarke, who sustains the part of *Henry de Kerdran*. Mr. James Lewis and Miss Fanny Davenport make all they can of *Marquis* and *Marquise Ceseranne*, but there is

really little opportunity for them, and we doubt not but that they accepted the parts merely to give the piece the additional strength of their names. In the course of the play a singular character is introduced, that of the young *Duke de Mirandol*, who, though apparently a conceited fop, ever ready to make love for amusement, is yet at heart a generous and noble fellow. Much can be made of this part, and though in Mr. Louis James' impersonation of it there is room for improvement, he yet deserves praise for not overdoing his work.

At Wallack's, *Brother Sam* has been withdrawn and the long-looked-for *David Garrick* has taken its place. If there was wanting one link in the chain of evidence to establish Mr. Sothern as an artist of transcendent ability, that link has been supplied by his admirable impersonation of the hero of this comedy. To play the part of the great Garrick as he would have done it, requires an actor as unsurpassable as Garrick himself. He must have the extraordinary talent of excelling in both tragedy and comedy. It speaks forcibly for Mr. Sothern, then, when we say that the unanimous verdict of all who have seen him in his new rôle is, that he has approached as near perfection as it is possible to do. It is indeed a performance of rare brilliancy, and exhibits immense proof of the versatility of the artist. In all Mr. Sothern's characters, the point which strikes the critic most favorably is the ease and grace displayed in the most difficult scenes. In *Garrick* this is especially the case, and in no part of the play is it more noticeable than in the celebrated drunken scene, wherein *Garrick* endeavors to disgust his fair admirer, *Ada Ingot*. It is here that Mr. Sothern literally surpasses himself, and acquires an almost unparalleled triumph, the audience testifying their appreciation by deafening applause and by calling him repeatedly before the curtain. Apart from Mr. Sothern's embodiment of the principal character, there is much in *David Garrick* to admire,—the graceful blending of sentiment and wit being among its chief attractions. In point of general acting and stage setting also, the management have, with their usual good taste and judgment, done everything to render the piece deservedly popular. Mr. John Gilbert plays the part of *Ingot*, the rich old merchant, who tries to cure his daughter of her love for *Garrick*; and as it is impossible for him to act otherwise than well, his present performance is no exception to his general rule. Miss Katherine Rogers, as *Ada*, is very effective, and the other characters throughout are well sustained, while the scenery and stage furniture sustain in this respect the already well-earned reputation of Mr. Wallack's house. The box plan is now open one month in advance.

At the Grand Opera House, the running sensation for some time has been an equestrian spectacular drama, entitled "The Cataract of the Ganges," which, fifty years ago, was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London; since which date it has never failed to be a popular favorite. In reviving this piece Mr. Daly has had it thoroughly "reconstructed" and extended into four acts, and has evidently spared no pains nor expense to place it on the stage in the most elaborate and gorgeous style. The play itself possesses but little merit, there being hardly any plot, and the little that there is being disconnected. The attractiveness, therefore, consists almost entirely in its stage effects, which may be truly described as being a series of beautiful pictures. The finest of these is at the close of the last act, during the exhibition of which Zamine, the heroine of the play, escapes up the cataract upon her wild steed amid volleys upon volleys of musketry. In addition to the scenery, which would alone be sufficient to attract thousands, the management have engaged Mrs. John Wood and Mr. John Brougham to sustain the humorous characters, and these artists make all the fun they can out of their respective parts. The Bedouin Arab Troupe also exhibit their wonderful performances by way of a "variety" entertainment. A new piece entitled "Roughing It," written by Mr. Daly, and which from the bills promises to be good, is in course of preparation and will be shortly produced.

If the New Yorkers have their full share of theatrical pleasures, the good people of Brooklyn have likewise no cause of complaint in this respect; for although, owing to the close proximity of that city to the great metropolis, there are not many first-class places of amusement, there is yet one which is a host in itself. We allude to the pretty theatre of Mrs. F. B. Conway, where nothing is permitted on the stage which is not chaste and meritorious. Mrs. Conway herself earned, years ago, a prominent position among our American actresses, and this she has succeeded in retaining, not only through her personal attractions and splendid ability, but through the assiduous attention she bestows upon all the details connected with her house. With laudable perseverance she has labored to make the theatre which bears her name equal to the best in New York; and that the citizens of Brooklyn are not insensible to her merits is quite evident from the large audiences which gather nightly to encourage and remunerate her. Supported by her charming daughter, Miss Minnie Conway, and by those deservedly popular artists, Messrs. Frank Roche and Walter Lenuox, she is enabled to produce all the standard plays, as well as the most worthy of the latest novelties. During the present month, a piece entitled "Diana, or Love's Masque," in which Mrs. Conway sustains the leading character, has been creating a real sensation. The management, however, adopt the judicious plan of never running the same piece for too long a time. Accordingly a change is always made for the Saturday Matinée and evening performances. "Alixé" is also announced as forthcoming, and perhaps by the time this issue of the NEW ERA is before our readers, that play will be drawing crowded houses on both sides of the East river.

THE NEW ERA.

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DISCOURSE.

BY REV. MR. MANN,

Pastor of the Unitarian Church of Rochester, N. Y.,

Delivered in the Synagogue Berith Kadish, of Rochester, N. Y., February 13.

“And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him.”—*Gen. xlii. 8.*

It is needless for me to recount to this congregation the story of Joseph and his brethren. In the capital of Egypt they failed to recognize him, but before then in Dothan they had most culpably failed in brotherly recognition. It was because they did not know and love him as brothers ought, that they sold him into Egypt.

These incidents seem well enough to open up the subject of which I am to speak to you to-night. The inclusiveness of Joseph sufficiently contrasts with the exclusiveness of his brethren.

By your fraternal courtesy I am here in your own place to speak as a Christian minister of matters that concern us as Jews and as Christians. It has occurred to some of us that mayhap we too are brethren who do not quite know each other; that by the force of traditional notions we are keeping up and magnifying factitious distinctions, when in point of fact we are “like as two peas.” If this be so, it is time we put off the mask of prejudice, and stood before each other eye to eye. It will afford me inexpressible satisfaction if I can do anything to further the present hopeful prospect of an understanding between us.

To my mind there are few more anomalous things in history than the relations which have existed between Jews and Christians. Too well you know the story. It is with pain that I speak of it, for it is a record of shame. We may wish that we could forget it, but such things are not to be forgotten. They are the lessons of the world's life,

and it is the art of true religion to profit by every lesson of experience. The children of the persecutors, at least, may draw a moral from the sad and shameful story. I am not going to tell it here. It is too long and too frightful. But the broad and kindly spirit I feel about me now, calls to mind, as the dark background of the present picture, how your ancestry were treated by mine. I remember that, through all the Christian centuries, down to the present, it has been held a crime to be a Jew. I see the outraged children of Israel discriminated against by laws civil and ecclesiastical, excluded from honorable occupations, exiled from city to city and from nation to nation, compelled to live apart in mean quarters and wear marks of degradation, robbed of their substance, sold as slaves, the prey of mobs and of monks, burned in thousands by the crusaders, and altogether subjected to such wrongs and indignities as it makes the blood run cold to think of. Away back in 1189 I see them frightfully massacred to grace the coronation of Richard I. of England. A century or two later they are burned in crowds in the public squares and synagogues of the cities of the Rhine.

Thence on for weary century after century I see fearful atrocities perpetrated upon them in almost every city of Christian Europe. I see this persecuted race made responsible for the sins and calamities of whatever people they sojourned among. If the plague broke out, they were the cause of it; if a draught befell, they were somehow at the bottom of it. Here are 20,000 families, every Jew in Sicily, driven out of the Island on some such pretext. There, pouring out of Spain, towards the close of the 14th century, is the whole Jewish population of that country, all that have survived the pitiless slaughter by which the infatuated Christians sought to exterminate them for the crime of having prevented the fall of rain. More than four-fifths of the whole number, it is thought, must have perished in this fearful ordeal. I see several hundred thousands of these expatriated sufferers buying, at large cost, the poor privilege of resting their feet awhile in Portugal. And this in the memorable year of 1492. Three years later I behold what is perhaps the blackest crime in the long list of wrongs. The Jews are driven from Portugal, and compelled to leave behind their little ones, all under fourteen years of age, to be brought up in the Christian faith.

Joseph was handled roughly by his brethren, but he had nothing to compare with this. Doubtless the Midianites who bought him had no idea that the men who sold him as a slave were his brothers, or owed him any sort of obligation. No more would one suppose, from the way that Jews have been treated that they have anything in common with Christians.

But what is the fact about it? Why, the astonishing fact is, that the Christians hold their religion directly to the Jew. The Jew is more than their brother. He is their spiritual father. Look at the Christian Church in this or any other age; examine its doctrines; search out its authorities; trace its streams of faith back to their sources, and where are you? The Church is as dependent upon the Hebrew as this building is upon its foundations. Its final authorities, what are they? Hebrew writings. Its channels of divine communications? Hebrew prophets and law-givers. Its holy land? Judea. Its anointed leader and Lord? A Jew of Nazareth. So strenuous is the Protestant Church, especially, in restricting all divine inspiration to the Hebrew race, that a man would forfeit his standing in any orthodox church were he to intimate a belief that any American or Englishman, or Frenchman, or German has ever been made the mouthpiece of God as were the seers of the ancient Hebrew nation.

Look, then, at the enormous inconsistency of the prejudices against the Jewish people! In China the descendants of Confucius and Mencius are the nobility of the land. The people ardently testify to the children of those adorable sages their gratitude for what is to them the word of life. It has remained for Christians to persecute the children of their own prophets, and subject what they stoutly aver to be the chosen race of God to indignities outrageous and intolerable.

Now, as I am speaking very plainly, and anxious only to get at the truth, I must glance at the other side, too. Joseph was grievously maltreated by his brethren, but the Lord prospered him, so that time and again those brethren resort to him in their strait and he helps them out. It is but just to say that this circumstance has been quite paralleled in the relation of the Jew to his Christian brethren. In all times of their destitution we have found them going down into Egypt to buy, or borrow, or beg of the brother whom they have treated so ignominiously.

But it is perhaps too much to expect of a people who have been misused, a return of that kindly, fraternal spirit which Joseph manifested. At any rate our parallel breaks down here, and we are compelled to own that Joseph has not generally known his brethren as such. The Jew has seen the institutions of his religion largely adopted by the Christian world; his Scriptures accepted with a loyalty second only to his own; his prophets adored with a reverence which he himself cannot excel; a pre-eminence given to his race in religious revelation up to the full extent of his claims—in short, I may say, he has seen all Christendom conquered to a faith which sprung out of Hebrew souls. He has seen the Christian Church, by the mouth of its

great apostle, openly declaring its conversion to the Hebrew faith, confessing for its Gentile members that, whereas they have been "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers to the covenants of the promise," they are now brought over to the ancient faith, "no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and members of the household of God." Nowhere in human history has there been so remarkable a conversion of whole nations to the religion of another people. In this matter I may say the civilized world has fallen on its knees before the Hebrew, and begged for fellowship and fraternity.

I need not press the unpleasant fact that under these circumstances Joseph has not recognized his brethren. The failure to fraternize has been mutual. Not the obsequiousness of the Christian's conversion to the leading doctrines of Judaism, nor the spiritual triumph of the Israelite, has been sufficient to overcome the spirit of exclusiveness which prevents each from seeing how near he is to the other.

But, thank God, the exclusive spirit in our day is beginning to show signs of decay. Simultaneously in Judaism and in Christianity there has sprung up what is called the Liberal movement, the gist of which is a breaking down of useless and vexatious partition walls. The truth which is coming home with most force to the enlightened religious consciousness of these times is this,—that religion is essentially one the world over, and that the special form obtaining here or there is a mere accident which it is folly to quarrel about. The fires of persecution having burnt down, and the smoke and dust, and maddening stench of the time having cleared away, the world is coming to see that to burn men for differences of religion is as absurd and monstrous as to burn them for differences of language; for the various forms of religion, when we come to understand them, appear to be only various modes of giving play to the same sentiment.

Mark now the practical effect of this liberal spirit. Two of us, who are actuated by it, meet. You call yourself a Jew, I call myself a Christian. But we see no occasion to thrust these distinctions at each other. On the contrary, so secondary are they, they may not even occur to us. Frederick Douglass said he could talk with Abraham Lincoln without in any way being reminded that he was of another race. And this because the accident of race was lost sight of in the deeper recognition of a common humanity. So as you and I, my Jewish friend, talk together, we find ourselves of the same nature, moved by the same affections, thoughts, aspirations; having similar reverences, hopes, fears, cravings and perplexities; confronted by the same sphinx-like mystery about us and within us. What to us is the

accidental difference in the form of our religion? In the deep essence of the thing it is one and the same in you and me. So in all heartiness we bid each other God-speed, without the shadow of a doubt that each, by his own route, will find the promised land. This unity of the spirit in the bond of peace is the blessed fruit of liberality in religion. It can be grown on no other tree.

“ Learn thus to act, and lo! the stormy clangor
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease :
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.”

The fact is also to be taken into account that this spirit of liberality, this spirit of inclusiveness, promotes, or at least accompanies, reasonable views of religion. The hard dogmas of the Church which confessedly outrage the reason of man—dogmas of Trinity, Atonement, Verbal Inspiration, &c.,—these are the timber out of which the fences are built between the folds, and they keep the sheep from ever knowing each other. The only hope of a large unity of religious thought lies in drawing our faith out of the common nature of man; resting every thing upon the conscience, the reason, and the affections. Christians who proceed in this way, Jews who proceed in this way, and Theists, and others of whatever name, who proceed in this way, in whatever age of the world, in whatever quarter of the earth, find themselves standing upon common ground, and reaching to a wonderful degree the same conclusions.

I may be over-sanguine, but I am strongly inclined to think that to a considerable extent the people of my congregation and the people of this congregation have reached this common ground, and arrived at substantially the same views of doctrine and practice. Not only have we agreed to differ, which is the first step towards a good understanding, but from the same methods of inquiry we have come largely to the same conclusions. Doctrines once thought distinctive of Judaism, but which have no rational basis, have been dropped by your reformed congregations. That has been a great step. It is a triumph of progress when a sect yields what is narrow and distinctive for what is broad and universal. Such a step as you have taken we have taken. What for fifteen hundred years have been deemed the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, we have renounced as no longer worthy the credence of intelligent people. And these doctrines which we have given up are the very ones to which a Jew or any unbiased outsider would most object. That is to say, they are the unreasonable doctrines; such as the Trinity, the supernatural character of Jesus, the in-

falsity of the Scriptures, or of the Pope, the resurrection of the body, and other incredible things too wearisome to mention. Thus by lopping off from the ancient faith of both Jews and Christians something of what is distinctive and peculiar, we have found ourselves surprisingly in unison, as men will everywhere find themselves when they get grace to pursue the same course. That is a noble text of the Koran which it would not hurt some others besides Mohammedians to ponder. "They who believe in me, and the Jews, and the Sabians and the Christians—all of them who believe in God and the judgment, and do that which is right, shall be spared from fear and receive the approval of their Lord." Nor are these words of the writer of Ecclesiasticus much behind: "The Lord is judge, and with Him is no respect of persons." Nor these other words of the New Testament, which Christians have strangely forgotten: "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." "Whoever doeth the will of my Father in heaven is my brother."

I don't know, my friends, how it may be among your people, but with Christians generally, these ideas have not found much acceptance.

You will go far to find any of the catholicity expressed in these words of Mohammed, of Jesus Sirach, of Peter, or of Jesus the son of Mary. Fellowship in most of the churches is not to be had on any such conditions as fearing God and working righteousness. Some of the greatest workers of righteousness in the country can find no home in them. The man whose name is to be forever associated with the overthrow of slavery in America, a man of blameless life, of heroic persistency in doing the will of God and establishing the brotherhood of man, can find no brotherhood for himself in any of the great churches of the land. Fellowship in these institutions is not to be secured by any amount of virtue. Unquestioned piety will not bring it either. A man may pray as divinely as Theodore Parker, and live as near to God as Moses Mendelssohn, without acquiring any title to it. There is a hymn we all know by heart—"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"—sung in all the churches as the sweetest and tenderest expression of piety which the language affords. But the writer of that hymn being a radical Unitarian, all her devotion could not purchase for her fellowship in these same churches. The *sine qua non* to secure that end is a specified form of belief. You must not only be pure in your life, devout in your feelings, and sincere in your thinking, but you must do your thinking in a certain way and come to certain conclusions. I have had a tract thrust before me which opens in this fashion: "The vilest wretch who accepts Christ

is safe, the most amiable of mankind, out of Christ"—whatever that may mean—"is exposed to the peril of everlasting damnation." Thus profession is magnified above practice, and the very name of religion emptied of its sacred meaning. Let me a little further illustrate this confusion of tongues by a story from Mr. T. W. Higginson. He says there is a town down East where a man was chosen year after year Chairman of the Board of Assessors, who was called an infidel by the whole neighborhood. Whether he was a Unitarian or Jew, we are not told; but a worthy deacon said of him, with much commiseration. "He is without hope and without God in the world." "Well, well," said Mr. Higginson, "how is it you pass by all the sound Christian people in the place and take this outside heathen for Chairman of your Board of Assessors?" The man paused a moment, and then gravely said: "Well, sir, the fact is just here: we have tried these dozen years to find some one else; but in fact, sir, he is the only man in the town who is honest enough for the place." Such is the preposterous absurdity into which well-meaning people are led by this evil spirit of exclusiveness.

The better spirit, the one which instituted religion should breathe in this age, is inclusive, is eager to claim fellowship with every soul that bears the fruit of pure living, under whatever name it goes.

This spirit recognizes that goodness is godliness, and wherever it can find a man, under any name, acting a good part, it goes out toward him with a brotherly affection. It regards considerably even the bigot who is sincere in his bigotry, who is trying to do his best, and opens to him its temple and its shrine. The broad, free-minded man, lives in this spirit. In every earnest and sincere soul he meets, he finds a fellow-laborer for man and for God. His heart is large enough, and his mind liberal enough to take in Christian and Jew, Romanist and Free Thinker, and whatever others may come between. Most of these may not be able to appreciate the fellowship, but it is open to them all the same. He knows how to excuse the impotence of a narrow mind. He knows that the greater always includes the less; and he will not be found reproaching the less for not including the greater.

Surely there has been division and quarrelling enough about mere names. If a hundredth part of the strength had been devoted to the inculcation of a broad charity which has been spent in spying out heresy, religion would not languish in the world as it does to-day. It has not worked favorably for the spread of piety that men have been so instructed in what have been called sacred things, that, whereas they can get on harmoniously enough in all secular affairs, directly they touch upon religion they begin to fall out and call each other hard names.

It has a bad look, the Pope's edict of excommunication, with its endless snarling and cursing, and it has issued against some of the purest men that ever lived. This huge growl of the great lion is mimicked by all the lesser lions, each bent upon keeping up some old division fence, and perpetuating some old name. The exclusive spirit in seeking to weed out false doctrines, succeeds best in pulling out of the heart by the roots the graces of gentleness and sincerity and brotherly love. What we ought to seek are points of agreement, not points of difference. If there is that in the nature of a dozen different races of men which enables them to live together in peace as American citizens, talking and trading and working together, for most part without trouble, and that, too, in the face of temptations of self-interest, why should there be this sharp alienation in religion; this fencing people as with bars of iron into cliques, mutually exclusive? Can that be piety which sets good men at odds?

Religion ought to bind together. The derivation of the word gives us that meaning. And true religion will do this, for it is founded upon that which is common in humanity, not on what is peculiar to a tribe or sect. Its basis is the universal sentiments of reverence and love. Its office is to bind together in one the broken fragments of all nations and all times. It will keep alive the fellowship which the good and true instinctively feel for each other, and have always felt, despite the bars of creed. There is one absolute religion of which all historic forms are but different and partial phases. A recognition of this fact gives us the key to a universal brotherhood.

It is the part of a broad, liberal mind, therefore, to seek among all sects and all religions for points of sympathy, common ground of fellowship, to emphasize our agreements and not our differences. Certain it is, however glaring the differences, agreements may always be found, and certain, also, it is, however much these agreements are thrown in the background, they are the essential, the fundamental principles. Thus this course leads not only to peace, it leads unerringly to the true ideas of religion. For nothing so authenticates a thought as to find it everywhere independently springing up. Catholic and Puritan, Greek and Jew, may quarrel to the end of the world on questions of vestments, sacraments, orders of worship. But these things are only accidents, like a national custom in dress, or accent in speech. Would you see the essential thing in the religion of these persons, who seem ready to slay each other over drops of water and bits of bread and pieces of silk and muslin? Place a poor, suffering mortal between them. Bring a child, ready to perish of hunger and of cold. Let a broken-hearted mother come with her story of agony and of tears.

The essential thing in these different religions will not be long in showing itself, and it will turn out to be in them all one and the same thing. It is only on comparatively indifferent matters that they disagree.

It is safe to say that men care more about the peculiarities of their ritual than God does.

"The holier worship which he deigns to bless,
Restores the lost and binds the spirit-broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

"Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN.

BY ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID.

AFTER having traversed with you, in so far as it has been permitted me, the great "Past" of the Religious Idea, I purpose to-day, my respected hearers, directing your attention to the domain of the Future. Let me first remove everything which may become an obstacle on our onward path, which may divert the actual inquiry from its true starting-point and goal. It has been asked:—Will Judaism continue to exist? Will Christianity or the positive religions in general, endure in the future? The solution of this question has been attempted and contested by each party and confession in turn. The Christian has predicted the approaching end of Judaism. The Jew has foretold the resolution of all religions into his belief. The Moslem equally proclaims the future dominion of the Crescent over all the countries of the earth. These are not the decisions at which prejudice only arrives; they are the expression of the indwelling convictions which each respectively holds. They are also evidences of the ignorance of each, of that which fills the mental being of the others. Yet we perceive nevertheless, that the outward boundaries of each religion remain unmoved. We see that notwithstanding the compulsion and persuasion exerted, those who do change their religion are not, after all, objects of especial considerations and esteem. Besides these respective predictions of existing faiths, by which to each confession in its turn all endurance in the future has been refused, it has been foretold that a

new and totally distinct religion will rise and develop itself triumphantly out of the wreck of former faiths, that we shall behold, instead of the Future of religion—the religion of the Future.

All these questions and answers may, my hearers, at least be designated as premature and illogical; they give evidence of imperfect acquaintance with the spirit of history, with the course of development of mankind, and with the ways of Divine Providence. God's providence, if I may be permitted the expression, is no charioteer that suddenly overturns the vehicle entrusted to his guidance when too heavily laden. The march of human development is no spring hither and thither, follows no zig-zag, uncertain path. As we see in nature, so we see in the grand universal progress of the world's history; that everything has its appointed place, everything is self-supporting and independent although a member of the great organism, and is gradually prepared and developed from step to step, till it reaches its highest and ultimate degree of perfectibility. According to our view therefore, the question assumes far higher import if thus framed. Will men, will all the members of the great human family, ever be united in one only religious belief, and how is the possibility of attaining this great end demonstrable? For in this question is included the result of a vast development of that which is; in it is involved, not the direct annihilation of all existing religions, but their resolution into something universal; in it is enfolded something which surpasses far the fixed knowledge and conceptions of the present time; so that we need not say, to-morrow we reach to the end of our journey, and what will ensue? In this question again we encounter the ancient predictions of the prophets, who in an age when the dominion of the Religious Idea was limited to the smallest spot of earth, yet recognized the conquering force of that idea, and declared this to be its far distant yet ultimate goal. In this we express the desire of every friend of human-kind, who feels that the highest of all aspirations is the hope that the bond of truth will one day encircle and unite all the sons of men. But is this question in the category of human aspirations, destined ever to remain unrealized, Is it devoid of reality, having a place in the domain of Poetry alone? Or does the certain march of history show us that mankind under the action of these contrasts, long since set forth on their appointed course to this goal. So that when we are enabled to elevate ourselves above the troubled and misty atmosphere which surrounds the present, we clearly discern the path leading to that issue. This proposition it is now our task to analyze.

For its fulfilment, it will be necessary that we should bring the process of development of the human race once more clearly before us.

The intellect of man generated universally and instinctively the "Human Idea." Making the *ego* the starting point, he invested the powers of nature, according as their relation to himself was pernicious or beneficial, with a higher power which exceeding his own he deemed a divinity. His views of nature determined his conceptions of the Deity. Man in his earliest stage perceived conflict in nature, the contrasts of production and dissolution, of growth and decay, of existence and non-existence, of life and death; these again being upheld in their counter-action by a third yet incomprehensible power. In ancient heathenism, God and nature were held to be identical; and thence ensued the conception of two conflicting divinities, of a third and mediating Divine power, as also the supposed connection with every form in nature, of a special divinity. Modern heathenism is the second step, which having a similar origin yet conceives nature to be a unity. In its system, nature is a uniform whole in which all specialities neutralize or resolve each other. In this Divinity is a unity, but identical with nature, indwelling nature and having its whole existence within nature. While in ancient heathenism the *ego* was the starting-point, in modern heathenism the *ego* is a part of the whole, and only as such member, claiming to render his existence valid; so in both the individual has no other relation to society than that founded on his individuality, (or *ego*) and can develop justice and morality, only in their relation to his individuality and its relation to them. So the contentment of the individual *ego* in the fluctuating conditions of this existence, becomes, albeit mutable and most variable, the highest object. Egotism is then the sole principle of justice and morality. This human idea first encountered the Religious Idea in Mosaism. The Religious Idea assumes the Deity to have been made known to us by revelation. It recognizes the world as proceeding from Him, to be the work of God, the aggregate of all specialities, and man to be the speciality endowed with a spirit created in the image of God. God is therefore supermundane, holy, perfect, eternal. The world is sustained by God indirectly by the laws of nature. With man God is in direct connection, since He conducts man's destiny to perfectibility, judges his actions, purifies and pardons him, and has bestowed on him the Religious Idea. Thence it becomes evident that to approximate ever more to God, to assimilate with Him, is man's destination, and that justice and morality have their immutable basis in God Himself. Man's appointed task, therefore, is to render himself holy as God is holy. This sanctification manifests itself in love to God, to his fellow-man, and in the continual exercise of the moral consciousness by the human being. Thence is deducible that all men are equal, having

equal rights, and that all are destined to possess individual freedom. Equal rights, all possibly equal possessions, and personal freedom in accordance with these two conditions, must form the ground-work of all human society.

These, then, my hearers, are the two Ideas which have come in the world of man, into violent collision. But how did this conflict arise? Not as a naked abstract dogma, but incorporated with the very life of the peoples of the earth. So that Mossaism should be for ever combined with a national code was indispensable, in order that it should, under that form, imbue the Jewish people with the Religious Idea. Without its limits, the Human Idea, ancient heathenism, exercised entire sway over all the races of men, gave tangible existence to polytheism, idolatry and slavery, introduced the authority of certain races, and an unstable and varying civil and state-government, as the basis of human society.

After the Religious Idea on the one hand had overcome heathenism in the Jewish race by means of Prophetism, and had by its severance of the Life and the Idea, become fitted to enter the general world of man; after heathenism on the other hand, had in the natural course of its suicidal development attained the point of dissolution; the Religious Idea ensured its own integrity by the means it employed, Talmudism and its code of material laws in Judaism; and its introduction into the world of man in Christianity and Mahomedanism; by setting forth its abstract elements only, by acquiring independent existence as the Idea severed from the Life, by rejecting the "Here" and making the "Hereafter" its centre of gravity, did it alone gather sufficient force firmly to take root in the general world, where it was modified by combination with elements of the Human Idea. There it not only developed dogma and the Church, but likewise permitted the action of heathenism to continue and to produce the feudal system in society, while addressing itself exclusively to the world beyond, in the individual. But after the intellectual development of mankind had recovered somewhat of energy and strength, and had opened out for itself new paths, then uprose the Religious Idea, prepared for a fresh conflict. In Christianity it first shook the sway of the Church, then re-asserted the validity of the claim of reason as opposed to dogma, and produced a new phase in society based on the principle of universal human rights, in a constitutional state-government. In Judaism, the Religious Idea rose against the binding Talmudic formula that trammelled all individual freedom of the spirit and of the intellect, it sought to re-establish the validity of the Idea and to restore it to its place, invested with all its original and natural purity. This,

my hearers, is the historical juncture at which we have arrived; this is the present. What are the conclusions as to the future, which may be drawn from this process of development? The first question is; will the Religious or the Human Idea, as we have above portrayed it, obtain empire over mankind? For notwithstanding the victorious issue of the Religious Idea, it may be advanced that the Religious Idea is only an educational means for the human race, by which to train them to self-dependence in the human idea; and that consequently all useless matter will at the right time disappear. To this the prominent objection is: 1st, that the human idea always produces with itself its own abnegation. Every explanation of birth and existence is abrogated by its antagonistic principle; every presumption of an original cause pre-supposes something that has preceded it, which proves the first to be but secondary and derivative. But in the Religious Idea there is complete congruity; for every created thing finds its origin in God the Creator. All specialities have their resolution in the absolute Being of God, all special powers their source in the universal power of God, Secondly, we thence perceive that the Human Idea ever produces its own resolution into its various successive phases; that each of these phases too abrogates that which it followed, till it reaches its ultimate stage, the virtual disavowal of its own system. Such was its course in the religions of antiquity; in the philosophemes of the Greeks; in the later philosophemes of Des Cartes and Spinoza, as in that of Hegelism. It is a circle that ever terminates in itself, the serpent that holds its own tail in its mouth. The valid results of this intellectual activity, are the development of the powers of thought and the ever strengthening and deepening self-consciousness of the reason—logic. But beyond this there is no result. We see that the Religious Idea on the contrary, is ever consistent, ever the same; that it outlives in their rise and fall all the successive phases of the Human Idea, and that it displays in truth the greatest vigor, at junctures when the Human Idea is in process of resolution. On which side will be the victory, which will obtain dominion over mankind, cannot be a matter of uncertainty. The end will assuredly be that the Human Idea will eventually resolve itself into the Religious Idea, not as a lifeless, soulless acceptance, but as a living conscious amalgamation. This is a work yet to be achieved.

The second question hence follows:—In what manner will the Religious Idea manifest itself to mankind in its completeness, in its entire integrity? The Religious Idea arose in Mosaism on a Jewish-national basis, in Talmudism on a Jewish-individual basis, on a heathen basis in Christianity and Mahomedanism; Prophetism even, in proclaiming the Religious Idea to be destined one day to become the

common property of all mankind, did not abandon the national ground. Under no one of these specific aspects can the Religious Idea belong to the universality of the human race. Yet has it been evident that Judaism throughout all its phases, has preserved the Religious Idea intact; that Talmudism also is but a web spun around that idea with a view to its protection; that Judaism will, after this Religious Idea shall have cast off the cocoon of individuality, deliver it over to all mankind; and in Judaism should we seek it, in the uniformity which it will one day assume as the possession of all mankind. Let us, in order to remove all doubt from our minds, remark: 1st. In the form with which historical Christianity has clothed the Religious Idea, that Idea demands faith, is opposed to reason, disallows inquiry. 2ndly. In historical Christianity, one portion only of man's nature can unite itself with the Religious Idea. Therefore is the regenerated man of Christianity ever in a state of conflict with Christianity itself. If we consider all Christian sects and parties in the aggregate, we perceive that the Religious Idea itself, is still combatted in Christianity. 3rdly. The Religious Idea within Christianity is still in a condition of inconsistency and self-conflict. It has therefore before it in Christianity, the task of self-evolution. 4thly and lastly. In Islamism, are extant the very first conceptions of the Religious Idea, which immediately and consistently lapsed into the purely heathen conception of Fate, or necessity. So that Islamism presents no development of the Religious Idea; it presents only a phase of self-annihilation.

The Religious Idea in Judaism assumes a wholly opposite direction. 1st. It appeals, not to one side of man, but to the entire human being; it appeals, not to the belief, but to reason, to actual knowledge. The Religious Idea in Judaism insists on comprehension and acceptance by means of reason; seeks by means of nature, to demonstrate itself to the understanding, seeing it contains no element susceptible of denial by the power of reason. The Religious Idea is in Judaism objective in that which pertains to the intellect, subjective in that which belongs to the heart of man. 2ndly. The Religious Idea has never been controverted by Judaism itself; is not and has never been inconsistent with itself, or in conflict with itself. The central point of the present struggle in Judaism is not the Religious Idea and its purport, but the binding nature of the ceremonial law on the Jews; the conflict therefore refers to that and that only, by which the Religious Idea is individualized in Judaism, and which yet separates Judaism from the rest of human society. 3rdly and lastly. Judaism has never declared itself to be in its specific forms, the religion of all mankind; but has ever asserted itself to be the religion of all mankind in and by the Re-

ligious Idea. Judaism has ever expressly said, "My specific character, my law, my forms are destined for the sons of Israel only, as bearers of the Religious Idea; my purport, my significance, the Religious Idea itself, are for the whole race of man." Talmudism itself admits that he even who no longer observes one law, but who utters as his confession of faith the words, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Eternal is one," may be considered still to be a Jew. With small variation may we say, "He is to be considered a Jew, who confesses his belief in the One, only supermundane God; not as a Jew in race but as a Jew in kind, as professing the Religious Idea as it is contained in Judaism." Thus Judaism has claimed, not in its special character but truly in and by the Religious Idea, to be the destined portion of all mankind; while historical Christianity claims to win all men to itself in its individual form, notwithstanding its self-inconsistency and the discrepancies which it contains.

Judaism therefore, my hearers, asserts itself to be only the bearer of the Religious Idea. It does not say, "Ye children of other creeds, ye Christians, ye Musselmans, ye must avow yourselves of my faith, ye must become Jews." It says on the contrary, "The other religions that were born of me, that have modified my purport, must freely develop themselves, must resolve these their own modifications, and must by an individual process of self-enlargement, reach the final goal of that free development, the Religious Idea. Then will my special form become superfluous, then can I divest myself of my garb, for then will the whole of man be united in the knowledge and acknowledgment of the One only, supermundane, holy God, whose work the universe is, who gave unto man a soul created in His own image; who therefore stands in direct relation to man as Providence, Judge, Pardoner, Revealer; who will consecrate man unto Himself in love and moral consciousness, by means of a human society founded on the eternal principles of equality of right, all possible equality of possession, and personal freedom. Thus will the world arrive, not at the specific Judaism of the Jews as it has been; but at the Religious Idea such as Judaism through all its phases has ever borne within itself unchanged, unpoluted; though brought into the world of man by Christianity and Moslemism, in an imperfect form. In this manner all will, we perceive, be fulfilled, that we have seen to be indicated in history. The question as to the necessity for the continued existence of Judaism after the promulgation of Christianity and Moslemism, has been satisfactorily solved. It has become clear to us that Judaism has in the present and in the future, an all-important mission, even that which she has ever had, to fulfil. When Christianity in its process of self-development

shall have finally rejected its specific Christian elements and shall seek a fitting basis for the Religious Idea, Judaism will be there to bestow on it that possession. For that which in Christianity is the work of free development only, of the victory of reason over dogma, will be found in Judaism alone, to be the firm foundation, the sole material for the historical super-structure. Reason will there solemnize her union with History, the acquisitions of reason will become identical with the facts of history, the result identical with the true basis of all human development. Here then the destination of Judaism to receive and to bear the Religious Idea for all mankind, meets our view in its historical completeness. It existed and was fulfilled as confronting heathenism; it existed and exists confronting Christianity and Moelism. The struggle which the Jews have had to maintain, first with their heathen neighbors, then with the Greek-Syrians and Romans, and finally during the last fifteen consecutive centuries in Christendom, has been maintained on behalf of Religious Idea, its purport and scope. It has been the sublime conflict of the Religious Idea with its antagonisms. The inflexible pertinacity with which the Jews have remained steadfast to their faith is not obstinacy; it is more, it is the most meritorious fidelity, an inward necessity: for man cannot renounce the complete Religious Idea, in order to apply himself to, and accept it in, its modifications. Judaism and its professors the Jews, must continue to exist till the conflict within Christianity itself shall be decided, and till the victory over the antagonisms to itself within Christianity, shall have been achieved by the Religious Idea in its entirety and purity.

(To be continued.)

WITTY RETORT OF A HEBREW CHILD.

"Fetch me some cheese and eggs," said an Athenian once to a little boy. The boy did as he was desired. "Now, my boy," said the stranger, "tell me which of these cheeses were made of the milk of white goats, and which of the milk of black goats!"—"Thou art older than I, and more experienced," replied the shrewd little Hebrew: "tell me first which of these eggs came from white, and which from black hens."

BABETTE.

BY PHILIP BART.

CHAPTER XXII.

VERY uncalled-for, perhaps to use a more proper word as unromantic as possible, very stupid, was the whole performance on the part of Babette. Not exactly prone to act on impulses, she blamed herself with a kind of acute consciousness for having yielded two or three times in her short life to passing influences. Dreading with painful morbidity any apparent singularity, here she was thrusting herself on a scene where she felt she could be of no possible use. True, the girl, in the character of the Baroness' chief coadjutor, had caught somewhat of the ways and manners of her mistress, something of an independence of action. She asked herself, however, as she surveyed the scene, what good could she do. Could she go down to the water's brink and haul and pull at the logs? Could she wield an axe and cut away the timbers? She might, if she pleased, direct the actions of the servants and peasants. She could attend to the distribution of the bread and wine—might perhaps perform some lesser services. But the more she looked at it, trying to take in the whole of the river bank at a glance, the more apparent was it to her that it was man's work; and not a woman's. She stood still for a moment, just beyond where she had been carried to, undecided what to do. To retreat was impossible, even had such an idea entered her mind, for now the little rivulet she had forded on the horse had within ten minutes become a good-sized stream. Even to go straight before her was attended with no small difficulties. The whole situation was an unpleasant one. The soft alluvial soil of the bank was now of an unctuous consistency. Heroines splashed up to their eyes in mud, and with one shoe on and one shoe off, are not poetical objects for description. Romancists scarcely ever deem it worthy to enter into such details, but the treacherous ooze had laid claim to one of Babette's little shoes. On she floundered, struggling through the mire, heedless of the blast which now had blown her hood from off her face, and sent her long black hair flying in a confused whirl around her head. She made a series of ineffectual efforts to gather in the tresses, but the wind laughed at her futile attempts. At last she gained a hill of ore, which had been placed some distance beyond the landing, and found here a secure footing, and very glad was she to sink down on it and rest herself.

Of all the people there present, and there must have been a hundred, she was the only woman. Everybody was very quiet and determined, and all seemed to obey the orders of the Baroness's intendant. The captain would talk for a moment with the intendant, then they would separate, and it was apparent to her that the officer was following out some instructions given him. As for her, no one seemed to notice her presence, and she was glad of it. Though still a good way off from the end of the dyke, and unable to catch the words which passed between them, she saw them both point out into the river, as if startled by something which was floating there. She strained her eyes, and saw what seemed to her to be the roof of a house; but peering with affrighted vision through the rain, she dimly made out a human form which was clinging to the floating timbers. Presently a big burly peasant ran to just the base of the little mound on which she was lodged, and said: "Oh, God! I cannot look at it. It is some poor woman from the fishing village above. It looks like the fisherman's house. It was mounted on poles, some way out in the stream," and here the poor fellow sobbed, and hid his face in his hands. Just then two soldiers dashed at full speed, their horses floundering in the mud, to the dismantled wharf-master's house, and returned presently with a light skiff, which had been kept there. In a moment it was launched, and in sprang the captain and the new intendant. Babette could stand this no longer. Down she sprang, and was in an instant at the side of the two men. How she managed to get there she did not know herself. They did not as much as look at her. There was a discussion between them.

"This boat will hardly hold two," said the intendant.

"It will have to hold two. If we save the woman it must carry three."

"Can you row?"

"No: on my soul I can't. Can you?"

"Of course I can; so pray don't endeavor to come with me. Frankly, you would be in the way."

"But, sir, I am not going to let you risk your life alone, for it is a risk."

"Well, then, if you insist on coming, we both may go down, and the woman will perish besides. I appreciate fully your motives; but I must go alone. I am used to the water. You are wanted here. There is not a moment to spare. That dyke must come down, if we want to save anything. We are losing precious time; besides, I must be master here."

"It seems, my friend," said the captain, "you are imperious on all

occasions; but this is for a noble action. Go, then—I might be in the way.”

“Yes, captain, he must go alone. Quick, quick, there is not a moment to spare,” cried Babette,—her voice, as was usual when under emotion, quiet and still like.

“Who have we here forsooth, giving orders?” cried the captain, turning shortly round. But Babette had no eyes for him. The intendant looked at her for a second, said “This is no place for you, miss,” and in an instant had, with the assistance of a couple of soldiers, pushed the boat into the water, and was off alone. Babette gazed at him as he sped out into the stream. Now a current took him, and he went like lightning down the stream, when he was straining every nerve to cross the river. Those huge trees which were hurrying down the raging waters, the *débris* of the dyke too, threatened a hundred times to crush his frail boat to atoms. Babette stood still, leaning against a beam, gazing steadfastly at him. Now her color had quite forsaken her, and she clasped her hands in an agony of suspense; now, as some impending danger seemed to threaten him, she could stand it no longer, and would cover her face with her hands, barely daring to look once more, when she saw him again buffetting manfully with the tide. As to work on the shore, there was nothing being done now: all had ceased their labors and stood on the bank, anxious spectators of the scene. The captain himself had lost his coolness, and was striding along a jutting piece of timber, crying out at the top of his voice: “Nobly done—ah! that ugly tree: take care now. Curse the current. He is drifting away from that miserable house-top! Now he is on his course again. It would be a beastly business if he lost his life, after all. I ought not have allowed him to go alone. Why the d—l didn’t I learn how to row? He is nearing her. Providing the woman don’t get frightened, and jump off from her roof. Then he would be ass enough, I suppose, to spring in after her, and they would both be drowned before our eyes. Superb—he nears her! And now he is entangled again, and can’t budge. It gives him a rest, though, for a moment. Know what to do? Of course he does. He is resting on his oars for a moment. Suppose now an oar should break. He is at it again, and is clear once more; and now, as I live, he has managed to get behind the house, and with the stream, and can soon catch it. He has tied the boat to the roof-top, and he climbs the roof, and has, yes, has the woman in his arms, and has put her in the boat. What, in God’s name, does he go back for again? By heavens, he has got something else, and, as I live, it’s a child. To think there were two souls floating on that rotten roof. He’s off again, and how slowly he comes

now. How careful he is. Of course he is too wise to try and pull across; besides, he must be pretty well exhausted now. He takes the current, and will land maybe a mile below: he can't help himself. All the danger ain't over yet. Here, sergeant, take four men, and order two of them to skirt the river bank for a mile below, and with the other two press in any other boat you can find. Here, take this money; and if you can't make some of the peasants row out to help them in, should they come below, frighten them into it. He is almost out of sight now; but no, he hugs the bank on this side, and is pulling up; he won't land so far off any way. Have a wagon—put straw in it—sent down the river road below; take my horse down with you. See that the woman and child are put in the wagon, and let the intendant have the horse. Quick, now. Ain't there a woman about here to attend to the other woman, in case she wants anything? Where was that muddy-looking girl, a familiar face, by the way, I saw a moment ago? Ah, there you are, mounted on the wagon now, so be off with you. Quick march! I am not sanguine exactly; and although he has still a hard time of it, he is managing to reach the shore. Away with you in that wagon. Ten thousand devils!—Why don't you whip up those horses? What if the ground is soft—if a horse gets stuck in the mud—cut him out of the traces, so that you go rapidly, and kill a horse—what's the difference? Take some brandy with you." A moment after Babette, seated on the driver's seat alongside of her old friend the sergeant, was flying along the muddy road as fast as the lusty horses, with frequently applied whips, could drag the heavy wagon.

"It's a day of meeting one another ever so many times. I shouldn't be surprised if that young fellow in the boat there was not your sweetheart. He is a brave fellow, whoever he may be. Is it to see him that you have trudged through all this mire? Bless me, my pretty lass, you will fall off if you don't hold on tighter. I can't help you, seeing my hands are busy whipping the horses and holding the reins. As you wouldn't let me put my arm around your waist, maybe you had better put your's around mine. It don't make any matter, seeing you are an engaged girl: I can tell that by your looks. It's hard, now ain't it, for a woman who loves a right good fellow—and that's just the kind of man who went in that boat. You see, I ain't afraid of bullets or powder, or that kind of thing; but if I had had to take to that boat, and go out into that wretched river in a cockle-shell of a boat like that, I couldn't have done it—no, not even for a commission. Well, as I was saying, hard for a girl that loves a man to have to stand a whole half hour, and see him expose his life. You are a brave girl; and when you are married, if I am in quarters in this part of the coun-

try, you must invite me to the wedding. Now which way do we turn? The trees grow down here to the river's brink. I wonder if he could have landed here?"

At last Babette found strength to say a word: "He couldn't land here; it must be below, because the Danube makes a big bend beyond, a kind of bay, and the current always sets in strong there. But, O, my God! he may not be safe even now."

"Yes, he is. The good God would never have allowed him to get so far in safety without seeing him entirely through. We are bound to find him all right. Cheer up, young woman, all three of them we will find, dripping like mermaids, seated on the shore. Here, you with the captain's horse, ride on ahead and reconnoitre. If you find the young man, tell him to use the captain's horse, and say we are coming for the woman and child."

"All right!" replied one of the soldiers, who, directed by Babette as to the road, now galloped past, leading the other horse. Just then a fallen tree blocked up the road, and the wagon was brought to a halt. The sergeant swore as they found this impediment in their way. A full quarter of an hour had elapsed before the obstruction was removed. Presently they were under way again; but now, from the badness of the road, they moved but very slowly. Suddenly Babette placed her hand on the sergeant's arms. "I hear the sound of galloping horses."

"You have good ears. I only hear the rush of the river and the rustling of the tree boughs."

"But I do," cried Babette; "and I know that there is a rider on each horse. Thank God, they are saved!"

"You have good ears; and now I hear them too," said the soldier.

Just then the soldier who had been sent forward came in sight. In a moment he was by the side of the wagon.

"All right, sergeant," said the soldier. "The gentleman landed not a quarter of a mile from here, and is coming on. He says 'make all speed.' I have wrapped the woman and the baby in my cloak. Ah! here he comes, a little tired out—that is all."

That he had recognized her Babette was sure of. Would he stop now for a moment and say a word to her? He did stop, scanned the sergeant and herself closely in the cart, and seemed astonished when he saw her. Reining his horse, he stayed for a moment by the wagon side. If he was pale and care-worn in the face, from that sudden reaction which follows violent mental and physical exertion, she, in her mud and tatters, with hair dishevelled, blushed crimson-red as she met his glance. His words were not perhaps as courteous as should have

been. Scanning her closely, he said, in a rather brief tone: "What could have induced you, Mademoiselle Babette, to come down to the river-side? Women are much in the way sometimes. Were you not standing on the wooden pier when I took the boat?"

"I was, sir, and of no possible use then. I may be of some little avail now. The woman and child you have saved I shall take to the Baroness."

"That is well enough, but——. Well, you will find them on the bank. I must be off now; good day;" and in a moment he was gone.

"If I could only have told him," thought Babette, "how nobly he had behaved—if I could have only told him that the anguish I had suffered in this last half hour was the most poignant of all my life—if——" and here, for the first time that day, the girl burst into a torrent of tears, and broke down utterly under the strain of violent emotions.

"He does not seem pleased," said the sergeant. "Cheer up, my pretty lass; it will be all right some day. You see his hands are full; and as he has had a hard wrestle of it, he hasn't time, you know, to say a kind word."

"Sergeant," said Babette, "I am nothing to him; you are mistaken."

"I don't know that?" replied the soldier incredulously, as now the wagon approached the river bank, and on the shore stood a pale woman and a child, wrapped up in a soldier's cloak, who were speedily transferred to the wagon.

"My husband! My God, I am fearful he is drowned," said the poor fisher's wife, as, half dead with grief and anxiety, she buried herself in the straw at the bottom of the wagon.

"Is this entirely a world of misery and trials?" thought Babette; and with all her heart and soul she tried her best to soothe and comfort the poor woman.

(To be continued.)

RABBINICAL APHORISMS.

TRANSIENT are the treasures and possessions of the world; the most lasting is morality, and the securest stronghold, friendship; increase, therefore, the former, and seek safety in the latter.

A cautious tongue insures prosperity, and adherence to industry averts want.

The sages were asked, "Which is the most commendable war?" "That which is waged against our evil desires," was their reply.

MY VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG.

BY JAS. EDWD. GRAYBILL.

It was toward the close of a beautiful autumn day, the sun was fast sinking in the west and lighting up the horizon with its golden rays, as the little "Aula" neared the city, and the shining dome of St. Isaac's rose into sight. The bay was calm and still, and as we glided softly into the harbor and along the magnificent quay, the beauties of the shore seemed to inspire us with a curious interest, and did not fail to draw all on deck with their glasses to enjoy the novel panorama. It was not long before we landed and were surrounded by innumerable cabmen in their queer national dress, all jabbering their *patois* with a peculiar and strikingly forcible emphasis, from which, however, we could only infer that there was certainly competition and no monopoly among that class of Russian business men. As we were unable to make known our wants to them, an English speaking *valet de place*, standing near, essayed to help us out of our difficulty, but we very soon found that he knew as little about his office as did the motley crowd of making themselves understood, so, to get rid of a double nuisance, we sprang into the nearest carriage and ordered the driver to take us to Hôtel de Russie, which he rightly interpreted, and in a few minutes we reached the hotel where, on alighting, we were met by the smiling valet, who had mounted the seat with the cabman on seeing us enter, and evidently enjoyed the trick he was playing on us, feeling confident that we were green travelers and would pay him for his escort.

St. Petersburg is a city of 800,000 inhabitants, and contains some of the finest specimens of architectural skill in the world. Among these are the Winter Palace, Marble Palace, St. Isaac's Church, Church of our Lady of Kasan, the Quay, and the bridges that connect the islands upon which the city is built. It is one of the wealthiest and the most interesting capitals of Europe. Its one hundred and fifty churches, with their glittering domes and cupolas—its twenty palaces with their treasures, and its wide and beautiful streets and elegant squares, strike us at once as prominent attractions. Then, too, within an hour's ride lie Peterhoff, said to rival Versailles in the mechanism of its water-works, and Pawslowsk with its parks, gardens and concert-halls.

Among the streets the Nevskoi Prospect is the finest and most striking. It runs through the city from west to east, and changes its architectural appearance from the modern European palace of the west end to the rude hut of the native Russian at the eastern terminus.

The European or western part of this avenue is wide, clean, and well paved—lined with beautiful stores, hotels, and government buildings, and thronged with the *élite* of the city, either promenading in their rich dresses or driving in their magnificent equipages. The windows of the stores are mostly filled with malachite, lapislazuli and similar articles of bijouterie of great value and beauty. In the evening, when the gas is lighted, the sidewalks are crowded with curious pedestrians gazing in the brilliant windows at the inviting displays.

The forenoon of our second day we passed strolling about town to get general ideas of the place and people, and were aided very materially by an alarm of fire. We sprang into a city cab, called a "droitzschka," and were driven to the spot where the fire was thought to be, but only found the streets filled with men, women, and children, all intently gazing up at the anxious beings above, who had rushed to the windows and were looking down inquiringly, quite puzzled to know where the fire was. The engine soon arrived—a huge hogshead on four wheels drawn by two great horses—but it did little more than increase the mystery. Every one seemed anxious to solve the confusion that ignorant curiosity had already succeeded in bringing about. We thus had an opportunity of seeing a new phase of Russian life, and the efficiency of the St. Petersburg fire department. We soon left this scene and were driven to one of the suburban "Cafés chantants," where we spent the evening drinking tea, listening to music, and anon promenading in the garden, which was tastefully laid out with walks, caves, arcades and fountains, and beautifully illuminated with variegated lights. The intervals between the performances were rendered very interesting by fireworks of curious shapes from an arch in the garden.

Among the habits of the people there was one we noticed in particular—their manner of drinking tea. They use a superior quality, drink it hot from glasses, instead of cups, and flavored with a slice of lemon in the place of cream. Thus made the beverage is most delicious.

The next day being Sunday, we went to St. Isaac's church. Here we saw one of the most beautiful and costly structures in the world. It is built of rough gray marble, in the form of a Greek cross, with four fronts, each ornamented with porphyry columns and marble statuary in the gables; great marble steps lead up to exquisite bronze doors on the west and east sides, and a gilded dome surmounts the edifice, giving it a height of some four hundred feet or more. The dome may be seen twenty miles from the city. The floor of the church is marble mosaic, and on the walls are various kinds and colors of

marble arranged with pleasing effect. Among the ornaments of the interior are two malachite and two lapislazuli columns, fluted and highly polished. The first two are some thirty feet high and about four feet in circumference; the latter are smaller, being not more than twenty feet in height and two and a half round. Between the malachite columns is the altar, behind which is the gold model of the church, three feet high. On each side of the altar are splendid life-size figures of saints in mosaic. After looking round for some time at the beauties of the church, we ascended into the dome to enjoy the fine view of the city and vicinity. We could plainly see Cronstadt and trace the Neva as it wound through the city to the sea, the Winter Palace of the Czar, the largest in the world, and, behind it, the well-known Hermitage with its gems of art and history; still further, the Summer Garden, where the effort was made to assassinate the Emperor, and the little chapel erected to commemorate the event of his escape; opposite this, across the river, the first house built in St. Petersburg and occupied by Peter the Great as his palace. We could see the many churches with their gilded domes shining in the sunlight, the large squares and wide regular streets, and the beautiful bridges over the Neva River. The Russian mode of worship is most peculiar. In the churches are no seats, so all must stand alike during service. In praying they face a Madonna, first standing, then kneeling, and finally on all fours with their faces to the floor, against which they strike or touch their foreheads in token of humility; gradually rising, they conclude their devotions by kissing the feet of the holy picture. The Madonnas we meet in their churches are different from those commonly seen in Catholic countries, for in Russia only the face, hands and feet are painted, the vestures being of gold and precious stones, worked and laid on the painted parts, so as to fill out and complete the figure, which is then set in a frame. Some of them have great intrinsic value artistically, but more frequently their worth lies in the presents of diamonds and other precious stones, made by the natives for answers to prayers. One of them in Moscow they claim to have been painted by the Evangelist St. Luke. It is upon mica, and estimated at two million dollars—being literally covered with diamonds. It is common for every family to have their picture of the Virgin either at home or in their church, and, whenever they are fortunate, regard it as a blessing from their Virgin, and to show their gratitude they offer in return valuable presents to the Madonna. In this way it often happens that these gifts accumulate so that it becomes necessary to remove them from the picture to a chest, where they remain as proof of the devotion of the giver. The lower classes in Russia are very

superstitious and scrupulously exact in the observance of their religious forms, ascribe miraculous powers to their holy pictures, and never pass one without removing their hats, crossing themselves, and bowing almost to the ground.

From St. Isaac's we went by rail to Pawlowsk, a railway station, and quite a fashionable summer resort of the St. Petersburgers. Attached to the station house is a large and commodious concert-room, where twice a week grand musical entertainments are given, which thousands attend. The ride is pleasant, for every comfort is supplied in the way of nice, well ventilated coaches, and the attractions of the park, with its promenades, drives, bridges, lakes, cascades, etc., and the garden with its sparkling fountains and choice fragrant flowers, are well calculated to draw the lovers of the beautiful. The Pawlowsk orchestra is one of the best in Europe, and the programmes are very select. We arrived early and had time to inspect the grounds before the concert began. This fully repaid us by relieving the restlessness usually attendant upon waiting in expectancy. When we returned to the hall we found it well filled, the garden was illuminated, the fountains playing, and many of the visitors were promenading, enjoying the cool evening air until the music should summon them within the hall. The concerts last until eleven o'clock, when the last train leaves for St. Petersburg. We enjoyed our visit to Pawlowsk very much, and shall not forget the impressions made upon us by what we saw there of Russian beauty.

The Hermitage was next visited. This is a palace built by Catharine the Second, where she, in sweet solitude, might commune with the beauties of nature and art. It contains over four hundred paintings by masters of the German, Italian, Spanish and Flemish schools, besides some excellent specimens by native artists, thirty thousand engravings, a large library, and a valuable historical collection. The apartments were beautiful. The "Passage" contains thirteen thousand gems and royal souvenirs. Among the curiosities were two or three bouquets of precious stones, arranged with exquisite taste and valuable both intrinsically and on account of their artistic construction; there were also specimens of mezzotints by Peter the Great, representing his battles, his old war horse, and many articles either of his make or wear, gold and silver service sets, queer old-fashioned clocks and articles of household furniture. The "Passage" is a long and narrow way, being about twenty feet in width and some one hundred and seventy-five in length. It would take some time to inspect, with any degree of satisfaction, its valuable and curious collections.

From the Hermitage we went into the Winter Palace, perhaps the

finest, certainly the most beautiful and imposing of all the European palaces. The apartments are furnished in a very select and costly manner, mosaic floors, carved doors, Gobelin tapestry of richest design, and malachite vases being some of the ornaments. The chief attraction, however, of the Winter Palace was the room containing the royal jewels, the entrance to which we found guarded by two soldiers; but as we had secured the necessary permits we received ready admission. A polite *gendarme* in charge of the interior of the room showed us the jewels, which were inclosed in long, covered glass cases.

The most brilliant and beautiful were the crown diamonds and the one in the sceptre, which is one of the three largest known, being larger than a walnut. The number in the crown is fabulous. There were bracelets, necklaces, and ear-drops, *a plume* made for and worn by Count Potempkin, the favorite of the Queen Catharine—lace worn by the Queen on state occasions—all of diamonds.

The views from this palace are very fine: on the west, the Neva and Quay; south, the Admiralty building and the Nevskoi Prospect; east, the Great Square, and Column of Victory. The Hermitage is joined to and north of the Winter Palace.

Our last day in St. Petersburg we devoted to the Academy of Science, which contains from the animal kingdom two thousand specimens; from the mineral ten thousand, and from the vegetable sixteen thousand; also a library of one hundred thousand volumes and twelve thousand manuscripts, together with a collection of oriental coins numbering eight thousand, and six thousand Imperial medals. Among the minerals is an obelisk made from the fifty different kinds of Siberian marble, and one from the various Russian stones.

THE ROUMANIAN JEWS,

AND THE RACE-CHARACTERISTICS WHICH ARE THE SECRETS OF THEIR
POWER.

It is not merely religious fanaticism that sets the Roumanians against the Jews. It is the old story. The Jews are too clever for the Christian. They are more thrifty, more intelligent, more united. They will make money when the degraded Christians do not make it. They lend money and get hold of the property of their debtors, and this the Christians resent. There is something certainly very sweet to the barbarous mind in first taking a man's money, and then, when he wants his money back, kicking him and beating him, and half killing him on high religious grounds. The Roumanians are in this respect in the

mental state in which Englishmen were in the thirteenth century. The strange thing is, that in spite of all persecution, the Jews hold their ground. An extreme amount of persecution of course quenches the efforts and spirits of every body of men.

The Jews were kept out of England from the days of Edward I. to the days of Cromwell. They were hunted into Morocco or into the pale of the Church by the Spanish inquisition. But they are not to be crushed by half measures. Wherever money is to be made, and they are permitted to hold life even as a persecuted and miserable race, they flourish, multiply, and grow rich. No spot is too remote, no form of trade too disgusting, no climate too unhealthy for the Jew. He does not fear isolation or discomfort, for he and his people have been for centuries isolated and miserable. He is sustained by the traditions of his race, by the sympathy of his brethren, by the hopes of his religion, and by the contemplation of the gold he accumulates. In Roumania the Jews are said to be hated more than in the other semi-barbarous countries in the vicinity, because there are so many of them there. They aggravate the Christians by multiplying as the sands of the seas, where they are most trodden under foot and persecuted; and fear of a power they cannot crush is one of the strongest influences at work to animate the fury of the Roumanian population.

There is no real difference between the Roumanian Jew and the Jews of Galacia or Bohemia, nor can they in their turn be separated from the Jews of Germany, of France, or of England. The dirty, greasy usurpers of Roumania are the humble brethren of the financiers of London and Frankfort, and that the Jews are a great power in Europe is incontestable. What are, it may be asked, the secrets of their power? They are religion, the capacity for making money, and internal union. A ceremonial and, therefore, exclusive religion, that binds together its members by rites that seem strange to the rest of the world, has a strong hold upon those who are within the fold. They are like the tenants of a beleaguered fort cut off from the rest of mankind, and obliged to protect themselves and help each other. But religion is not enough to raise a race into eminence. The Jews and the Parsees are eminent, not only because they circumcise their sons, or light fires on the tops of their houses, but because they make money. The money they have gives them consequence; but it is not only the money itself that does this; it is the qualities that go to making money which raises them—the patience, the good sense, the capacity for holding on when others are frightened, the daring to make stroke when the risk is sufficient to appal.

And the Jews are not only religious and rich, they are bound to-

gether by intimate ties. The inner world of Judaism is that of Democracy. The millionaire never dreams of despising, or failing to aid, his poorest and most degraded brother. The kindness of Jews for Jews is unfailing, spontaneous, and unaffected. The shabbiest hat-buyer or orange-seller of Houndsditch is as sure of having the means provided for him of keeping the sacred feast of the Passover as if he lived in a Piccadilly mansion. To the eyes of Jews even the most degraded of Jews do not seem as degraded as they do to the eyes of the outer world. The poorest perhaps have possession which redeem them in the eyes of their brethren, and many of the lowest, greasiest, and most unattractive Hebrews who walk about the streets in search of old clothes or skins, are known by their co-religionists to be able to repeat by rote portions of the sacred volumes by the hour at a time. To all these permanent causes of Jewish eminence there must, however, be added one that has only had time to develop itself, since extreme bigotry has died away, and since in Western Europe the Jews have been treated, first with contemptuous toleration, then with cold respect, and finally, when they are very, very rich, with servile adoration.

These people—so exclusive, so intensely national, intimately linked together—have shown the most astonishing aptitude for identifying themselves with the several countries in which they have cast their fortunes. An English Jew is an Englishman, admires English habits and English education, makes an excellent magistrate, plays to perfection the part of a squire, and even exercises discreetly the power which, with its inexhaustible oddity, the English law gives to him, while it denies it the members of the largest Christian sect, and presents incumbents to livings so as to please the most fastidious bishops. The French Jews were stout friends of France during the war; served as volunteers in the defence of Paris, and opened their purses to the national wants and their houses to the suffering French. The German Jews were as stout Germans in their turn, and in war, as in peace, they are always ready to show themselves Germans as well as Jews. It is the combination of the qualities of both nations that is now raising the foremost of the German Jews to their high rank in the world of wealth. In that world, to be a German is to be a trader who it is very hard to rival; to be a Jew is to be an operator whom it is impossible to beat; but to be a German Jew is to be prince and captain among the people.

In this way the Jews have managed to overcome much of the antipathy which would naturally attach to men of an alien race and an alien religion. The English Jew is seen not to be standing aloof from England and Englishmen. But it is impossible there should not be

some sort of social barrier between the Jew and the Christian.—They cannot intermarry, and it necessarily chills the kindness and intimacy of family intercourse when all young people know that friendship can never grow into any thing else. In order to overcome this obstacle, many wealthy Jews have chosen to adjure their religion, and enroll their households in the Christian communion. But the more high-minded and high-spirited among them shrink from doing this, and accept, and even glory in the position into which they were born.—*The London Saturday Review*.

THE SEPTUAGINT.

ALTERATION OF THE TEXT BY CHRISTIANS FOR DOGMATICAL PURPOSES.

BY DR. FRANKEL.

TRANSLATED BY REV. B. H. ASCHER.

It is a well-known fact, that the Septuagint varies from the Hebrew text by a period of 100 years in the lives of most of the ante-diluvian and post-diluvian patriarchs, down to the patriarch Abraham. At the ante-diluvian generations, the Septuagint has generally 100 years more before the birth of the patriarchs, and 100 years less after their birth, so as to make the total sum of the years of their lives, with some slight difference, fully agree in both texts. At the post-diluvian patriarchs, the Septuagint has generally 100 years more previous to their birth, without, however, deducting them from the years after their birth (compare the chronological tables in Vater and Tuch's Commentaries on Genesis). Much has been urged, from the time of Jerome down to the present period, on this most striking difference, without, however, any satisfactory explanation having been adduced. The modern anti-Masoretic exegists are very ready to advance that the translators of the Septuagint had before them a copy which no doubt materially differed from the Masoretic text, and on which they placed great reliance. Some, however, who admit the fact that the Greek translation has altered the original Hebrew text, advance, by way of apology, that the Septuagint purposed by this alteration to place the years of the generations in a more correct relation with the great length of their lives; so that none of our chief progenitors had any issue before they were 100 years old, and the first two, viz., Adam and Seth, until the age of 200 years. Ridiculous as this explanation really is, inasmuch as it never can stand the test of a close comparison, it has nevertheless found

its way into almost every exegetical manual, and succeeded in gaining itself an authority equal to that of the canon (compare Frankel's *Influence of the Palestine Exegesis*, p. 71, where this passage is quoted *ad absurdum*). A Syriac father of the church, has, however, betrayed the secret : viz., that there exists a premeditated interpolation in these passages, in order to make up a certain number of years between the creation of Adam and the birth of Jesus. The name of the father who indiscreetly blabbed too much on this subject, is Jacob, Bishop of Odessa, who lived at the end of the seventh, and the commencement of the eighth centuries. To show that the Syriac *Peshita* fully agrees with the Hebrew text, as regards the years of the lives of those generations, he continues to remark, that he has happily found, in some correct Hebrew MSS., that Adam had already attained the age of 230 years when Seth was born, which is quite similar to the Septuagint. "Since the Jews purposed to corrupt the number of that time, so as to prove that the Messiah has not as yet arrived, they designedly omitted 100 years before the birth of Seth" (vide *Assemani Bibliotheca Orientales*, tom. i. p. 65, 66).

It is, however, hardly to be expected that we should find amongst the greatest antagonists to the Rabbinical Masora, a champion ready to defend the assertion of that Father ; viz., that the Jews wilfully corrupted their Bible a long time subsequent to the Christian era, in order to efface a Christo-logic proof. It must, however, be admitted by us, that this passage presupposes a relation between the number of the years of the lives of the Patriarchs and the birth of Christ. This relation may be very easily ascertained, and hence it will clearly result, that this corruption of the Hebrew text entirely originated on the side of the fathers of the church, who, from the time of Clement of Alexandria have especially taken great care to make out a certain number of years from the creation of the world to Jesus, or from the first Adam to the second, with a view to deduce from it some mystic relation. But despite the great trouble they imposed upon themselves in this matter, there exists, nevertheless, most material inaccuracies, uncertainties, and waverings in their calculations. The Jesuit father, Petavius, furnishes us with full information regarding these fluctuations and undermined calculations. "Triplex Græcorum æra celebratur. Prima est quæ ab initio rerum ad natalem Christi putat annos 5493 ; secundo anno mundi 5501, eundem annum assignat Tertia anno, 5509.

The Greeks celebrate a threefold era ; the first era reckons from the creation of the world to the birth of Jesus, 5493 years ; the second, makes the latter 5501 ; and the third, gives 5509 as the birth of Jesus. This last era, which has likewise served as the basis to the

Chronicon Paschale, has also been adopted by the Greek and Oriental Churches, which number the present Christian year, 1854, corresponding to 7263 of the creation. But it must be borne in mind that Petavius has not exhausted all the calculations on this subject. There yet exists a calculation which numbers from the creation of the world to the birth of Jesus 5967 years, and to his death the round number of 6000 years, in accordance with the tradition of the church, which tells us that Jesus suffered death in his 33d year. This calculation is the most ancient, and was most ardently espoused and defended by Clement, Theophilus, and Timotheus.

A fragment of one of the homilies of Hesychius throws some light on this much-discussed matter, and is very important for our research (*Chronicum Paschal.*, edid. Bonn, ii. p. 117). This author says:—

“In the 42d year of the reign of Augustus, Jesus was born after the flesh; and from the creation to the birth (and to the crucifixion) of Jesus is, according to the calculation of the Antiochians, 6000 years. They make out from Adam to Peleg, the son of Eber, 3000 years; and from Peleg to the 42d year of Augustus, 5967; so that from Adam to the crucifixion of Jesus just amounts to a full period of 6000 years. Peleg is generally regarded, according to the prophecy of Moses, to have lived in the midst of the time from the creation to the advent of Jesus. For as God created man on the sixth day, who soon afterwards fell into sin, then came He [Jesus], on the six thousandth day, down to the earth, and redeemed him [man]. This is indicated in Holy Writ by saying that the day of the Lord is as a thousand years. The pious chronographers, Clement, Theophilus, and Timotheus, fully agree that the Lord appeared after the number of 6000 years from the creation of Adam. Some assert that the Lord came in the year 5500, in which, however, only a few agree; but all exact authors agree that Jesus appeared in the year 6000, which is mostly evidenced by the prophetic words, that Christ became man in the year 6000.”

This calculation of 6000 years from Adam to Jesus, which is justly regarded as the most ancient, is obviously connected with the doctrine of Chiliasm and the Ebonite Christians, who maintain that the Jewish tradition which tells us that the world must be 6000 years old from its creation to the advent of the Messiah, to be fully authenticated in Jesus. But wherefrom did they take that large amount of 3000 years to the time of Peleg—viz., to the building of the tower of Babel—and the 6000 years till Jesus; since Scaliger, the most mathematically exact chronographer, was only able to produce till the time of Jesus 3950 years? (compare his *Emendatio Temporum*, p. 780 ff). A pious father of the church, however, knew how to proffer his advice in this compli-

cated matter, by committing the *pia fraus* of adding to almost every principal progenitor, previous to the patriarch Abraham, a period of 100 years before they had any issue; for it justly depended on the years before these patriarchs had any children, which, when summed up, will exactly produce the chronologically-required amount of years. Hence it is that the LXX. text agrees with the Hebrew text in the totalism of the years of the lives, with the exception of some slight differences, inasmuch as these form no chronologic moment. The number of the years of the sixteen patriarchs till Peleg, inclusive of the feigned second Cain, do not, however, according to the present reading of the Septuagint, amount to the sum of 3000 years, as stated by Hesychius, but only to 2800 years. The missing years must no doubt have been added to one or several patriarchs.

The following five patriarchs were, according to the text before us, spared from the falsification: viz., Jared, Methuselah, Lamech, Noah, and Shem. This may easily be explained; for all these patriarchs, even according to the correct Hebrew text, were already more than 100 years old when they became fathers of their first children. Noah was even 500 years old; and should there have been any addition to his age, it would have given rise to great misconception as regards the other patriarchs, who had only issue after 200 years; as, indeed, the *Chronicle Paschale* attributes to Nahor the monstrous number of 270 years when he begat Terah (according to the suggested emendation of Du Cange, who reads $\cdot \acute{o}$ instead of $\alpha\theta$, ii. 254, ed. Bonn), whilst the Septuagint adds only to Nahor 100 years. How the sum of 3000 years has actually been subtilised from Peleg to Jesus, is not so easily to be ascertained. It is, therefore, according to our research, very clear that the differences of the Septuagint in the years of the lives are premeditated falsifications, which have emanated from some dogmatic interests; and Jacob Edessenus is perfectly right, that the numbers of the years of the patriarchs are corrupted, not in the Hebrew text done by the hands of the Jews, but solely in the Greek text originating from Christians, in order to be enabled to prove the Messiac 6000 years from Adam to Jesus. But not only was the Septuagint falsified; the text also of our historian Josephus has shared the same fate, in order to make his statements conform to those of the Septuagint (*Ant.* i. 34 and 43). Similarly, the well-known passage concerning Jesus has been interpolated, so as not to encounter the attack that a contemporary historian of Jesus had never mentioned his name in his renowned history.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CHURCH AND SYNAGOGUE."

It is with considerable regret we are compelled to enter our protest against the unwise and narrow-minded policy of our contemporaries, in denouncing the recent action of the Rochester, N. Y., congregation, in inviting Rev. Mr. Mann, the Unitarian clergyman of that city, to preach in the synagogue. That the orthodox organ should be opposed to such liberality, is, of course, not surprising, and what, therefore, in its case, can be regarded only as genuine consistency, assumes a far different aspect when coming from a paper claiming to be the weekly exponent of Reform principles. The action taken by the *Jewish Times* in this matter is, to say the least, not creditable to its sagacity. For our own part we hail with pleasure every measure which can, in the remotest way, tend to break down the barriers of old, uproot prejudices, and unite men of all creeds closer together. We necessarily believe that this sentiment can be carried too far, and that excessive liberality in religious doctrines may sometimes prove injurious; but in the Rochester affair, we certainly see no reason to justify the angry criticisms which have appeared. An exchange of pulpits between Jewish and Unitarian clergymen has often before been effected, and has passed without unfavorable comment. The discourse of the reverend gentleman, which we publish in this number, will be read, we are sure, with much pleasure, by all friends of true progress, and there can be but one opinion—that such an address is worthy of being delivered in any house of worship.

As expressive of the feeling which has been produced by the unwarranted editorial of the *Jewish Times*, we select the following letters from among others which we have received for publication.—ED. NEW ERA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ERA:—

Business called me to Rochester early in February last, and I had the pleasure to hear from some of my Unitarian friends, that the pastor of their church was to preach in the principal Jewish synagogue there. This information was a perfect treat to me, because, being a Unitarian myself, and well versed in their theology, I have long been of the opinion that there are really no "dividing barriers" between them and their Jewish brethren, except the mere external forms and ceremonies inherited from the past; that, with this exception, the two theologies are based on the same fundamental principles and drawn from the same source—Jewish prophets and poets.

Of course I attended the service, and was pleased to find that this exchange of pulpits appeared to be even more popular with the Jewish congregation than with us, judging by the large attendance present. The service was not "hybrid" in any respect, but conducted exactly as if performed in our Unitarian church. You will find the sermon in the *Israelite*. What was my surprise to read in the *Jewish Times* of 7th March last a false and abusive article, in which this exchange of pulpits was said to have originated from "a couple of thoughtless young men!" and the whole article breathing the narrowest spirit of intolerance, and, what is still worse, absurd inconsistency! I yield a hearty assent to all the author of that article says in praise of his faith: I believe "it is the highest ideal of humanity;" that "its spirit is broad, liberal, and catholic," and it is this very belief that has prompted me to address these few lines to you. The writer of "Church and Synagogue" is exactly the reverse of all that a typical Jew should be. He complains of indifference on the part of the Jews to their own "sacred institutions," meaning, I suppose, the rite of circumcision, the observance of the Sabbath and Day of Atonement, the use of Hebrew in divine service, etc.; and yet these very institutions, so far from being fundamentals of the Jewish faith, are repeatedly declared by Isaiah and Amos to constitute no essential part of true religion, and are spoken of in terms almost approaching contempt. (Is. i. 11; Amos v. 21, 22; Micah vi. 6 and 7.) The latter prophet says, very emphatically: "What doth Jehovah require, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Now, Sir, I maintain that these divine utterances of the Jewish prophets, enunciated long before by Moses, are the foundation stones of true religion, and these only; and that the various rites and ceremonies used by the Jews and Unitarian Christians are nothing but external clothing, destined to be modified from time to time, to meet the requirements of advancing knowledge, and a deeper and broader insight into the meaning of that much abused word "religion." It was to "vouchsafe" no "new revelation," that Mr. Mann preached in the Rochester synagogue—he was not there to "barter religion" (!) or to "mix creeds," as the editor of the *Jewish Times* so ignorantly and scornfully asserts. Rather was he there to show that the two creeds are virtually one and the same; that the two religions are not two but one, that the same religious books are the source from which both derive their religious inspiration.

So far from showing a "want of religious fervor," or "a lack of deep conviction" on the part of the Jewish congregation at Rochester, it was the existence of this very conviction and religious fervor which orig-

inated the movement. None but those who lack a truly devotional spirit are satisfied with the monotony of a perpetually uniform mode of service; their ideas of religion are confined to the petty routine of rites and customs, and the performance of certain acts, ordained by men who passed away centuries since, and who lived in a period far different from the one in which we exist.

Perhaps, after all, the hostility of the editor of the *Jewish Times* springs from a much pettier motive than "devotion" to his "creed," religious fervor," or "deep conviction." It is to the fact that the hymns sung on the occasion were selected from our Unitarian hymn-book, and the prayers delivered were the spontaneous outpourings of the heart, that the wrath of the editor is owing. Had the ordinary Jewish service preceded and followed the sermon, the feelings of His Mightiness would have been far less ruffled, and, instead of venting his anger in an article wilfully false and blindly inconsistent, he would probably have contented himself with a passing growl.

Respectfully,

CHARLES DULON.

ALBANY, N. Y., *March 17th*, 1873.

MR. EDITOR:—

In the *Jewish Times* of the 7th inst. appeared an article entitled "Church and Synagogue," in which the editor severely criticises the action of the Jewish congregations of Buffalo and Rochester, and is pleased to style the services of a non-Jewish "preacher" in a Synagogue, "These hybrid services"—"a repetition of the old stratagem resorted to by Baalam," etc., etc. "There are, however, occasions," he says, "on which demonstrations of good will and fraternal feeling must be welcomed, and are hailed with joy by all friends of progress as an evidence of the spread of true religion, which looks with the eye of tolerance upon them who differ from motives of conscience and conviction;" and cites as an instance a case where a Jewish cemetery was to be "inaugurated"—(what the editor means by inaugurating a cemetery I presume is consecrated), and the Protestant minister placed his church at the disposal of his Jewish colleague. But this liberal and reform logical Jewish editor fails to see such an occasion for good will and fraternal feeling when the case is reversed and a Jewish "*minister*" gives his pulpit to a Christian (Unitarian) "preacher." In other words, "the sublimity and superiority of Judaism" lies only in "steeling fathers with the heroism of martyrs and making them impervious to death and torture." If the editor of the

Jewish Times were not a Reformer (?) we would not be surprised at such illiberality—such religious bigotry. Why, if the Unitarian has exactly the same belief that the Jews have, can there not be an exchange of pulpits? Is it not a great victory for Judaism that men from without are brought to acknowledge its excellencies—to worship its God?

Will the Jews now forget their humiliation, and in turn become oppressors? or will they teach the true doctrinal creed of Judaism—One God—one brotherhood in God? Is Judaism not great enough to take in all humanity? If so, it is not the religion of the world nor the highest ideal of humanity; it is not the code of all civilized religions, nor is its spirit sufficiently broad, liberal, or catholic for its mission on earth. It may have stood the test of the ages of barbarism, but it must fade in the bright sunshine of modern liberalism, and make way for a universal religion. It is ungenerous and unfair to style such an exchange of pulpits as took place in Buffalo and Rochester “a grasping at cheap popularity—a want of religious fervor—a lack of deep conviction.”

If “*it was the work of a couple of thoughtless young men,*” all honor to them for their liberality and religious fervor. A few such men would advance the cause of Judaism far more than the narrow-minded, isolating policy of the *Jewish Times*. We do not advocate Jewish congregations engaging non-Jewish ministers to fill their pulpit as salaried officers; but it is a beautiful compliment to Judaism when Christian ministers apply for permission to preach in Jewish temples, and the request should be granted with an equal grace. God recognizes no one race or religion above another. Let Judaism expand its grasp in all the earth and prove itself well worthy of its great and enviable mission. To do this, like the God it worships, it must know no race; but accepting into its fold all who acknowledge its principles, it will tear down the barriers between Jew and Gentile, and unite all mankind into one brotherhood of humanity.

NEW YORK, *March 10th*, 1873.

REFORM.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—*Lavater*.

Years do not make sages; they only make old men.—*Madame Swetchine*.

THE STAGE.

THE leading attraction during the past month has of course been the brief season of Italian Opera with which Mr. Maretzek has favored the public. The citizens of New York unfortunately have not many opportunities of enjoying the divine art, but this reproach to our great metropolis is to be attributed more to the people themselves than to any one else. An *impressario* may have much energy and enterprise, and may be conscientiously desirous of producing Italian Opera, in a manner worthy of the great masters whose immortal works are to be represented; but unless the public come to his aid, and give him that material support necessary to effect his plans, his efforts and wishes must prove fruitless. Now, it is a well recognized fact that, so far as opera is concerned, our citizens, though always ready to grumble and find fault, are generally backward in contributing as liberally to its support as is necessary to render it successful. It has been too long the custom to expect the best for the least money, and then, when the season does prove a failure, to throw all the blame on the management. Lately, however, the conclusion has been forced upon us that an amusement so pure and sublime cannot be enjoyed at a trifling expense; and it is to be hoped that, as the public taste is getting better cultivated to appreciate the true beauties of opera, New York will not be long ere she possesses a lyric stage equal to any of the European capitals. The recent season has been of much service in developing this taste. During the dozen or so performances of Mme. Pauline Lucca, the Academy of Music was crowded on every occasion, and the audiences gave marked demonstrations of pleasure and satisfaction. And well does Madame Lucca deserve her laurels. Gifted by nature with a most exquisite voice, she has, evidently by close study and careful training, so cultivated it as to place herself in the very first rank of eminent vocalists. Added to this, she possesses dramatic talent in a high degree, and the charm of her acting is only surpassed by the beauty of her voice. During the season she appeared in *La Favorita*, *Don Giovanni*, *Faust*, *Mignon*, *Der Freischütz*, *Il Figlio di Reggimento* and *Le Nozze de Figaro*. To discriminate between her several rôles would indeed be difficult, for in all of them she carries away the hearts of her hearers and wins overwhelming applause. Still we regard the representations of *Mignon* as being the triumphs of the season. Not only was every rôle excellently

sustained, but the choruses and orchestra seemed to us to do better than on any other occasion. Apart from Mme. Lucca's great merit, which in itself is sufficient to draw crowded houses, Mr. Maretzek very wisely made engagements with other eminent artists. New York never tires of listening to the national favorite, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and Sig. Jamet has also taken strong hold on the public favor. Sig. Vizzani, though not a highly refined tenor, acted his several parts creditably, and Sig. Moriami proved himself equal to the rôles he sustained. Altogether, the grumblers have been silenced; and, now that the season is over, all lovers of music experience unfeigned regret and sincerely wish Mr. Maretzek and his able company, wherever they go, the success they so richly deserve.

Of the changes which have taken place at the theatres during the past month, we are unable in our present issue to give more than a passing notice.

At Booth's, a well-written piece by Mr. Dion Boucicault, entitled "Daddy O'Dowd," and in which the author sustains the leading character, has been drawing large and remunerative audiences.

At the Grand Opera House, "Roughing It" was produced in the early part of the month, but was withdrawn to make room for "Uncle Sam," a piece written by Mons. Sardou to caricature American life, habits, and manners; while at Mr. Daly's other house, The New Fifth Avenue, "Alixé" and "New Year's Eve" have been the principal attractions.

At the Union Square, a new piece entitled "The Business Woman," written by Miss Olive Logan, has been produced and withdrawn, "Cousin Jack" being placed on the boards in its stead. Of the former play we regret we cannot say much in commendation. Miss Logan is certainly not a playwright, and we are only surprised that so excellent and well-managed a theatre should have consented to produce so unworthy a play. As mistakes however will happen, the management must not be blamed, especially as they had the good judgment to withdraw it as soon as they possibly could.

At Wallack's, Mr. Sothorn's wonderful impersonation of "David Garrick" has continued to fill the house to repletion, and will doubtless so continue until the end of the season; and while Mr. Wallack is thus keeping up the prestige of his own house, and increasing his treasury, this favorite actor himself has been for the past two weeks playing a most remarkable engagement in Mrs. F. B. Conway's Brooklyn Theatre. The talented lessee of that house, not content in delighting the Brooklynites with her own superior acting, has afforded them the additional advantage of witnessing Mr. Lester Wallack and the

inimitable Miss Effie Germon in their principal rôles. The result of this has been to send all Brooklyn to the playhouse, for so indeed it seems, judging from the crowds who wait to be admitted even in the severest weather. "Rosedale," "Ours," "Home," and "Captain of the Watch," have been the pieces on the programme. On Saturday nights, however, Mrs. Conway and her daughter Minnie, Mr. Frauk Roche, and the entire strength of the company, appear in "Love" and in other popular plays.

THE HEATHEN AND THE TWO HEBREW SAGES.

It happened once that a Heathen, passing a synagogue, heard the *Sopher* (clerk) read the following words: "*And these are the garments which they shall make; a breast-plate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a broidered coat, a mitre and a girdle,*" etc. (Exod. xxviii. 4). The Heathen asked for whom all these fine garments were intended. "For the High-priest," was the answer. As soon as the Heathen heard this, he went to Shammai, and said, "Master, I wish to become a proselyte, but on condition that I be made a high-priest." Shammai drove him away with contempt. He applied to Hillel, and made the same request. This mild instructor of Israel received him courteously, and thus addressed him:—"Friend, hast thou ever known a king to be elected without being first instructed in the rules of government? Whoever wishes to be high-priest must first be made acquainted with the rules belonging to so dignified an office. Come then, and learn." He then taught him the 18th chapter of Numbers. When they came to the 7th verse, which says,—"*And the STRANGER that cometh nigh shall be put to death,*" the Heathen asked who was meant by the *stranger*. "It applies," answered Hillel, "to any one who is not a descendant of Aaron. Even David, the king of Israel, if he had presumed to administer this sacred function, would have been punishable with death." The man then reasoned with himself:—"If thus the greatest of Israel is not thought worthy to fill this office, how should I, a poor miserable stranger!" He gave up the desire of becoming a high priest; but, by continuing to study the law, became an adopted member of that nation to whom God said, "*Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests,*" etc.

In the course of time they all three happened to meet together, when the grateful proselyte thus expressed himself:—"Shammai's harshness almost drove me from the world; but Hillel's humility saved me. May all the blessings rest upon thy head, thou worthy instructor of Israel! for it is thou who hast brought me under the wings of the Divine presence."

T. SHABBATH.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—APRIL, 1873.—NO. 4.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. LUDWIG PHILIPPSOHN.

BY ANNA MÁRIA GOLDSMID.

(Concluded from page 112.)

BUT, my respected hearers, after having thus treated of a union of mankind in the Religious Idea, we must not overlook another essential point. If truly in the great battle-field of life and in the struggling cause of human development, something more than a set of doctrinal precepts be at stake, if that stake be to introduce into man's being, by their means, the great truths of morality and justice, as his only safe and firm possessions; surely something more than the mere abstract and theoretical acceptance of these great precepts must be designed. Here then let us not fail once more to place before us that truth, which we have everywhere sought to elucidate,—“the unity of the Idea and the Life,” a unity established by Mosaism, but apparently impaired by Prophetism and wholly dissolved by Christianity. The goal of mankind's destiny cannot assuredly only be to produce the accordance of all men in a set of doctrinal precepts. No! the goal of mankind's destiny must be, to establish the unity of the Idea and the Life, and in that very unity to prepare and produce the unity of the whole race of man. And this, my respected hearers, is manifestly a work far more difficult of achievement than a union in the Idea. When the prophet predicted that mankind collectively would one day acknowledge the One only God, and that an age of universal peace, of universal justice, would commence, that prophecy could be but imperfectly and partially understood. For be it admitted that differences of religion have given rise

to discord, deeds of violence and war, that belief and its exclusions have furnished the pretext, and have been the cloak or the reason, for enduring enmity and countless horrors, and that of these, the union of mankind in one faith could alone prevent the recurrence; still there remain too many other elements of strife among mankind, and human passions too frequently obtain the mastery even over that known to be good, to admit a mere recognition of the principle of universal peace, being of power to ensure the exercise of universal justice and universal love. The essential reason of the powerlessness of that recognition, is to be found in the severance of the Idea and the Life. How far soever mankind may have progressed in ideal religious cognition, in life they still remain for the most part bound by the trammels of heathenism. While in theory heathen egotism is recognized to be bad and is rejected as wrong, it yet remains the basis of human society, the life principle of the individual. Heathen egotism had built up the social edifice of inequality of justice, complete inequality of possession, and of the total separation between governors and governed, between the freeman and the slave. Under the action of those principles, the individual must have been wholly filled with, and influenced by, egotism; the individual man must have sought before all things, and with all his power, to secure to himself all possible rights, the largest possible possessions, the greatest possible power and dominion; and thus must the actual condition of inequality and servitude have been increased and embittered to an incalculable and fearful extent. Thus in truth was developed that inexplicable confusion of human relations, which transforms life in our sight into an enigma. True it is that even then, the Religious Idea in Mosaism had declared the true foundations of human society to be, equality of right, all possible equality of possession, and personal freedom for the individual, and had rendered imperative as moral laws, the exercise of justice and compassion; but that the heathenism that had shown itself in the Jewish race, had from the very commencement counteracted the entire realization of these principles, even in the race itself. Further, though the later Jewish polity adopted as many as possible of these principles, and at any rate adhered firmly to equality of right in all its phases; yet later the Jewish race came under the dominion of other peoples, and were fettered by it. Finally Talmudism, in consequence of its comprehension of Mosaic law according to the *letter*, permitted but a very limited realization of the Mosaic *principles* under the new conditions called for by the altered position of the Hebrew race. Christianity meantime adopted personal freedom and equality as abstract principles only, and denied them all direct influence and action upon society.

The old heathen rule that had, as in India and Egypt, in part established castes, and with them the respective authority of the different classes and orders among each other, in part the dominion of races, as in Greece and Rome, resolved itself at last into the undivided sway of the Roman Emperors. With the Middle Ages arose the second form of Heathen rule—the Feudal system; which divided society into noble and serf, and made the one possessor, the other the possession, the one a freeman, the other a serf. At their side stood the Church, independent of both in its organ the Priesthood. Then when corporations and municipalities developed themselves in the midst of both these classes, when replete with vigor, and aided by the force of other circumstances, they grew into a powerful third estate, the Feudal system succeeded in introducing within all these several members of the body politic, strong lines of demarcation. It also reproduced the old heathen institution of castes, by the subdivision and arrangement of the nobles into classes of nobility; of the burghers into guilds and corporations; and by renewing the vitality of a priesthood in a hierarchical chief or head. Thus, nowhere, in such a condition of things, could the realization of the religious idea be thought of. For heathen egotism must have everywhere generated struggles and conflicts among the several classes between each other, and also between the individuals of which each class was composed. These constant collisions reduced human society to a state well-nigh of barbarism, in which force and fraud were held in check (and often but imperfectly in check,) by the power of the state alone. The Feudal system of government at length resolved itself into the despotic rule of the sovereign, without however the Feudal subdivisions in human society being thereby superseded. Notwithstanding this, when a more developed stage of human reason rose into activity, and the general mind began to perceive the contrast presented by the idea and actual life, the principle indwelling the religious idea of the equality and universal rights of men, could not fail ever more powerfully to impress mankind and to call forth a strong reaction in material life. This reaction was further stimulated by that dire oppression of the masses generated by the feudal system. The long-prepared storm burst upon society towards the end of the last century, in the thunders of the French revolution. The objects to be attained were declared to be three-fold:—1st. The general acknowledgment of the universal rights of men; 2nd. The actual re-edification of society on this foundation; and, 3rd. The regulation of all the consequences which heathen rule had left and still produced, in the existing relations of men. In these three several and naturally consecutive processes, difficulties of no ordinary kind were to be sur-

mounted. For this a long future lay before the world: a future that was to be marked by a total subversion of all existing circumstances; a future which should realize that condition of universal peace and love so often painted as belonging to the world of fancy alone, to the land of dreams. For though the general acknowledgment of human rights and human equality has but very partially obtained the victory even up to the present day, yet far more limited is its sphere of actual practical realization. Consequently, the question cannot yet be entertained of the total annihilation of the traces of heathen rule, of the entire levelling of all distinctions and divisions. We are now but at the opening of the vista; yet may we deem ourselves happy and blessed in being able to perceive from afar, the high and sublime goal towards which mankind is slowly travelling; albeit we have no precise knowledge as to the path which shall conduct them thither. For would we inquire; how will mankind reach the term, where the Idea and the Life shall form a unity within the religious Idea; where equality of right; all possible equality of possession, and personal freedom shall be realized in human society; and where, under these conditions, these principles shall have entirely imbued and shall wholly govern individual man: We reply: here again the only deduction applicable, is that at which we arrived in discussing material religions. No sudden subversion, no violent revolutions, are inherent in the nature of man, are the necessary conditions of his development. Subversion and revolution destroy that which exists but do not construct a really new edifice. Subversion and revolution are the crisis of a disorder, but the convalescence is slow and progressive, and may have been imperilled or postponed by the violent crisis. The right is slowly prepared and developed; slow is its victory over the wrong; slowly does it displace the wrong and obtain final dominion.

But who can close his eyes to the truth, that in the domain of the actual, the enduring tendency and effort are every where manifest, for the realization of this union of mankind in the unity of the idea and the life, in equality of right, all possible equality of possession, and personal freedom? Who can deny that these have become a want, a necessity for the human race? This is evident. Constitutional government is the first step taken. The basis it has assumed is already different from that of the feudal and despotic forms of government. The vast institutions for the relief of the poor, the efforts made to remove pauperism, the attempted elevation of the masses, especially the awakening and increasing vitality perceptible in municipal, parochial, and corporate bodies, are actual palpable signs. All these, it is true, are but insufficient and palliative measures. Yet are they

the first important steps, which in their onward progress will assuredly indicate the road by which the grand consummation will be reached.

Here again let us not be unmindful of the Jews, of whom the civil and religious emancipation, the recognition as citizens, are pledges for the future spread of liberty of conscience and belief. The right to existence being conceded in that recognition, to the ancient antagonism, the views entertained by society in general, have thereby undergone a considerable change. And the Jews may be congratulated on being again herein, as bearers of this acceptance of the principle of freedom of conscience, an important historical instrument in the hand of Divine Providence.

After having thus endeavored to elucidate and determine the Future of mankind, permit me, my respected hearers, once more to bestow a glance on the Present. Judaism then is about to cast off the veil of Talmudic ceremonial law. To this course the Jews are compelled by the part they have assumed in active life, by the development of History, whose current for them had long been arrested, and by the newly aroused freedom and activity of the soul and the intellect? But what is the danger incurred by this movement? That Judaism in thus enfranchising itself, should also discard its greatest characteristic, one which has never wholly disappeared from Judaism, one without which it would be defective Judaism, an imperfect substitute for that which it is appointed to be. That characteristic is the unity, the mutually vivifying amalgamation of the Idea and the Life. If Judaism were reduced to the condition of a mere passing exposition of certain general dogmas and were denuded of all external forms, it would no longer possess that consistency, firmness and self-dependence which, until the final issue of all conflicts on behalf of the Religious Idea shall be attained, will ever be indispensable to Judaism. This then is our task;—to work out our conception of the thoughts indwelling **Mosaism**, into ever increasing purity, and to give to those thoughts, by means of the unity of the Idea and the Life, their fitting active realization, their true embodiment. Not alone the dogma, not the worship alone, but the great social thoughts of **Mosaism**, are to be brought, as institutions, into actual operation.

Christianity on its side is about to witness the resolution of the specifically Christian dogmas and their transmutation into the pure Religious Idea. The danger incurred is, that, on the one hand, all that is general will be resolved into the individual, that the individual will make itself valid as the sole claimant to dominion, and that thus there will ensue, instead of union, a disruption of the general into its elements, and a consequent chaotic confusion of those elements. The danger on the other hand is, that in the rushing away from dogma, a refuge will

be sought in pantheism or modern heathenism. The task of the Christian therefore is to find, by a return to original Christianity, or rather to the sources whence Christianity flowed, the pure and undefiled Religious Idea; to free it from heathen modifications, and to attach to it the positive firm ground-work of Judaism. In both these processes are both these religions engaged, and at these final points will they meet.

Here my hearers I have done. We have recognized the great goal of mankind, to be the whole Religious Idea, and its realization in the unity of the Idea and the Life. We have endeavored to make clear to our comprehension, the paths of history which up to the present *have* led, those which out of the present into the future *will* lead, to this end. These are the gradual but sure development of existing religions from heathenism to the entire and pure Religious Idea; the progress of existing society, from its heathen constitution, to the unity of the Idea and the Life; that is, to the three great principles of equality of right, all possible equality of possession, and all personal freedom compatible with the two previous conditions. We have seen how from the beginning Divine Providence has conducted mankind on this course, thus slowly and simultaneously working out the union of free development and of the given Religious Idea. A rich and rare grain of seed did God's Providence sow, in a remote corner of the globe. There He watered and fructified it, till it burst through its earthy covering; until it sent up a shoot, and put forth a stem that has ever since been rising higher and higher, ever spreading out new branches, rich in foliage and fruit; until at length the giant tree shall behold all mankind meeting in close brotherhood under the broad shade of its mighty growth of ages. This majestic tree is called "The Religious Idea, realized in the universal life of man."

My respected friends, may I have succeeded, even though imperfectly, in accomplishing the high and important task I undertook, when commencing these Lectures! I desire not to propound anything singular, anything new; I sought not—even had I had the means of so doing—to found any new sect, to proclaim any new doctrine. I have only sought to bring to bear, so far as in me lay, on the darkened and entangled maze of the present, the broad light of history, and thus to render it clear to you, that there where endless confusion and conflict seem to prevail, really exist design and an appointed end; that something higher is extant, which exalted far above parties, is destined to prevail over them all; which will assign unto each its certain task, until all shall be united in the two most precious gifts vouchsafed to man,—Freedom and Truth.

BABETTE.

BY PHILIP BART.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You see," said the fisherman's wife, "the husband—he was a good husband—was at home last night. We saw the waters rise and rise, but we were used to such things. The house had stood it for twenty years and more, and we thought it would stand it again. When we felt the piles on which the house was built shake, we kind of got uneasy. We are poor folks, and had not much worldly goods. It was day-break when we made up our mind to leave. The husband wanted me to go first. Said he to me, "Wife, what matters a few bits of furniture here and there?" But then there was the child's cradle I was rocked in, and a chest of drawers, and some few things, which had been my marriage portion, and I made up my mind that he must save them. So he put them in the boat with some other things, and he must have made a half dozen trips to the shore, and had landed them safely when I saw him come back again for me and the child. But, just then, the river rose so like a wall of water that, poor dear man, he couldn't get to me. There I stood at the door with the child, and saw him struggling in the boat to come to us. But then there came down a whole raft of timbers, broken perhaps by the storm from some place above us, and that carried away the house. I saw our boat crushed like a splinter, and, my God! my husband was in the water. I have a hope, a slight one, that he may have managed to scramble on the raft, but just then I felt the house give way, water rushed through the windows, the floor; our poor cat, Miss, was drowned before my eyes. I got hold of the child, and how I climbed up I didn't know. He must have been three hours floating in that river. My husband! my cradle! Poor child! no cradle for you now—a red one, Miss, with a Bible text carved in wood on the head of it; for it too has been swept away—one I was rocked in, and my chest of drawers, with all my best clothes, and the baby's and my husband's. We were poor and simple folk, Miss, God-fearing people, and the end of the world has come with the deluge, which spares neither the rich nor the poor, the good or the bad"—and here she burst into a torrent of tears.

"Cheer up," said Babette,—doing her best to take in the whole case,

when the poor woman's regret for the loss of the cradle seemed to hold an equal place in her mind with anxiety for her husband's fate—"there may be a good chance of your husband's being safe now, though I can't say as much for the bureau and cradle. Then, think that the child is here by you—such a pretty little boy. See, he is asleep now. You may be certain, that if your husband is seen on the river, should he pass down, an effort will be made to save him. Then you know he is used to the water. I promise you that just as soon as we get to the baroness, where I am going to take you, she will send people out to look for him. Be comforted. Your condition on the floating house was a thousand times worse than your husband's, and yet the hand of God was outstretched towards you, and you were saved from a watery grave."

"I am dazed, Miss, and hardly know what I am talking about, and I have not said a word about the man who saved me. I had given up all hope, and sat crouching on the roof, with one hand grasping the chimney, the other round the baby. I thought our last hour had come. I never saw the boat until I heard a man's voice. What he said I didn't understand. He isn't from these parts. He lifted me up like a feather and then took the child. I was stunned, Miss. I tried to thank him, wanted to kiss his hand, but he wouldn't let me. Oh! if my husband is only saved, and you give me hopes that he is, he must thank him for having given him his wife and children. I can't think now that God in his mercy should have spared me and the little one to make us suffer more miseries. No. The husband in spring times used to work as a raftsmen, and is used to such things, and, maybe, may earn money for us again, though he never can buy me back my cradle."

"You see, Miss," said the sergeant, who was acting as driver, as he leaned back from his seat, "it's kind of human nature with us all, mixing up people's lives and our worldly goods. Once when I was in action, there was a comrade of mine that had been saving up his pay for years, and a soldier's pay aint much you know, in order to buy a watch. It was during the Italian campaign, Radetzsky's time. There never was a man so proud of a watch. Well, we had an ugly skirmish, and he got shot through and through, and fell most into my arms, a whole volley being fired into him. 'Peter,' said I, 'old fellow, are you hurt?' 'Dead killed,' said he; 'I haven't five minutes to live. I am afraid one of those cursed balls has done for my watch. That's a good friend, look and see if it's hurt much.' 'Smashed all to pieces,' said I, as I unbuttoned the poor fellow's uniform and picked out a silver watch, which had been all broken to bits by a ball striking it. 'It's a great pity,' said poor Fritz, with his last breath, 'life ain't worth

much now that my watch is ruined,'—and he had hardly said that before he died. That's a good woman and a good wife, and loves her husband. Maybe, if she was certain her husband was dead, grief might kill her. So in order that such a thing shouldn't happen all at once, her sorrow is kind of divided between her husband and her red cradle. Well, we are all out of the mud now, and here is at last a clean bit of road, though the rain is pouring down still. It is straight before us, I suppose ? ”

“ Yes, ten minutes more ; and drive as fast as you can and our journey will be over. Stop at the first gate you come to.”

“ Is it the Baroness ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ You belong there ? ”

“ I do.”

“ I have been there before. There is the best wine in the whole country there. Maybe you know the head servant ? ”

“ I do ; and I promise you an hour's rest or more, and some of the wine you speak about, and a comfortable seat at the kitchen fire, so that you may dry your clothes.”

“ We are fast friends, then ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And you wouldn't mind riding again on my horse, with my arm round your waist. I have leave of absence next Sunday ; and if this confounded freshet don't spoil matters, it's the beginning of the fair, and we will go together.”

“ I don't know about that.”

“ Ah ! ” said the sergeant, as he laid the whip on the horses, and they plow along the road. “ Ah ! understood. He wouldn't like it.”

“ Who wouldn't like it ? ” asked Babette.

“ You are a deep girl, though a good one, and plucky. I am an old fellow, my moustache is most gray, we aint allowed to dye them as do the officers, it's against regulation ; but bless you, though gallant, you might trust yourself in my company, as much as if I was your father.”

“ So I would, sergeant. But don't whip up the bay horse, he isn't the lazy one—it's the other that wants urging, he was always a laggard.”

“ How do you know ? and yet I think you are right, so here goes—for both of them,” and he applied the whip vigorously on the horse.

“ I know, because I helped to raise him.”

“ Ahem ! ” said the soldier sententiously ; Babette suddenly rising in his scale of social standing.

“ You ain't a girl from the people, are you ? ” he asked.

“ Certainly I am,” said Babette.

"Then you don't work hard, because your hands are white and soft?"

"Very white," said Babette, as she held up her hand, which was smeared with mud and ooze, and smiled, as she realized her very much disordered condition.

"Do you know our captain?"—and here the sergeant turned full round on the girl, and scrutinized her closely.

"Somewhat—some little," replied Babette.

"A little! Well, a little is better than too much, young woman. It ain't my place to talk about my superiors; but since you and I are friends I don't mind telling you that there are lots of ugly stories about him. They do say he was mad crazy in love with a girl in this neighborhood, and that's the reason why he was sent off, or got leave of absence, and has been away for the last four or five months. Don't know him too much; a girl's reputation ain't worth a rush when it gets mixed up with the captain. Ah! here we are—that's the gate, aint it?"

Babette had nimbly lighted and opened the gate, and in a moment they were rolling along the smooth roadway which led through the lawn up to the residence.

"But a few moments more, my good woman, and you will find rest and food for you and the little one. The instant we get there we shall make every search for the husband. I feel sure, am most positive, he will be restored to you, and perhaps we may find for you a new cradle—not as good, of course, as the one that was lost; but if you can tell me what the Bible text was, we will have it carved there like the old one, and something else we will put on it—the name of the man who saved the child."

The idea of the new cradle seemed to please the poor woman immensely; and with a faint smile she said, "What is his name?"

"Name! I do not know;" and then Babette felt colder and more chilly than she had been all day, and her teeth chattered as she said to herself, "Not even his name—not even his name!"

"What on earth have we here? What a *cortège*!" cried a cheery voice, the window being opened. It was the Baroⁿess, who, a moment afterwards, despite the rain and wind, was now at the bottom of the steps which led to the door.

"Servant, my lady," said the sergeant. "It's a woman and a child that ain't drowned, fished out of the river; and a young woman, who has charge of this party, and according to the captain's instructions, I am under her orders."

"What, what? Where is Babette? She went down to the river side—who has seen her? No lives lost?—quick, explain."

"Here I am, madam," cried Babette, with the child in her arms, and approaching the Baroness.

"Bless me! so it is! Why, Babette, you look as if it were you who had been fished out of the Danube—kiss me. I had been so worried. If I have walked up and down that room once, I have done so a thousand times, like a female tiger at a wild-beast show; and not a man in the place to send to the river or bring me any tidings. I am so glad to see you, darling; I shall kiss you, though your face is caked with mud,—and Melanie, of not the least use in the world, had the vapors or hysterics, or something out of place, and had to be put to bed."

"The wharf is gone!" said Babette, still with the child in her arms.

"Confound the wharf," replied the Baroness.

"But a woman and a child have been saved."

"Who did it? how were they saved? Quick, some of you there. Here, cook! all of you gaping there like idiots, help that woman; take that poor baby out of Babette's arms, can't you see she's shivering with the cold, and has had a hard day's work, whilst we here, like a set of imbeciles, have been moping and groaning, though we were comfortably home, whilst she has been in the midst of all the storm and the trouble. Send the woman to the kitchen; build a big fire, some of you; give her dry clothes; have some warm wine made; and now, Babette, inside with you quickly, and tell me all about it."

"And the sergeant, who has stood by me manfully all day, madam?" said Babette.

The sergeant was aghast, and felt that he had committed some fatal error in having been familiar with a young lady whom a Baroness could kiss.

"I had better—excusing any mistake I may have made—you see, noble lady, I didn't know—we met her on the road, and she was in undress uniform—and I had better go down to the river side—might be wanted, you know, though."

"Sergeant," said Babette, "we couldn't do without you now; you see this lady has just said there is not a man about the place. You see that big stable there, just behind that clump of trees! drive your horses and wagon in there. You must take them out and care for them. Then come back to the house, and we will see whether the house has lost its reputation for good wine."

"Come—come in, child—and quick up in your room and change your dress. Bless me, you are perfectly soaked, more draggled than any Undine. Whilst you dress, I shall care for this woman and her child. Quick with you now, and don't be more than five minutes at the furthest."

"Now, child," said the Baroness ten minutes afterwards, as Babette entered the room; "you are not one of those girls that are going to get sick from a wetting. Melanie is a perfectly dissolvable person, and would have had all the life drenched out of her, had she been exposed ten minutes to the rain. Now, tremble and obey. You see that sofa? go to it and lie down, whilst I take this stool beside you, and you shall tell me all about it. The fisherman's wife has given me her narrative; as soon as I can, I shall have a thorough search made for her husband; he can't be drowned. What a red cradle has to do with her story I don't know. There, my dear child, please don't cry or get nervous, or I shall have to give you a most dreadful dose of medicine."

Babette, from an over-strain on her system and from excessive fatigue, had however broken down at last, and though there was no sobbing, the tears streamed down from her eyes.

"That Babette should cry means something serious," said the Baroness, kissing again and again the girl, and passing her hand gently over her forehead. "Why Babette hasn't cried, at least before me, ever since she was a child. Compose yourself. There were no lives lost, that you saw?"

"None," said Babette; "only this woman and child were what seemed to me for an hour or more in peril. I suppose having been wet so long and having walked so far has been too much for me."

"But you haven't told me, so far, who saved them."

"The Intendant," said Babette, in a low, subdued voice.

"Ahem!" said the Baroness, "and you saw him do it?" Here Babette told quickly the whole incident, narrating it no longer in a passive manner. The girl became excited as she went on. Now she was in the boat, and rising from her lounge, where she had been reclining, showed with her arms how he had rowed, how he had grasped the woman and placed her in the boat—even repeated the few words he had said to her; but she added no panegyric—said not a word extolling his quiet courage.

"That was a noble action," cried the Baroness, enthusiastically, as with many terse and appropriate words she extolled his conduct.

Babette listened, and felt for the moment happier, as she gave ear to the many words of praise, which she would have loved to have given utterance to, but which somehow she did not dare to use herself.

(To be continued.)

ON THE NECESSITY OF THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF FEMALES.

BY REV. B. H. ASCHER.

THE immense importance of education is already sufficiently acknowledged. It is the superior endowment which enables man to enter into the world ; the only inexhaustible treasure for all time and climates. Education confers honors on mankind and constitutes the *animus* of social intercourse. Man must be educated if he desires to please, and to impart those higher faculties with which he is gifted.

It is a matter of course that not only must the principles of religion be never lost sight of, but they must be the centre from which all other sciences emanate. "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord." In universal education there will often arise various necessities, imaginations, and contentions, which are not easily suppressed or eradicated ; such defects can be removed and remedied by religion only. Nothing can more effectually assuage our grief in calamity, nothing with more certainty dispel the clouds of fear, and convert the darkest dungeons into an illuminated palace, than religion in its genuine spirit.

The ultimate aim of education in all ages has been to render mankind perfect in their spiritual nature. But as nature has assigned different avocations to the male and female, so has it laid down an especial rule for the guidance of men, and a separate system for the education of women. By placing the requirements of one system of education in juxtaposition with the other, and thus drawing a parallel between the two, we shall be enabled to throw an additional light upon this question, which will, therefore, we hope, not be considered superfluous.

Female education should have no other aim for its basis than the development of the feminine qualities with which *woman* is endowed. Her feelings, wishes, sympathies, should have full scope for action ; whilst on the other hand, the masculine virtues of firmness, seriousness, and self-dependence must be inculcated upon the mind of man. But woman, to whom nature has denied this strength and fixation of purpose, claims her perfection and makes up the deficiency of power, by converting her feebleness into mildness, tenderness, softness, and sincerity. She only appears to have been properly educated, when pleasing bashfulness, silent grace, and tenderness of feeling pervade her action and demeanor ; when benignity sparkles from every look, and candor unfolds the thoughts of her heart. Man being called upon to enter on

a wide sphere of action, his education must be adapted to that end, whilst domestic happiness and private life are the destiny of the other sex ; and hence the necessity of a system of education suitable to such avocation. Man eagerly pursues the essential, and is upheld by religion. On the other hand, the female mind is inspired by the virtues of domestic life, in the performance of the duties of which she looks for celestial strength, to enable her to walk safely through this life of vicissitudes. In a word, there is always more susceptibility for the mild and friendly representations of religion. Dark and ambiguous ideas of religion in the heart of a female, can only be ascribed to a corrupt and fickle mind, and to the gloomy state of an erroneous education. The chief honor of a female is religion. In the accomplished and well-educated female void of religion, there will always appear a certain flatness, and she soon sinks in the estimation of others. The want of religion leaves a vacancy in her heart, which in vain she endeavors to fill up. But where warm religious feelings emphatically stir the mind, the strains are harmonious, the feelings become audible in tones irresistible. But as the school prepares mankind for life, so must not only the good example of the parents precede the children, in order to render them susceptible of the useful instruction of their teacher, but the parents themselves must not neglect the first moment in which the faculties of the children begin to be developed, deeply to instil the doctrines of the good and beautiful into their yet tender and flexible hearts. The mind of a child is as a plant, pliable at first, but stubborn after its root is fixed, and inflexible after the growth of years. Happy the children whose parents thus attentively devote care and time to their education and the formation of their minds and principles. How much more durable and efficacious is the dear and beloved look of a parent, than the serious, stern, and severe (though well-meant) instruction of the tutor ? But our avocations seldom permit us to devote our time exclusively to the training of our children ; and the natural results are, that we neglect this sweet and sacred occupation in our leisure hours, through the fatigue consequent on our daily labors. Different, however, it is with the maternal calling ; however active the employment of a mother, the sportive child will still remain at her side, and she will never find cause to bid silence to its loquacious inquisitiveness. If the mother be gifted, and endowed with the power and capacity to impart to, and inculcate in the hearts of her children useful lessons, what a salutary effect will these maternal instructions produce on the whole life of this growing member and citizen of the world ! Justly is such a wife her husband's pride : after God, the second benefactor of her children.

Happy, thrice happy the man whose enviable portion it is to walk through life accompanied by such a consort. With what a faithful and careful partner has the Almighty favored him! How exalted is his house, and what harmony and order does he find in everything that surrounds him! But still more happy the children who grow up under the tender nursing and vigilant care of such a mother. How endeared becomes to you, O children, this sweet maternal name, and how venerated must it continue to be through your whole life! Words cannot express how much you received from her. How vividly is her silent and tender spirit imparted to you; how warmly does her instruction penetrate your heart; what heartfelt feelings does she know how to awaken within you; and how well aware is she how to direct your tender disposition, prudently to temper your excitement, and to render you all-interested in everything great and good! But more urgently than ever it is here required, that education be interwoven with religion; for how is a mother enabled to engraft on the heart of her tender offspring dogmas strange to herself. Surely those mothers must grievously feel the void within their own hearts; they must indeed keenly feel their inability to afford the hope of salvation to their dear children, and consolation to their consorts: for how often do incidents occur in which man would be indeed miserable, when not upheld by the virtue and and wise counsel of his wife? and true virtue without religion, where is it to be found? Why shall we in this instance be behind our Christian brethren? Are not the juveniles of both sexes among them acquainted with the principles of religion and history? and how much more imperative and pressing must *we Israelites* feel this indispensable necessity? The Christian youth meets with encouragement by the worldly grandeur of his persuasion; the whole civil constitution is so peculiarly arranged as to interweave with his actions and regulations the ideas of the prevailing religion. How different, however, is it with our youth. Externally restrained by a peculiar position, and tempted by allurements of apostasy,—internally agitated by the difficulty of the tenets of his religion, controverted by manifold gainsayers, who alas! meet not unfrequently with success in their purpose,—then is it that religion, blessed religion only, can calm the tumult and commotion of the heart. But the seed of such a soothing creed must be sown early; the ground must be well manured if we hope for fertile production; and these young plants require especial and particular maternal vigilance. May, therefore, the well-meant advice which I venture to offer, prove acceptable, and its effects salutary.

My opinions on female education are these:—Our daughters should only be entrusted to the care of schools in which religion is not looked

upon as a subordinate branch of education. It should indeed be an unavoidable and very urgent cause which compels us to place them under the guidance of non-Israelites. If circumstances, however, occur so that we are obliged to do so, the attention of private religious instruction is indispensable. If I might venture to suggest a course of study or reading by which such instructions may be carried into effect, it should be as follows:—

1st. A thorough, clear, easy, and abridged history of the creation, compiled after the unparalleled and sacred records of our divine legislator, Moses.

2d. An equally abridged and instructive history of our religion and nationality, until the present period.

3d. A compact, well-digested, and authentic course of the ethical dogmas and principles of our religion, as laid down by our renowned rabbi, Moses Maimonides.

I should earnestly recommend that the above-mentioned course of study be progressively impressed on the mind of the pupil. The instruction and formation of principles ought to be left exclusively to the teacher, who will know well the capacity and mind of his tender charge, and will therefore necessarily know best in which manner to convey instruction.

I am certain that this plan will be crowned with success, and our sacred religion more confirmed in the hearts of our daughters. I have the most sincere wish to see it realized. Should, however, a better plan be proposed, I shall hail it with sincere gratification; not the less satisfied that its efficacy be obvious to, and its utility acknowledged by, every true Israelite and pious parent.

RABBI SAPHRA'S HONESTY.

RABBI SAPHRA wished to dispose of one of his estates, for which he asked a certain price. An individual who had an inclination to purchase it, made him an offer, which, being much less than the real value of the estate, was refused. Some time after, the Rabbi, being in want of money, resolved in his mind to accept the sum offered. In the interim the individual who had made the offer, desirous of possessing the estate, and ignorant of the Rabbi's determination, came and proposed to give him the sum first demanded. But the good Saphra refused to take it. "I have," said he, "made up my mind, before thou camest, to take the sum thou didst first offer; give it me, and I shall be satisfied; my conscience will not permit me to take advantage of thy ignorance."

T. BABA BATHRA.

MOVING HOUSE.

AMONGST the miseries which for various reasons we agree to treat rather with ridicule than with sympathy, few are more acute than those connected with a change of house. It would be a curious inquiry why any evils which in themselves are real and serious should be regarded as placing their victim beyond the circle of a common humanity. Sea-sickness involves as much unhappiness for the time as the loss, say, of a first cousin; if more transitory, it is more acute for the moment, for few people lose their appetite for a day on the death of a relation, and still less do they contemplate suicide as desirable under the circumstances. Yet one of these is almost an invariable, and the other a very common, result of sea-sickness. We sympathize, it would seem, only with those forms of suffering which are susceptible of poetic treatment; and in other cases we feel, to alter the ordinary saying, that there is a comic side to the misfortunes of our best friends. This excuse, whatever its value, is not quite sufficient to account for the callous indifference with which we generally regard the victim of a change of houses. For surely there is something poetical about the feelings of a human being torn from the building which has almost become a part of himself. He is not, we assume, about to cross the ocean, or to break off any habit of familiarity. He is merely moving to a distance of a few hundred yards because some intrusive railway has demolished his former dwelling place, or because of an increase of his family, or a desire for better accommodation, or the imperious wish of the ladies of his household, has compelled him to shift his anchorage. However slight the change may be, he is breaking innumerable threads of association, of whose force he was never before sensible. For many of them it is probable that he is hopelessly unable to account. He cannot tell how many social meetings have hallowed particular rooms for him, and left behind an odor perceptible to the imagination, if not to the senses. He can only dimly guess that certain marked stages in his domestic life have been connected in the background of his consciousness with particular rooms or pieces of furniture. He feels, but he is unable to say why he feels, that his imagination is not so easily kindled, and that his pen does not run so easily, in the new and commodious study whose charms were set before him in the most glaring colors, as in the queer old dingy room where every angle, inconvenient as it might be, had somehow learnt a language of its own. He resembles the schoolboy who was reduced to sudden imbecility when the malice of his rivals had cut off the

button which he always fingered in moments of difficulty. A man grows into a house as he grows into a pair of shoes; and he feels the change like a hermit crab dislodged from the old shell to which his figure had gradually adapted itself.

There is surely something pathetic, though there is of course much that is trivial, about such sufferings. Hawthorne argues in the "House of the Seven Gables" that all this attachment to old places is an old-world superstition; and that in the coming days we shall be wiser, and change a house with the same facility as we now change a coat. Our remote descendants will revert to the nomad state, though their tents will be made of brick and mortar instead of canvas. They will scorn to be bound by sentiment to any particular plot of ground. It is hard to prophesy what may be the mental condition of our remote posterity. A day may come when patriotism and family feeling may be regarded as idle superstitions; and in that era, an attachment to any special lump of matter will be a weakness of which every luminary of the twenty-somethingth century will be heartily ashamed. But meanwhile every person in whom the imagination is not quite an obsolete faculty clings more or less to an ancient domicile. He feels a perceptible wrench upon quitting it; and is painfully sensible that he is passing one more milestone on his road to the grave. We do not grow old at a uniform rate. Our steady downhill progress is varied by abrupt descents and sudden breaches of continuity. The stream of life has its rapids and its cascades as well as its smoother stretches; and the change of a house generally forms one of those conspicuous epochs by which we count our history. It marks one of the revolutions in our little kingdom, which may be in other respects for the better or the worse, but which is at any rate a step nearer to the end. Everybody knows how the whole character of a friendly meeting is often changed by the scene in which it takes place. A dinner party which would be sociable and talkative in a room of corresponding size becomes disagreeably noisy in a smaller, and painfully decorous in a more magnificent apartment. In the same way, by some subtle and untraceable influence, our whole system of life seems to take its color from its surroundings; the family whom we were all glad to see in Tyburnia somehow becomes disagreeable when transplanted to Mayfair, or *vice versa*; and our private history is thus divided into acts, in which the scenery has more importance than we are sometimes willing to acknowledge. However this may be, the mere fact of cutting loose so many old associations as are necessarily destroyed in a domestic transmigration has something almost solemn about it to the mind which is not ultra-philosophical; and an optimist would have hoped, for the credit of human nature,

that the concomitant sufferings were hallowed by the deeper emotions which they typify, instead of rendering the emotion itself ridiculous.

Unluckily it is not so. Undertakers, as we know, have succeeded in making a funeral almost ridiculous and quite vexatious to the spirit of man. Upholsterers are equally successful in casting an air of ridicule upon the parting, not from a lady, but from a house. It is out of the question to adopt an air of dignity. A man leaving No. 99 in a square cannot look like a baron driven from his ancestral castle. His sufferings may be quite as deep. The poor beetle which we drive out of his cranny may feel as great a pang as a millionaire turned out of his palace. But with all our benevolence we only laugh at him. The man, at this possible crisis of his life, is a victim to those paltry cares which we agree to treat with contempt. He is harassed by wretched little perplexities about doors that will not fit, and blinds that will not draw up, and wardrobes that persist, with an obstinacy worthy rather of animated beings than of mere material objects, in refusing to fit any available corner. A day comes on which he ought to be overwhelmed with conflicting sentiments at parting from his old penates. He has rehearsed the scene in imagination, and is prepared to shed an appropriate tear on quitting forever the spot where he took his last leave of a near relation, or where his first-born child was presented to him. Before he has time to rise to the appropriate pitch of sentiment, a rabble rout of grimy workmen has diffused itself throughout every room in his house. They are tearing down his pictures, his books, and his china with a zeal worthy of German troops taking farewell of a French village. The only emotion which is naturally suggested by their appearance is a thirst for some fluid capable of slaking throats which are exposed to continual whirlwinds of time-honored dust. The poor fragments of furniture detached from their accustomed resting-place, seem suddenly to lose their beauty like a gathered flower. The rooms themselves look dreary like a field invaded by a flight of locusts. Sentiment is obviously out of place; and the only hope is to preserve sufficient temper whilst endeavoring to appeal to the tender mercy of these tyrannous invaders. The wretched householder feels himself to be little more than a useless obstacle, which has no real right to exist. He has fondly trusted in promises that his new abode will be swept and garnished in a surprisingly short space of time. If from want of experience he has been rash enough to put some kind of faith in these lavish assurances, he is speedily and rudely undeceived. A dreary and irritating period is in store for him. If he retires to some remote refuge, the whole ingenuity of his tormentors will be racked to put everything where he particularly wished that it should not be. If he remains

at his post heroically, he will be tempted to think that furniture, as Butler thought of nations, may go mad; and he will be driven to the misanthropical conclusion that nobody ever keeps his promises, and in particular that that model of his species, the British workman, means, when he says that he will do a thing to-day, that he will begin to do some part of it to-morrow week.

What, to select one special scene of misery, can be more wretched than the fate of the man who really loves his library as every good man should do? We do not speak of libraries in the grander sense of the word—of collections of rare and precious editions or of solid masses of literature which require special edifices to contain them. The fortunate proprietors of such libraries may be assumed to be rich enough to pass over their troubles to other people. We are thinking rather of such a modest library as frequently twines itself round the affections of a man of moderate means. It contains books upon which he has scrawled caricatures of his schoolmasters; and prizes marked with the arms of the college at which he distinguished himself; and miscellaneous books of no great value, but interesting because they have been picked up at book-stalls, or in out-of-the-way continental towns; and cheap editions of celebrated authors which have been companions of travel and have provided amusement in leisure moments; with just a sprinkling of more ambitious volumes, which he has ventured to buy whilst carefully counting the cost. In the course of a few years each book has found its own appropriate nook on the shelves; he could find it in the dark, and would miss it if it were kindly borrowed by a friend; the whole library has acquired a certain organic unity; and even whilst quietly sitting in his chair he can imbibe the aroma of each division by allowing his eyes to ramble aimlessly over the familiar books. When it has been transported by the rude hands of illiterate workmen, who regard a book as though it were simply a thing, and has been shot down on the floor with no more ceremony than coals are deposited in our cellars, the sight is as pathetic as the mangled remains of an animal. It requires some nerve to begin the weary task of once more reducing chaos to some new kind of order, which yet cannot for a long period be as familiar as the old. It shocks one's sense of propriety to see the strange discords which have been produced by the fortuitous combinations of thoughtless hands. Stray volumes of Voltaire are mixed up with Butler, and Jeremy Taylor; Shakespcare is being crushed under a pile of Blue-books or treatises on Political Economy, and Charles Lamb suffocated amongst a crowd of the books which no gentleman's library should be without. And then, as he turns over the volumes, he is lucky if disagreeable revela-

tions do not obtrude themselves. Possibly he will discover that some of his cherished treasures bear the uneffaced inscription of a friend's name ; and he will have to choose between conscious dishonesty, and superhuman heroism. Then he will find presentation copies of poems, which he foolishly omitted to acknowledge by return of post, and dared not acknowledge afterwards, and which now stare him in the face with a reminder of neglected duties. Elsewhere he has a melancholy thrill as he turns up again some ponderous volume of history or science, speaking of studies of which he zealously entered the portal, but somehow failed to get much further. There are books that recall friendships now dead and buried, and files of dusty pamphlets reviving old scenes of intellectual contest in which he wasted his powers ; and books which he reviewed abusively when he ought to have discovered the advent of a new genius, and many more to which he was unduly clement when he ought to have slashed them with critical vigor ; and possibly writings of his own which have been forgotten by everybody but himself, and which he had wished to forget also. But it would be endless to speak of the associations which may be suggested by once more disturbing the slumbers of the works that were resting so peacefully on their shelves. Nobody can have gone through such a task without many pangs of more or less acuteness.

A library is doubtless the most living part of the contents of a house. Nothing else excites so many emotions in the bosom of the wretched being doomed to leave his house. Yet his sufferings are generally treated with ridicule, and he is blandly informed that things will shake down and all will come right in that singularly indefinite period, "a day or two." It may be so ; but human life does not include a large number of "days or two."—*The Saturday Review*.

MOSES MENDELSON.

MANY and varied are the modes by which Heaven instructs mankind in the great lessons of life. We may, indeed, suppose that the Bible, which is replete with precept, doctrine, narrative, and example, and which appeals with equal force to the understanding, the imagination, and the heart, is, in itself, all-sufficient for the moral education of humanity.

Yet the Divine scheme, which is always lavish in its bounties, does not content itself with granting to man the means of instruction which

Scripture affords; but graciously offers other beacons for his guidance. Brilliant as are the lights which the revelations of Scripture shed on the world, the Holy Hand has mercifully kindled other lamps, to indicate and to illuminate the road, which leads, through the circumstances and conditions of life, to that earthly happiness, which consists of hope and endeavor, and, beyond it, to that heavenly happiness, in which hope is fulfilled and endeavor triumphant.

The world teems with these lessons, and glows with these lights. There are; indeed, "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

And, among the many methods by which men learn to be good and happy, there are, excepting religion, no aids so forcible and no systems of guidance so effective, as those involved in the examples and the memorials of great and good men. The story of their lives strikes home to us all. For, in all lives, however distinct and different in circumstance and aspect, there is, at least, some one condition of similarity, some one element of affinity, some one connecting link. There is a kinship in humanity. We may never know how great or how small a thing may have kept the worst of us from being virtuous, or may have saved the best of us from doing wrong. But, if, when we read the records of some great and good life, we are touched by its example and awakened to its merit and honor, do we not all feel that we have within us the capability, which, had we trained it wisely, directed it duly, or seen it in time, might have made us as great or as good as he whom we admire, or brought us to the performance of actions as heroic, or to the leading of a life as true, as his? Do not

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime!"

For, even though it may not be within the competency of all of us to imitate every or any great action, we may, all of us, in some respect, imitate every or any good life.

It was said by a man of genius, who, not long since rose from a comparatively humble origin to an eminent position, "The question is not so much *what you do*, as *what manner of man you are*." Indeed, the matter at issue with all of us really is the manner of our manhood. The character of a career is not involved in an individual action, or in isolated actions, but in the sum of one's actions, in their combined and blended effect; or, rather, in the influence which dominates, directs, and actuates them. The loveliness and power of light do not reside in the separate elementary colors into which the prism resolves it, but in their combined effect when fused into one glittering ray; or, better still, in the influence which, when these hues—some bright, some gloomy

—are intimately blended, merges the individuality and effect of each, and strikes out from their union, a new, a strong, a brilliant and harmonious, an almost immortal beauty.

The pencil of light is an emblem of what a true life should be. When analysed, the every phase of one should present—like every tint of the other—a certain if not a perfect charm; and, its darker shadows becoming cleared and its brighter glows subdued, in the harmony of union, its ultimate effect should be a beauty and a glory, and a blessing.

Of the many careers, which serve to

“Point a moral or adorn a tale,”

there are some which are useful only as warnings, while others are useful as examples. It is of these latter that we would speak. To find such lives as these, we need not travel out of the records of our own race. It is, unhappily, not the practice of our people, even on occasions, to exalt or quote the heroes of our own history, or to assert their merits or eulogise their fame. We cite instances of ancient greatness from the pages of Plutarch and Nepos; and yet Greece, Rome, and Carthage never produced more illustrious examples than did the Palestine of our ancestors. And no modern career in the whole range on which a Carlyle descants, or from which a Smiles draws his didactic inferences, shines with a brighter, a steadier, or a purer light, than does that of our Jewish sage and philosopher, Moses Mendelsohn.

It is not so long since he was taken from us but that we can call him a man of our own times, and appreciate him better from our capability of understanding the condition of society in which he lived; for its features do not differ widely from those of our own contemporary social system. His station and external fashion of life were not far removed from—perhaps the same as—those of our readers. Indeed, such differences as there are between the age and conditions in which he lived, and those in which we live, are just such as rendered the accomplishment of his greatness more difficult to himself, and as rendering the possibility of imitating it more easy to ourselves.

Moses Mendelsohn was born at Dessau (in Germany) in 1729; his father was a schoolmaster and scribe (or Sopher, copyist of the ספר חררה) and was so very poor that the young Mendelsohn determined on leaving home at fourteen to seek his fortune and relieve his father from the burden of supporting him. He arrived at Berlin without the means of purchasing food, but by the intercession of a Rabbi Fränkel, who had taught him at Dessau, he obtained shelter in a garret and an occasional meal.

It will not detract from the benevolence of this act, if we mention

that it was at that time customary for the wealthy—and, indeed for those whose means scarcely raised them above poverty—to contribute weekly allowances, called *wochengeld*, to students, to supply them with the means of maintenance, in order to enable them to pursue their studies. The contributors paid these sums in turn. The custom still prevails in Poland, and among the more ancient congregations of Germany. In those old-fashioned days, intellect was not only honored, but supported also.

Mendelsohn now applied himself sedulously to the attainment of knowledge; and his thirst for wisdom, as well as his aptitude for acquiring it—or perhaps we should say, his energy and diligence in acquiring it, were marvellous.

At Dessau he had at first received the meagre instruction commonly imparted to Jewish boys at that time; he had learned to repeat by rote a number of rabbinical texts, the meanings of which were beyond a child's comprehension; but his gigantic mind even while yet held in his boyish frame, greedily sought other and higher food. He determined on studying Hebrew grammatically, though in his day boys of his class did not thus learn it. He was aided in his efforts by Rabbi Fränkel. At Berlin, he became acquainted with an eminent Pole named Israel Moses, and with a young medical man named Kisch, and from these he obtained an immense amount of knowledge. His acquaintance with these friends was due to one of his numerous acts of charity. The difficulties which he had to surmount to obtain knowledge were as great as the stores of knowledge which he at length acquired. Notwithstanding the defects of early education and the drawbacks of class, clique, and poverty, he gained a profound acquaintance with Hebrew and German, a knowledge of other languages, of natural philosophy, general literature, and mathematics. He wrote twenty-one works, full of erudition and literary beauty; works which are models of style, no less than treasures of wisdom. For, though he was born of a class whose vernacular was a corrupt mixture of distorted German and Hebrew, he acquired so pure and elegant a style in the German language, that his writings are cited as having effected an improvement in the language, and as having, so to speak, formed a great step of progress in the literature of his native land.

While he was lodging with his friend at Berlin, a Jewish manufacturer, named Bernard, having heard of his peculiar abilities and attainments, appointed him tutor to his children, and afterwards clerk in his manufactory. Mendelsohn's mind, though capable of soaring to the noblest heights of literature and science, was not incapable of descending to the material details of a business career. From the

position of clerk in Bernard's house, he rose to be manager, and, eventually, partner.

He married in 1762, and enjoyed great domestic happiness. He fell a victim to the intensity of study, mental labor, and meditation; and died in 1787, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

Having given this cold sketch of his life, let us inquire a little into the "manner of his manhood."

The "accidents of birth" were, in a social point of view, wholly against him. He was born of a race despised and maligned in the age and country in which he flourished; yet he lived till that age and that country were proud of him, and glad of him. He was, as we have said, the son of poor parents; but he "broke his birth's invidious bar," and attained honorably-earned wealth and a respectable worldly position. He was but feebly educated in his childhood, but by arduous, diligent, unstained, strenuous, nay, extraordinary exertions, he acquired marvellous knowledge, and became a very monument of learning, a model of literary taste, a bold pioneer of new paths of wisdom. He had none of those personal advantages, which, even among men, exert a certain fascination, command a hearing, dignify presence, or produce effect; yet, to use the words of his biographer, "he won every heart at first sight." He had not even the advantage of strong health; yet he labored far more energetically and thoroughly than the stalwart and robust.

Immense and varied as were his acquirements, he was not in the position of life in which he could devote himself wholly to literature or study, for he supported his family mainly by mercantile pursuits; yet he was a great and an industrious writer and he has left to posterity treasures of authorship, which, perhaps, a generation less material than our own will appreciate as they deserve.

In his day, every obstruction was offered to the advance and improvement of the race to which he belonged, and it held no recognised place in society; yet he lived down obstacle and impediment, and he became the central star of an admiring group of disciples, friends, and adherents. Though the wisest of his day sought his companionship and his friendship; though trusting pupils and delighted auditors surrounded him; and contemporary fame sounded his renown throughout Germany, and, indeed, throughout Europe, he never, never forgot the beauty of humility, and was as modest when he had reached the pinnacle of his fame as while he was engaged in attaining it.

He moved at first in an unenlightened and a prejudiced society, and was virulently opposed even by his co-religionists; but he was neither discouraged nor disgusted, as a man of feebler mind, or even ordinary

temper, would have been ; he only waited and persevered. He had learnt

“——to labor—and to wait.”

And thus readily seeing evils, of which men of inferior capacities had no glimpse, he did not dash into wild projects of reform, but he strove to pierce prejudice and habit with the light of truth, not with the sword of violence, and he triumphed over hostility as much by his meekness as by his merit.

But, above all things—and this was his greatest glory—his life was, in its morality and its piety, a striking and a shining illustration of the beauty and strength of Judaism. For high above his position, his philosophy, his attainments, his intellectual fame, his worldly condition, he placed the Judaism in which he gloried. It was the master-key to the music of his life. He was a Jew above all things and through all things. His religion was to him not only the sun that shone high in the sky, over the earth beneath, but the sunshine that permeated everything on the face and in the depths of Nature. He discovered that he could be a good citizen, and yet a Jew ; a great literate, a companion of sages and philosophers of other creeds, and yet a Jew ; a striving, and eventually a prosperous, merchant—and yet a professing, a practising, and a persistent Jew.

There was no way of his life in which he failed to shine. Though he spiritualized his existence by intensity of meditation, and lifted his soul continually to the contemplation of the objects which float in the regions of thought, he did not soar above worldly ties and duties, nor in any wise break from the home feelings, without which no life, however finely cast, can be completely beautiful. He was an excellent father ; he was no ascetic, but enjoyed the charms of society ; he was a hearty friend ; and, when his frame was decaying, and the hand of death near him, he sacrificed his love of tranquility and his natural need of repose to the duty of defending a deceased friend. Though warmly attached to his religion, he was no fanatic, but supported controversy with amiability, and endured difference of opinion with toleration. He followed the maxim of the Psalmist, he “sought peace and pursued it.”

Study and knowledge sealed in his heart the great truths of religion. His was the faith which is clothed in wisdom ; his the wisdom which is hallowed by faith. His faith was to him, as it should be to all of us, an *armed angel*. For faith, however firm her tread, is too ethereal to walk on earth, unless shielded by the armor of knowledge from the weapons of earthly learning. His faith presented to the world a

breastplate of wisdom, against which the blows of sophistry and casuistry rang in vain; and yet, had it been otherwise, had artifice pierced the joints and shattered the almost invulnerable mail, his faith would have spread her angel pinions, and soared high above earth, and far beyond defeat!

We do not propose to enter here into the details of his life, but will content ourselves with quoting three instances to exemplify what "manner of man" he was.

While yet a boy, and very poor, he was so reluctant to become a burden on others, that he would purchase a loaf of bread, and notch it in such a manner, as to apportion it into a certain number of meals, corresponding with the state of his means.

Though a profound, assiduous, and successful student of the highest branches of learning, he sedulously cultivated and acquired an elegant handwriting; because he deemed that it would help him to maintain a family respectably. And, indeed, it was partly owing to this accomplishment, that he obtained so much worldly success.

He lost his eldest child, a babe of eleven months old. Every heart to which young children are dear can conceive the heaviness of such a blow to his tender spirit. He felt it—but he did not repine or despair. No; he thanked heaven for having granted his lost little one a happy life, while she was yet on earth.

Indeed, his affectionate heart not only throbbed with love for his own kindred, but was alive to sympathy with those who needed it; he was benevolent and singularly gentle.

But these gentle spirits are often those that strive most strongly and work most bravely. He taught the world that the Jew, hitherto despised, must be despised no more: he conquered a place in society, in the highest society—the intellectual circle—for the people of his faith. And this victory he won not by dint of clamor, or falseness, or obtrusive self-assertion, but by the force of his own intellectual powers, his unsullied integrity, his admirable character.

His great contemporary, Lessing, having learnt from his experience of Mendelsohn, the true beauty of the character of a good Jew, stamped that experience on the face of contemporary literature, and strove to teach it to the million, by means of his famous and popular drama, "Nathan der Weise;" and it is said that under the disguise of the hero of the piece, he paid a tribute to his friend—and to truth, by painting the character of Mendelsohn.

When, at length, Mendelsohn fell ill, broken beneath the weight of thought and labor—which while they uplift the mind bear down the body—he was bidden to desist from all mental occupation. Those to

whom such work is life's main interest, vocation, and enjoyment, can conceive the penalty involved in such an abstinence. He knew that his life was a gift and a trust of precious value, which it was a duty to preserve. He made every needful sacrifice; quailed before no effort, but met disease just as a brave man meets an enemy, grappled with it, and, with the blessing of Heaven threw his foe.

Threw him for a time only; for at length the day came when no courage, no care, no effort, could avert the blow which was to take him from the world of living men. He died, as he had lived, calmly, serenely.

It is said that while Addison was expiring, he called his pupil to his bedside, in order that he "might see," said the sinking philosopher, "how a Christian can die." But Mendelsohn gave mankind a more useful lesson, a more touching example, a more glorious spectacle; he showed—without ostentatiously proclaiming it—how a Jew should live!

The career of Mendelsohn may in certain respects be summed up in a few words—the few words inscribed on his bust in the Berlin Jews' Free School, and written by Karl Wilhelm Ramler,—one of the poets by whom truth is none the less substantially told because clothed in spiritual language:

"Weise wie Sokrates,
Treu dem Glauben seiner Väter,
Wie er, die Unsterblichkeit lehrend,
Und sich unsterblich machend, wie er."

"As wise as Socrates,
True to the faith of his fathers,
Like him, he taught immortality,
And, like him, rendered himself immortal."

At this day, when we hear around us complacent ignorance questioning the solemn truths of ages, it is some satisfaction to learn from the history of this great man, that after he had spent a life-time in thought and study, the glow of faith which had lighted the birth of his labors shone on their summit with undiminished sheen. And it is refreshing to turn from the troubled stories of kings, warriors, and statesmen, to the record of this calm, pure life, in which, as in the religion he followed, peace, love, and wisdom are harmoniously combined.

The wisest of men, favored with natural genius, rich in acquired knowledge, admit that at the acme of their renown, or at the end of their work, they have, after all, only attained the beginning of wisdom. Even Mendelsohn, profound as was his learning, great and varied as were his acquirements, fruitful as were his meditations, no doubt never arrived beyond the beginning of wisdom. But he had arrived at the beginning of wisdom in another and a better sense, for, on that beginning, he built the beauty of his life. His knowledge was

the altar on which he stood to worship his God. For his history confirms the truth, which the Psalmist, whose music he loved, taught mankind, ages ago—

“The beginning of wisdom is—the fear of the Lord.”

LIFE OF R. SAADIA GAON.

BY RABBI S. L. RAPPOPORT.

R. SAADIA GAON was born in the year 4652 (892 A.C.), in the province of Pithom, in Egypt, and died in the year 4702 (942 A.C.), in Sura, called Matha Machasja, in the country of Babylon. Few were the days of his life, but many and wondrous the works which he wrought and accomplished; though even these appear little in comparison with what he might have done for the good of his nation, had he not been cut off in the flower of his age. Before him, the first dignity of Gaon had not been conferred upon the sages of any other country than Babylon; and they were selected out of the number of the learned teachers of their academies; but this great man was expressly *sent for* by David Ben Sakai, the head of the captivity, who perceived that the Academy of Sura had decreased in talent, that it waxed weaker and weaker, and that the learned began to solicit reinforcement from another country. The fame of R. Saadia had then already reached the remotest parts of the earth, where he was celebrated not only for his profound learning in Talmudical and other sciences, but also for his high-minded character, being a man who, bold as a lion, was not dismayed at anything, nor paid respect to *persons* in judgment.

He arrived at Sura in the month of Ijar, in the year 4688, the thirty-sixth year of his age, when he was appointed Gaon, and began to diffuse knowledge in different branches, so that the number of students increased, and the Academy of Sura again became renowned in the land. However, the days of his prosperity were not many, for, after two years, a strife broke out between him and the head of the captivity, on account of a decision which the latter had pronounced, and of which R. Saadia, not sparing the high authority of the Prince, had expressed his disapprobation. The son of the head of the captivity, who attempted to compel R. Saadia to yield to his father's opinion, was struck and even wounded by the domestics of the Gaon and the crowd. The flame of discord was thus kindled, and the Gaon tried his influence with the King to deprive David Ben Sakai of his dignity and to appoint Joshua Ben Sakai the brother of the same, as Nasi in his stead; but his efforts were unsuccessful, David remained in his place, and the Gaon was obliged to hide himself for seven years.

During that evil time, in those days when the Gaon sat solitary and shut out from human society, he improved his mind by attending to literary pursuits, and seeking the acquaintance of writers who preceded him; for he sucked from the honey of their wisdom, and quenched his thirst from the fountains of their knowledge, whence he afterwards gave the children of Israel to drink. During that period he composed his numerous and valuable works, the like of which had not yet existed in Israel; for there had been but very few who wrote down their thoughts to perpetuate them for future times to last through ages; and even of those that did so very little has been handed down to us. We shall, however, specify all the works of the Gaon, in the course of this biography.

After seven years had passed away, a noble-minded man, named Kassar Ben Aaron, volunteered to effect a reconciliation between him and the head of the captivity. His efforts were crowned with success, and on the fast of Esther they made a covenant between them in Kassar's house. They cast lots which of them was to partake of the feast of Puriin at the other's table, and the lot fell upon R. Saadia; so he dined at the Nasi's table, and they passed together joyfully the days of Purim, and the next two days.

It appears, however, that from the time of his quarrel with David, and probably also through other disputes with heretics and Karaites, a sad melancholy took root in his mind, which never left him. He only lived four years more after that event, and he gave up the ghost, and died, and was gathered unto his people at the age of fifty, to the deep sorrow of all the great and learned men of Israel. Although the satire of his language inflicted chastisement on many persons, with whose opinions he did not coincide, and whom he too violently denounced, yet his memory, after his demise, was honored by all the worthy and pious, however widely their views differed from his, and however contrary their literary pursuits to his. Many objected, in his lifetime, to the study of sciences and philosophy, to which he was strongly attached; but he persevered in his researches, disregarding their censures, for with him piety was the basis of philosophy. The renowned Abraham Ben Esra calls him "a man, entitled to be *first* listened to on every subject."

The benefits for which Israel is indebted to him are described in the book Gillui, and in the letter of his son, R. Dosa, to the Nasi R. Chisdai, son of R. Isaac Ben Shafrut of Spain; but both those works we have lost.

Numerous were his works on the Law and Sciences, Principles of Religion, Commentaries on Holy Writ, and Dictionary and Grammar

of the Hebrew Language. All his works were written in the copious Arabic language, which was then vernacular, and used by most of the Gaonim in the composition of their works. Only three smaller compositions he wrote in Hebrew, viz., Assharoth, Igaron, and a poem on the number of letters in the law. All his works were celebrated among the sages of Israel; but to us very little is left, the greater part having been swept away by the mighty stream of time.

THE SABBATIC RIVER.

BY DR. HORSCHETZKY.

IN the fifth chapter of the seventh book of the Wars of the Jews, Josephus relates the following history: "Now Titus Cæsar tarried some time at Berytus, as we told you before; he thence removed and exhibited magnificent shows in all those large cities of Syria through which he went, and made use of the captive Jews as public instances of the destruction of that nation. He then saw a river as he went along, of such a nature as to deserve to be recorded in history; it runs in the middle between Arcea, belonging to Agrippa's kingdom, and Raphanea. It has somewhat very peculiar in it; for when it runs its current is strong, and has plenty of water; after which its springs fail for six days together, and leave its channel dry, as any one may see; after which day it runs on the seventh day as it did before, and as though it had undergone no change at all. It hath also been observed to keep this order perpetually and exactly, whence it is that they call it the Sabbatic River—that name being taken from the sacred seventh day among the Jews."

The Sabbatic River is generally considered as an imaginary creation of the historian, but we think with injustice; for after Josephus had composed his history of the Jewish wars, he laid it before Titus Cæsar and the Jewish King Agrippa. Both confirmed the truth of this statement, and the former even put his name to the work, and had it published as the authentic account of those events. Would it not have been the most barefaced impudence to represent a mere fable as pure truth to the two monarchs, and to many persons then yet alive, who had been engaged in the Jewish war, and knew all parts of Palestine? As a politic courtier, he might have somewhat exaggerated the magnanimity of the emperor, and the prowess of the Romans, but he could not have uttered such a lie without giving a death-blow to his veracity; and what object could such an untruth have served? Moreover, an important corroboration of the account of the Sabbatic River is found in the Talmud (Sanhedrin, fol. 68, p. 2).

"Turnus Rufus further puts this question to Rabbi Akiba: 'Why is one day (the seventh) distinguished from others?' Rabbi Akiba replied, 'Why is one man distinguished above another?' The general answered, 'Because it so pleased the lord' (emperor). Rabbi Akiba replied, 'The Lord too was pleased to distinguish the Sabbath.' The Roman replied, 'What proof have we that this day is the day of rest?' The Rabbi answered, 'The river Sambatyon will prove it,' &c.

Pliny, too, in his large work (*Nat. Hist.* xxx. c. 2), relates, "A certain river in Judea dries up every Sabbath." In this passage the phenomenon, as related by Josephus, is reversed, which may, however, have been the fault of the transcriber. Pliny's account is also corroborated by the Jewish tradition of the Sabbatic River, as recorded in the Sabbath hymns.

There appears nothing very remarkable in the periodical phenomenon of this river, for we find something very similar in the lake of Cerkowitz, in the dukedom of Krain, in Austria. In one and the same year people fish, sow, reap, and hunt in this lake. During the dry season, the water flows off so completely through subterranean canals and outlets (of which there are said to be thirty), that the ground becomes quite dry, and within a few weeks is turned into rich pasturage, which attracts numerous terrestrial animals. The peasants grow millet and maize, which may be reaped in a few months. The meadow grounds yield an abundant hay harvest. During the flowing off of the water an incredible quantity of fish is caught. Aquatic birds, too, are found in numbers. Towards the winter the lake begins to be filled with water, which is effected in a much shorter time than the flowing off; for the lake is filled within twenty-four hours, whilst the flowing off requires twenty-five days.

That the Sabbatic River is not nowadays to be found is no proof against its existence in ancient times. Our globe has, during past centuries, undergone many changes. Some islands have been raised from the bottom of the sea, whilst others have become submerged. Volcanoes have become extinct, and whole cities have disappeared from the surface of our planet. The Serbanic Lake, on the southern coast of Palestine, is changed into a salt plain. The steppes of Kirgisias, the county of Kalmuks, are tracts once covered by the Caspian Sea. The ground is impregnated with salt, and filled with shells and other marine productions, which perfectly resemble the species still met with in the Caspian. How easily might the small Sabbatic River have been dried up.

FOLLY OF IDOLATRY.

A TRADITIONAL TALE RESPECTING ABRAHAM.

TERAH, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose for public sale. Being obliged one day to go out on particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly. "What is the price of that god?" asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol to which he took a fancy. "Old man," said Abraham, "may I be permitted to ask thine age?" "Threescore years," replied the age-stricken idolater. "Threescore years!" exclaimed Abraham,—“and thou wouldst worship a thing that has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last four-and-twenty hours? Strange! that a man of sixty should be willing to bow down his gray head to a creature of a day!” The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away.

After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish with flour. "Here," said she, "have I brought an offering to the gods. Place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me." "Place it before them thyself, foolish woman!" said Abraham; "thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it." She did so. In the mean time Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces; all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction. Terah returned, and with the utmost surprise and consternation beheld the havoc amongst his favorite gods. "What is all this, Abraham? What profane wretch has dared to use our gods in this manner?" exclaimed the infatuated and indignant Terah. "Why should I conceal anything from my father?" replied the pious son. "During thine absence, there came a woman with yonder offering for the gods. She placed it before them. The younger gods, who, as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands, and began to eat, before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect." "Dost thou mock me? Wilt thou deceive thy aged father?" exclaimed Terah, in a vehement rage. "Do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor stir, nor move?" "And yet," rejoined Abraham, "thou payest them divine honors—adorest them—and wouldst have me worship them!" It was in vain Abraham thus reasoned with his idolatrous parent. Superstition is ever both deaf and blind. His unnatural father

delivered him over to the cruel tribunal of the equally idolatrous Nimrod.

When brought before the tyrant he was urged to worship the fire. "Great king," said the father of the faithful, "would it not be better to worship *water*? It is mightier than fire, having the power to extinguish it." "Worship the water, then," said Nimrod. "Methinks," rejoined Abraham, "it would be more reasonable to worship the *clouds*, since they carry the waters, and throw them down upon the earth." "Well, then," said the impatient king, "worship the clouds, which, by thine own confession, possess great power." "Nay," continued Abraham, "if power is to be the object of adoration, the preference ought to be given to the *wind*, which by its greater force scatters the clouds, and drives them before it." "I see," said Nimrod, "we shall never have done with this prattler. Worship the wind, then, and we will pardon thy former profanations." "Be not angry, great king," said Abraham; "I cannot worship the fire, nor the water, nor the clouds, nor the wind, nor any of the things thou callest *gods*. The power they possess is derived from a Being not only most powerful, but full of *mercy* and *love*. The Creator of heaven and earth, Him alone will I worship." "Well, then," said the tyrant, "since thou refusest to adore the fire, thou shalt speedily be made sensible of its mighty force." He ordered Abraham to be thrown into a fiery furnace. But God delivered him from the raging flames, and made him a source of blessing to many nations.

MEDRASH BERESHITH RABAH.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

PITCHERS have ears.—*Shakespeare*.

All things human change.—*Tennyson*.

Custom is the law of fools.—*Vanbrugh*.

A curse is like a cloud—it passes.—*Bailey*.

The over-curious are not over-wise.—*Massinger*.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—*Wordsworth*.

Calumny is only the noise of madmen.—*Diogenes*.

Candor is the brightest gem of criticism.—*Disraeli*.

Infinite is the help man can yield to man.—*Carlyle*.

In bringing up a child, think of its old age.—*Joubert*.

What can they suffer that do not fear to die?—*Plutarch*.

There is no college for the conscience.—*Theodore Parker*.

When you introduce a moral lesson, let it be brief.—*Horace*.

SCIENCE, ART AND FACTS.

THE immense wealth of iron there is to be found in the iron mountains of Missouri has lately been calculated. Pilot Knob alone rises 1,114 feet above the Mississippi. Its base covers 300 acres. Its upper section of 140 feet, by calculation, contains 14,000,000 of tons of iron ore alone, and this is the calculation in regard to but an infinitesimal portion of one single mountain.

Of course every Englishman is proud of his whitebait, not only for its association with ministerial dinners, but because of its intrinsic excellence. Many curious stories of its origin have been told: one is, that prior to the trade with India it was unknown. Now comes forward a famous man on fishes, a Dr. Günther, who declares that this fish, highly esteemed by epicures, is nothing more than the fry of young herrings. The statement seems confirmed by the fact that an adult whitebait with a roe has never yet been found.

Asbestos—a name in itself which means indestructible—a substance regarded rather as curious than adaptable to man's wants, seems as if it were now coming into the sphere of usefulness. It occurs as long hair-like crystals which are both elastic and pliant, and can be manufactured into cloth. The Romans used sometimes to envelop the bodies of their dead in this fabric, in order to keep their ashes separate from the wood of the funeral pile. The ancients are said to have woven napkins of it, which only required to be passed through the fire to be cleansed. As a lamp-wick the Greenlanders find a use for it. A few years ago, the proprietor of an asbestos deposit in Maryland conceived the idea of mixing it with paper pulp to about 30 per cent. Characters written on such paper in common ink are still legible after it has been subjected to the action of fire, and it is not unlikely that paper manufactured in this way might be employed for the engrossing of important records.

Of all our organs, the eye is the one that light especially affects. Now the excitability of the retina shows variations of every kind. Prisoners confined in dark cells have been known to acquire the power of seeing distinctly in them, while their eyes also became sensitive to the slightest changes in the intensity of light. Lavoisier states, when called upon to study the question of lighting Paris, he found that his eyes wanted the necessary sensitiveness for observing the relative intensities of different flames. He had a room then hung in black, and shut himself up in it for six weeks in utter darkness. At

the end of that time, his sensitiveness of sight was such that he could distinguish the faintest differences. It may be even dangerous to pass suddenly from dark places into a strong flood of light. It is said that Dionysius, the Greek tyrant, had a building made with bright, white-washed walls, and would order wretches, after having been immured in utter darkness, to be suddenly brought there, when they would be blinded.

It is rather singular, that the very comet which heretofore has inspired such fear in the present century, is the one by the study of which in the last forty years all ideas of apprehension (in regard to such an accident as might be supposed would happen by a collision between a comet and the earth) has been removed. First discovered in 1826, and its course accurately determined, it was found possible to trace back its course through former revolutions with sufficient certainty to allow the observers to map out its prior movements; when this was done, it was found out that Beila's comet and the one studied in 1772 were one and the same. It was then shown that this comet had an exact period of six years and nine months. Accordingly, then, with punctuality it returned in 1832. In 1839 the comet was supposed to have returned, which it very likely did, but was not visible, owing to its position being too near the sun, the brighter ray of this luminary concealing it from us. Again in 1845, just according to the proper calculation, was it forthcoming. But now one of the most singular events in comet history occurred. Suddenly on the 13th of January of '46, the comet was visible, but split into two distinct comets, each with its head and tail of its own. Was it the history then of the worm cut in two, each portion of which took new life? The two comets receded farther and farther, till it was thought that they had agreed to part company forever. In 1866 the path which the comet ought to have traced was eagerly scanned, *but no comet appeared*. Had this comet, which came and went with the regularity of clock-work, got broken down? What occasioned the disturbance, and it at a distance of 1,250,000 miles only from the earth? Was there some minor planet so small as to be invisible from the earth at that near distance? for two or three millions of miles is quite near the earth. We have only left, then, the supposition that the comet was destroyed by meteoric streams, and we find every reason to suppose that the comet did pass a rich meteoric region. It may be asked whether any circumstances in the history of comets seem to show that they really are exposed to dissipation in this way. Seneca relates that Ephorus, an ancient Greek author, makes mention of a comet, which before vanishing was

seen to divide into two distinct bodies. One thing certain about Beila's comet is this, that it has been finally and completely removed from the list of existing comets. Perhaps not absolutely destroyed; its fragments may exist somewhere, but in its integrity as a comet it has gone. It ought to have been apparent otherwise this last October, but was not visible. But if not found, something else has been discovered; that is, certain meteors or falling stars closely in the track of Beila's comet, which are fragments of the comet. In conclusion, we may draw from the history of this missing comet, the inference that our earth and her fellow planets have little fear from collision with comets. The earth passes each year through more than a hundred meteor systems and is not destroyed, whereas Beila's comet would seem to have been destroyed during only a few encounters with meteoric groups.

The death of Mrs. Somerville at the advanced age of 92 is not only a wonderful record of longevity, but an example how at this extreme age the human faculties may still retain all their accuracy unimpaired. In 1860 appeared her last work "On Molecular and Microscopic Science," which, said the *Edinburgh Review*, "contains a complete review of the most recent and most abstruse researches of modern science." The Geographical Society awarded to Mrs. Somerville the Patron or Victoria medal in 1869, and her bust, executed by Chantrey, now adorns the library of the Royal Society. Her most famous work is the "Physical Geography," published in 1848, which is still the text-book on this subject.

The cotton-plant is undoubtedly African, and Livingstone has found it growing wild in the interior of Africa. The Egyptians undoubtedly imported it from Abyssinia, using it for mummy wrappings, and from them the Jews inherited the employment of this texture for the robes of their priests. Where the Bible mentions fine linen, very possibly cotton would be the better translation, as flax does not grow in hot climates. The strongest cotton cloth is Chinese, and it is so tough that it is impossible for a man to tear it across.

What! the telegraph slow? Certainly no fault can be found with the electrical fluid, which passes through untold miles of wire in a scarcely appreciable moment of time. Where is there any cause for complaint? It is in the tedious method of making the signal. Here, according to the Morse method, are the words, "New Era," composed of dots, dashes and blanks.

To form these six letters twelve distinct marks have to be made,

with certain spaces, which would occupy to write something over twelve seconds. Suppose by means of a machine we could at one operation make each letter, one second would be sufficient, and in six seconds "New Era" could be written. But there would come the difficulty of transmitting. All these difficulties have been entirely overcome by the new process called the automatic telegraph. The method of working may be briefly described as follows: As soon as a message is received it is copied by means of perforating a slip of paper with the Morse characters, only instead of dashes and dots being made, holes are cut in the paper. Suppose we take the letter "a" of Morse, this is — ———, a dot, a blank and a long dash. This becomes when

O

perforated an o o o. The first o is the dot, then there is a blank, then two o's with a larger O on top. The whole message is then perforated in this way, there being similar combinations of o's for each letter. Then this slip of paper is rapidly passed by machinery over a metallic drum, over which hangs in constant contact with it a steel lever. Where there is no hole in the paper, there is no contact between the steel lever and the metallic drum; but wherever there is a perforation, the steel point drops in there and contact ensues, and the electric fluid passes over the wires, and the circuit is opened. Now all this is very well: but how is it to be recorded at the point where it is received? There there runs a bit of paper impregnated with a salt of iodine. The electric or magnetic fluid has the property of decomposing this salt. The moment, then, the steel point gets into a hole of the paper, say at New York, the electric fluid passes along the wire and is transmitted to another little lever which touches the paper having iodine in it say, at New Orleans, and where it touches the paper the electric fluid decomposing the salt of iodine causes a dark red mark to be visible. In this way, the most rapid movements of the lever, coming into the holes at New York and going out of them, are communicated at New Orleans. The rapidity of the process is immense. It works much more quickly than the most rapid speaker can talk, and must revolutionize the whole process of telegraphy. This method was first thought of by Alexander Baine, a Scotchman, but owes its practical working entirely to American genius.

Some one has been making a careful analysis of the dust on railways, and shows that one half of it is composed of iron. Sceptical as to this, we communicated the fact to some friends of ours, and the dust was collected on a newspaper, when at least one half of the particles were attracted by the magnet.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FOUR PHASES OF MORALS.—Socrates, Aristotle, Christianity, Utilitarianism. By JOHN STEUART BLACKIE. *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*, New York. This most admirable book is an enlargement of a series of lectures delivered before the Royal Institute of London, and treats on phases of morals, viewed in reference to the whole system of ethical doctrine which has agitated the world. From the exact yet most sympathetic philosopher of Edinburgh nothing less than a volume of unapproachable merit could have been expected. His sketch of Socrates is admirable. To thinkers, it is alone one of peculiar attractiveness, and as, fortunately for mankind, most trustworthy materials have been handed down to us we may form a correct judgment of one, who, as Crito, his follower, said, "was the best, the wisest, and the most just of men." Athenian life, and the Greek surrounding, without which any portraiture of Socrates would be impossible, though briefly discarded on, are given with a master hand. Socrates' great study was the knowledge of self, which not only for Greece in the fifth century, but for America to-day, he was the first to determine. Gas-pipes and water-pipes, steamboats, telegraphs, "are," says the author "the most useful of ministers, but the most unmeaning of masters, but," repeats the author, (we condense his thoughts), "if Socrates were to rise from his grave to-day, though he would recognize the wonderful material progress of this world, he might utter an emphatic warning against the danger of our estimating our national grandeur by the visible pomp of gigantic machinery, rather than by the invisible power of noble purpose and lofty design." Mr. Blackie takes issue with Grote, in regard to Socrates being a sophist, and says that the historian "distorts" the truth. The sophists were scheming fellows, mere masters of specious talk, who plied their vocation to a special class for a price, whilst Socrates, taught his noble lessons, advanced his sublime lessons, for the good of all mankind. As Ruskin, in our times, Socrates was a hater of *shams*. Finding the Athenians of his time unloosened from their bearings and drifting vaguely on a sea of doubts, it was his task to try and show them the course they should sail. That he was the first of the Greeks who believed in the immortality of the soul is absolute, that his faith was monotheistic, seems almost certain. That the teachings of Moses may have had their influence on his faith, learned scholars of late have gravely advanced.

The story of his death is sublime, and rendered with a pathos which is grandly poetic. "Be of good cheer, therefore," he said, just before quaffing the poison, "and talk about burying my body, not burying

me." If Socrates was the man of action, Plato the man of literature, Aristotle was the man of science. He came to Greece with a dissecting knife, and drew, as it were, a broad line between the speculative and practical world; but Aristotle wanted faith in the devout element, and his works lack the sublime power of Socrates.

The lecture on Christianity has for a principal doctrine, that without a platonic love—that is, a fine spiritual passion for the character and person of Christ—the performance of the thousand and one works of social charity and mercy, which, as Mr. Blackie states, makes this religion so famous, would be impossible. On this subject, Mr. Blackie somewhat refines on what is called "faith"—and accredits solely to the Christian religion attributes which belong quite as much to other denominations with whom this "platonic love" does not exist. A chapter on Utilitarianism concludes the book. This is an ethical fact of the most recent growth, having Hume and Bentham as founders of it; and Mills, at present, as its strongest living champion. Mr. Blackie grimly describes it "as method of thinking which, while professing to clear up dim ideas, brings confusion and disorder into every region of human thought and action." Though not precisely condemning it, Mr. Blackie says it is a philosophy of thought, which in the hands of men like Bentham and Mill—though giving but one-half of the truth—has done some good service, and may be expected to do more. The conclusion of this article will show the peculiar style of Mr. Blackie's thoughts, which is famous for its terseness and quaintness of comparison. "The heretical and anti-theoretical tendencies of the age will aid the Utilitarian movement, partly, no doubt, because theologians have not always sufficiently considered that a clean cottage is sometimes as necessary for the well-being as a clean conscience, and because in the various creeds, there may be many willing to welcome Utilitarianism an ethical system which jealously shuns the contagion of piety, and scarcely with a cold and distant reverence recognizes God." To those who love to think deeply, who like to follow the clearest, the most subtle thinker of the day, we can recommend to them no stronger book than Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals."

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE OCEAN. By ELISÉE RECLUS. New York: *Harper & Bros.*
 SAN DOMINGO. Past and Present. By SAMUEL HAZARD. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

MIDDLEMARCH. By GEORGE ELIOT. 2 vols. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE NEW ERA.

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THE CHARITY OF THE HEART.

ISRAELITES, individually and collectively, are perhaps the most charitable people on the face of the earth. Ever ready to sympathize with the woes of their fellow creatures, their hearts are sensitively alive to the call for material aid, and rarely is an appeal on behalf of suffering humanity made to them in vain. On this great phase of charity—almsgiving—which forms so principal a characteristic in the Jewish race, it is not our intention of offering any remarks. It is to another kind of charity, one indeed which is even more emphatically commanded in the divine code—that of the heart, or benevolence—that we desire in this article to call attention. For, how pleasing soever it may be to our vanity to believe that we are the most charitable people, yet, we fear that, if the truth must be told, we seldom make the charity of the heart consistent with the bounty of the hand. Not that to us more than to the followers of other creeds does this stricture apply, for among all classes and all sects we meet with the sin of uncharitable feelings quite as frequently as with Jews. This, however, is not the slightest justification for us, and even as two wrongs can never make one right, so if the whole world were to commit a fault, that would be no excuse for our following the multitude to do evil. Should it perchance be asked, why ought we to be more free from sin than others? we would answer, such is the nature of our mission. The Israelitish race has been chosen by God to diffuse religious knowledge and to spread the light of moral rectitude and virtue to the utmost ends of the earth. The divine code of laws, containing the grandest of all intellectual truths, has been imparted to us, as its genuine custodians, and we are held responsible for its promulgation. How then can we hope to give

efficacy to those sublime ethical precepts we are commissioned to teach unless we give practical illustration of them in our lives. To this end, it behooves us to be more free from iniquity than the mass of mankind, in order to become worthy exemplars, and living witnesses of the truth of God's word. Added to this, the love and duty we owe the creed of our fathers demand that we should ever shun vice in all its phases, and practice, as well as preach virtue, so as to uphold by the integrity of our lives that religion from which all others have sprung, and which is the true source of man's happiness. This becomes an actual necessity if we would fulfil our destiny, for as the value of a principle is tested by its effects, so the moralizing powers and religious tendency of a creed are judged by the conduct of its professors.

Having said this much, we shall now strive to show what the description of charity which thinks no evil imports, and to contrast the happy results arising there from with the baneful consequences of an opposite disposition of the mind.

To refrain from speaking evil, which means slander, calumny, and the host of detraction vices, is the great homely lesson which is preached by all religions—"Do unto thy neighbor as thou would'st, have him do to you." Throughout the Biblical writings and Talmudical works this same invaluable lesson is repeatedly inculcated, as may be seen from the following examples: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble." Such is the wise assertion of Proverbs, for inasmuch as we judge our fellow-creatures either charitably or harshly, so we, in whom the same feelings are inherent, will be judged by the Supreme Judge of all flesh. Again say our sages, "Better no ear at all, than one that listeneth to evil." And yet it is no uncommon thing for theologians of a particular school to represent Jewish ethics as exceedingly severe, and to contrast them with those of Christianity, by holding up the latter as the very essence of gentleness and human kindness. So common has this become, that it often happens that those beautiful and sublime ethics of our Pentateuch and theological works are set forth as the perfection of Christian doctrine, and are actually ignored as forming an essential part of Judaism. Thus we constantly hear the bold assertion that charity is the highest of Christian virtues. Now how charity can possibly be a Christian virtue is certainly beyond our limited comprehension, since charity being a feature of virtue can no more be Christian than Jewish. Charity, like virtue, is general. We may say that charity holds a very conspicuous place in the Christian system, or in the Jewish system, but that it is either a Christian or a Jewish virtue is as

utterly fallacious as that virtue itself is confined to any particular sect or creed. Not but that indeed these moral laws constitute an important feature in the Christian system. But so they do likewise in the code of Mahomet and in the Zendavesta ; and it surely must be a source of gratification to us, notwithstanding the unmeasured terms in which they speak of "the hardness of the Jewish heart," to find the sublime morality of our Holy Faith incorporated with their respective systems of theology. In truth we may say that there is not a single moral precept of a *practical* character—for we do not allude to those which are only to be found in the minds of visionaries, and can have no real existence in human nature,—in either the Gospels of the Nazarine or the Koran of Mahomet, which has not its parallel in our canon of scriptures.

To return, however, from this digression, we would now ask our readers to reflect on the kind of charity which thinketh no evil. It will be at once intelligible, even to the weakest intellect, that charity can never be carried so far as to demand that we are on no occasion to think unfavorably of others. To view the actions of all men, good or bad, in the same light, would be a moral impossibility, and contrary to common understanding. It would be even against several religious precepts ; for were we to think the same of all, we must either be insensible to the distinctions between virtue and vice, good and bad, right and wrong, or be perfectly callous and indifferent to those distinctions when we have perceived them. But the charity which distinguishes the truly pious man is such as to guard him against the extreme of rash and unjust suspicion. In our intercourse with a world where so much depravity abounds, it is but right for our personal safety that we should be cautious. Caution will always remain justifiable so long as we confine it in due bounds, but as soon as it descends to universal suspicion, it then degenerates into vice. The true charity which thinketh no evil will always endeavor to strike the happy mean between undistinguishing credulity and general suspicion. He who is actuated by this principle makes due allowance for the mixture of evil with good which is inherent in almost every human character, and while expecting none to be faultless, is certainly unwilling to believe that any exists without some commendable quality. His charity will teach him to be just, even to the merit of his enemy, and not to permit mere personal resentment at an injury, real or imagined, to blind his eyes against truth and justice. His charity will also lead him not to judge hastily, nor to place the worst construction on an action, so long as it can be ascribed to different motives. Should, however, a condemnation be necessary, he condemns with regret, but without any

of those aggravations which an unkind heart would add to the fault. Whenever he may disagree with, or even blame the opinions and principles of any sect or party, he never includes under one sweeping censure all who belong to that sect or party. In short, he views his fellow-creatures and their actions by the light of kindness and good-nature. And this, indeed, becomes that species of charity which thinketh no evil, and of which our sages affirm, "Greater far is the charity of kindness than the charity of almsgiving."

See how happy is the man who is thus influenced! What happiness he scatters around him! He is gentle, humane and compassionate; candid and cheerful in his intercourse with the world, he diffuses cheerfulness and good-humor over all with whom he may come in contact. Cautious only so as not to become the dupe of artifice and stratagem, he is never suspicious of evil; and so in whatever sphere of life he may be placed, whether at the domestic hearth or in the busy mart, whether as a citizen or a ruler, whether high or humble in rank, his candid and charitable heart will draw towards him friends, and render them, no less than himself, happy. And not alone this, for he who is not given to think evil of his neighbor will always be interested in works of piety and benevolence. His kind nature will feel intimately the woes of his fellows, and so he is led to practice charity in the original acceptation of the term, and mitigate, to the best of his ability, the sufferings he deplures. Truly, then, the sage is right, who says the charity of kindness is greater than the charity of almsgiving, since the former must inevitably be succeeded by the latter.

If now we come to investigate the nature of the consequences arising from an opposite disposition of the mind, I fear we Hebrews, charitable as we are, will have to confess that after all we do not thoroughly comprehend the true meaning of charity. Foremost in the rank of evil consequences stands precipitate judgment. Ever on the alert to think evil, we cease to remember that information, reliable and true, and impartiality, are the great essentials for forming sound and correct opinions concerning the characters and actions of others. Thus it frequently occurs that a mere idle tale invented by the slanderer, is eagerly listened to by the inquisitive, propagated by the credulous, and so, without really knowing anything of the party implicated, a rash and hasty judgment is formed, often to the injury of an innocent being. Or again, perhaps it may be a real incident, which rumor, in carrying it along, has exaggerated and disguised, and which is never earnest enough to examine into the attending circumstances, thus poisoning the mind, and making us regard as criminal, actions, which, if we knew all, might appear in a perfectly excusable light.

What better instance can we have of the folly of precipitate judgments than the one afforded us in the Bible by the High Priest, Eli, when he rebuked a good and worthy woman, and charged her with an offence of which she was entirely innocent. Here is an old man, whose experience should have taught him better, whose wisdom should have told him differently, whose holy office should have filled him with more charity, rushing hastily into conclusions, and immediately pronouncing judgment without inquiry, without reflection. Would, however, that we were all like Eli, so ready to atone for rashness, and make ample recompense for a decision too hastily expressed.

Seeking further the fruits of an evil-thinking spirit, we arrive at calumny and detraction. How often have not men been set at variance with each other and society, embroiled by the slanderous tongue? What mischief, what violent effects have been the consequences? Families torn with the most violent convulsions, the father against the son, the husband against the wife, and the friend armed against the friend. In public life we see the same results. Rulers entertaining unjust suspicions of their subjects, and the subjects believing their rulers tyrants and oppressors, all caused by the slanderous tongue. Hence kingdoms shaken with all the rage and violence of war. But greatest above all the evils are those caused by religious dissensions, for it is in these the mischievous power of an uncharitable spirit has displayed its full atrocity. What bloodshed! What hecatombs of human lives have not fallen before the rage of religious fanaticism? What dreadful persecutions have not the rise and progress of Christianity and Mahomedanism given rise to? Surely then, we Jews, who in these religious dramas have generally played the part of victims, should be fully aware of the crime of evil thoughts. The Jewish doctrines are indeed pearls, priceless in their value, unsurpassably beautiful in their splendor; and foremost among this collection of pearls, will be found the innumerable exhortations to live with all men in peace and goodwill, thinking evil of none, but practicing charity and benevolence to all.

THE CALUMNIATOR REPROVED.

A MAN having calumniated another in the hearing of an important personage, was thus addressed by him: "Thou hast brought to light thine own great defects, by expatiating on the faults of others; for he who goes in quest of the foibles of others is guided in his search by failings peculiar to himself."

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF KING DAVID.

BY DR. J. L. LEVISON.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful ; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and the law doth he meditate night and day."—Psalm i., verses 1, 2.

"The finest study for mankind is man."

י"י הופיר עצת גוים הניא מחשבות עמים

THERE is a significancy and a profound moral lesson to be drawn from the lives of many of the different characters of the Bible, as they are sketched by the pen of truth, with all their errors, vices, and virtues. Nothing is withheld, or rendered ambiguous, and hence they furnish important examples for contemplation and reflection.

In these delineations of character we learn the actual consequences of good and evil deeds ; neither of which are toned down, nor highly colored, after the fashion of the heroes of our modern romance writers. Nor are these characters ushered on the busy scene of life with fabulous accounts of their origin, such as are usually given to the great actors of classical antiquity. But they are men with all the mental faculties which may elevate or debase our common nature, according to the manner with which these different faculties are exercised or restrained.

Yet these Biblical characters cannot be regarded as commonplace persons. They are "representative men," preserving their own individuality. Besides which, their motives and actions are so naturally described, and in such harmony with our own experience, that their accuracy and truthfulness must be appreciated by every sound thinker. And all the events in which they participated are given in such a clear and forcible manner, without the least mystification, that we feel there is indeed—

"Nothing extenuated, nor ought set down in malice."

And we naturally conclude that these characters are worthy of being studied as psychological examples. But there is still a higher purpose manifested from an examination of the conduct of these worthies, and certain fair and logical inferences to be deduced of a highly practical tendency. As these memoirs furnish proof that the greatest minds may and do err, but that the Creator, who made man a free-agent, gave him the power of חשיבה (to repent of his evil actions), whenever he becomes mentally cognizant of their damaging tendency to his

immortal soul. That is what we learn from the history of such men as David, that when the "still small voice" of conscience is heeded, and men repent of their past actions and avoid their repetition, they may hope to be reconciled to God, and receive forgiveness of their sins, solely from His inexhaustible mercy.

We learn this great truth beyond the shadow of a doubt, and without any incomprehensible mysteries, or anything that would seem to be mere specious sophistry, for it is forced on our attention by the study of the Bible characters. To infer otherwise would be an act of covert presumption, assuming that He who fashioned man did not know his liability to error, or knowing it, and still giving man moral liberty, that God had willed that he *must* continue an evil course, even when to his own consciousness it appeared so, and when in an agony, from a remorseful state of mind, he desired to return to the ways of purity—ways which he had learned to regard as full of pleasantness and mental satisfaction, without some extraneous aid. But we find that this returning (חֲשִׁיבָה) to his various duties, required not any supernatural interference, but that provision had been made by the very constitution of the mind itself, by the existence of conscience and reasoning faculties.

So important are these views, that we deem a few preliminary remarks not only essential to comprehend the importance of the *moral* of the life of David, but to make the views themselves clear to the comprehension of all.

We allude to the compound nature of man. He has a body which is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made," and whenever by the excessive use of any one of the organs of which it is composed, there is induced some derangement of its special functions—in ordinary parlance it is said to be out of health,—rest and other means, and abstaining from the previous cause of the disturbance, will restore it to a normal condition. The same sort of reasoning might be applied to the faculties of the mind, which are manifested through the organs of the brain; and though man is not bound to act instinctively, being endowed with moral liberty, and, therefore, possesses a capacity of choosing between different motives; yet should he do acts which may injure others, or jeopardize his own mental health, he soon ascertains that he cannot violate the Divine laws with impunity, and if he persists in spite of these warnings, crime or insanity are the unhealthy results.

Thus we learn from observation and experience what might have been inferred by the very constitution of the mind—"that there is a liability to err," from the very fact that the mental faculties are com-

plex. For man has animal propensities or feelings essential for his conservation as a terrestrial being ; and religious and moral sentiments or attributes which indicate his special relations and duties to God, and his fellow-creatures ; that he has, besides, external senses and perceptive faculties, which enable him to study not only his own wonderful organization, but also every object in the world around him ; and lastly, that he has the power of comparing and reasoning on the fitness or non-fitness of his *embryo* actions, so as to learn their probable consequences. And, therefore, whether his actions are good or bad, will depend on the way in which he may exercise or regulate these different species, which together form the mental faculties.

With such *data* we may know how to discriminate the actions of any of the Bible characters, and to learn that whenever they erred—that the shades of moral degradation would be in the degree in which they were influenced by their animal propensities ; and that their most noble or just conduct resulted from their acting under their moral and religious impulses.

And further, it will be obvious from whatever point of view we regard their conduct, it is evident that perfection is not attainable in this life—though it is a duty we owe to ourselves, to make an effort to raise our standard and battle with our desires, until we can attain an approximation to such a desirable condition.

And, although it will not be any mitigation of our own conduct to know “that some of the best and most pious men” manifested at times the natural weaknesses of humanity, this knowledge cannot extenuate any acts we may commit. On the contrary, this very knowledge would inculcate us, and make us conscious of our responsibility, and should induce us to be constantly on the watch, lest we sin presumptuously. That as an efficient check, we should constantly keep in mind the fact—that if those who were so highly gifted had been led to commit acts of impropriety, it is more imperative on us not to depend on our own strength, and then we shall rigidly avoid falling into temptation. And this could be effected by a determination not to give way when incited to any act, prompted by the desire of our evil imaginations. This resistance would be a pledge of our moral courage, and prevent us from indulging in desires which sooner or later must be destructive to the soul's purity and health. For sins of all kinds, when indulged in, acquire more potency to render us oblivious of the claims of our higher humanity, so that those who habitually compromise their moral obligations, are liable to sink into the depths of a hopeless degradation.

Thus we have examples of men comparatively of our own age, who

have displayed the highest attributes of the intellect, and yet at the same time they have appeared to be the slaves of their animal propensities. The great Lord Chancellor Bacon, who is called "The Father of Inductive Philosophy," is said to have taken bribes, and to have been guilty of other immoral acts; he has been therefore described as—

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

And in the case of the pious King David, whose career and opinions we shall endeavor to examine, though he at times violated the moral laws, yet he was in high favor with God, who pardoned his sins because he deeply repented without any vicarious sacrifice or atonement, and only by the free grace and mercy of his God—the "ONE GOD," whom Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob adored.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD MAN LIBERAL IN JUSTICE.

AMONGST the various virtues that adorned the ancient Hebrews, hospitality was not the least. They took pleasure in entertaining strangers, and administering to their comfort. It happened, that two travellers came to the residence of Rabbi PHINEAS, the son of YA-IR. The Rabbi bid them enter, take some refreshment, and stay with him over-night. To this they willingly consented. They had with them a few measures of barley, which they probably intended to sell the first market-day: these they gave their kind host, to save for them till their departure. Early the next morning, they took leave of the Rabbi, thanking him for his hospitality, and proceeded on their journey. But in their hurry they forgot the barley. PHINEAS waited several days; but finding they did not return, he ordered the barley to be sown, and the produce to be taken care of. More than a year elapsed before the travellers returned. As soon as Phineas saw them, he knew them again. "I suppose," said he, "you are come for the barley." "Yes, Rabbi," replied they; "when we were last here, we were so delighted at thy hospitality, that we never thought of the deposit, till we were too far off to return. But never mind the barley; we suppose it is spoiled, and hardly worth taking away." "You are mistaken," said the good Phineas, "your barley is as good as ever." He then led them to the barn, and to their great surprise and joy, delivered to them above 500 measures, the produce of that which they had left behind.

MEDRASH DEBARIM RABAH.

STATE OF EDUCATION AMONG THE JEWS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY NAPHTALI WESSELY.

THERE is one people on the globe who do not sufficiently appreciate non-biblical literature, and who have neglected the public instruction of their youth in the laws of morality, nature, and science,—and this people are the children of Israel, scattered through the countries of Europe, and settled in most of her states. In particular, the inhabitants of Germany and Poland have turned their backs upon those sciences, although there are many men of great mind and talent among them, and also many loving faith and fearing the Lord. Yet all their studies and applications comprise only the Divine laws and precepts; but the laws of human nature they have never heard of nor learned. They are even ignorant of the rules of the holy tongue, discern not the beauties of its diction, the elevated style of its construction, and the sublimity of its poetry—the unceasing sources of wisdom and moral instruction; much less is their acquaintance with the tongues of the nations among whom they live—nay, many can neither write nor read them. The construction of the globe, the events of history, and the principles of civil law, of natural and scientific philosophy, are altogether hidden things to them. And what is the cause of this ignorance? Their never having been instructed in any of these subjects, either by their fathers or their teachers, who themselves had no acquaintance with them. Nay, even the fundamental principles of their faith were not taught according to any method, so that the youth might become systematically conversant with them; nor did they ever hear in their schools aught of ethics, of morality, or of psychology. Some of the pupils whose theological studies have been successful, with the increase of years, perceive their deficiency, and endeavor to amend the fault committed by their teachers, by gleanings of information either from books or from conversation, “here a little and there a little;” but of what avail are all their endeavors when system is wanted? The same as a thin silken dress on a frosty day. A sound knowledge of those subjects is only to be met with in individuals whose hearts have stirred them up “and made them willing,” and led them to incline their ear to wisdom, and to devote their lives to science; to learn the languages of different nations, to understand their literature, thus becoming a fountain inexhaustible in its own resources, unassisted by teachers, unaided by parents or superiors, but solely springing from the native love of truth.

Let it, however, be understood, that *we* ourselves are not guilty in this matter. We ourselves are not to blame, and we have no ground for self-accusation ; but the blame remains with those nations who have oppressed us more than a thousand years. They have caused our misfortunes, they have ill-treated us by the command of their kings and rulers, and with many unrighteous designs they have risen against us to annihilate us, and to humble us to the dust ; for which purpose they imposed cruel restrictions upon us, tending to suppress the energy of mind among us. It is *they* who have revolted against the laws of humanity, by pressing our bodies down to the dust, and depressing our souls within us.

From that time darkness clouded the hearts of our people, who grew weary with the study of human nature, seeing that they were treated with such cruelty that their oppressors considered them below the category of human beings. Then they despised all things under the sun, perceiving that they had no portion nor inheritance in all the good that the Lord has bountifully produced for all His creatures from one end of the world unto the other. In the bitterness of their hearts they disregarded and entirely neglected the laws and sciences relating to the administration of worldly affairs, and the knowledge of the celestial and earthly bodies, as the calculations of the motions of the planets, and the sciences necessary for agriculture, navigation, architecture, and fortification, and the knowledge of the laws of nations and their governments. For they said, "What use are all those to us? The inhabitants of the country are our enemies, they will neither listen to our counsels nor notice our abilities, and we ourselves do not possess fields or vineyards in this country. Let us leave all those sciences, and give ourselves up to commerce, to keep alive our souls and maintain our little ones, for this is the only way they have left us ; and even this they have meted out with a niggardly measure, and with great parsimony. But let us stay on our Father in heaven, and only regard matters which tend to eternal life, as the laws of God and His precepts, which we are commanded, and upon which the Lord has established His covenant with our ancestors."

All these arts and sciences having thus, in the course of time, vanished from the midst of our nation, they could no more be revived even in the few countries whose merciful kings had somewhat lightened the iron yoke which pressed on our necks ; for we were already too far removed from the sphere of those studies. Books in the Hebrew language we had not, and we were not accustomed to read and speak the languages of other nations, having, through the ages of trouble and persecution, been estranged from them and their languages, and had

not learned to read their books, and much less to express ourselves elegantly in their tongue. And since the pressure of trouble compelled us to wander from nation to nation, and from country to country, here we caught up something of the language of one nation, and there something of another, to which we immigrated, so that our tongue was confounded, and became reduced to so deplorable a condition as to excite our surprise and astonishment. In spite, however, of all the hardships and sufferings, which we had to undergo, we yet preserved the character of a nation on the globe, resisted the mighty and threatening torrents of signal events, and faithfully preserved the moral code of civilization and humanity. But it is the power of our Divine law which has accomplished this; which, stripped as we were of all science, upheld us and ingrafted humanity on the hearts of men from generation to generation, and shut out from them all thoughts and heavy misdeeds, all tyrannical practices, which ever were far from us! Never did we join the conspiracy of rebels, nor make common cause with those bands that devise evil against mankind; for were we not at all times true and faithfully attached to the monarchs who ruled over us, and to the inhabitants of their lands? and we earnestly besought the Lord for the welfare of the king and the country. Seeing the humble state to which we were confined, we consoled ourselves with the consciousness of our innocence; we indulgently looked upon the prejudices rooted in the minds of the nations and their princes, who followed the customs of their ancestors; and we supplicated the Lord our God that He might turn their hearts in our favor, and grant us to find mercy in their sight.

Such are the features of our history through ages and ages, and such they remained to this very day. For, although merciful kings have reigned in many countries, and the kings of Europe, especially in our age, are enlightened men, lovers of truth, and promoters of justice; although they extend their mercy and kindness also towards us (which Thou, O God, remember them for good!), yet many of the laws written by the iron hand of tyranny remain, in order to separate us from the civil state, and to prevent us from following such occupations as would render us serviceable to society; alas, they are yet in force, for they have taken deep root in the hearts of nations and princes, and have grown up in them, as it were, with the days and years during which they have been practised. But how short is the sight of man! There is a time and a limit appointed for everything under heaven; and ever since the Creator has spread out the heavens and founded the earth, He, in His inscrutable wisdom, has appointed the seasons of the world—seasons for good, and seasons for evil.

And thus at last the time is come for hatred to vanish from the hearts of men—a hatred without cause, engendered by difference of opinions as to religious faith. Behold, in this generation, the kindness of the Lord, who has raised a mighty advocate for the claims of mankind in the person of the great Emperor Joseph II., may his glory be exalted! Greater than the reputation of his wisdom; greater than the renown of his counsel and valor in war; greater than the celebrity of his numerous attainments, is the fame of those words which we have heard recently—kingly words, words of peace and truth to all his subjects; words founded on humanity, tried by justice, and proved by sound reason. Among his many beneficent deeds he has not forgotten the unhappy people neglected through so long a time—the children of Israel; in *our* behalf also he has issued mandates, conciliating and relieving laws, like those of a father for his children, a teacher for his pupils, and a kind ruler over his people.

POVERTY NO PROOF OF DIVINE DISFAVOR.

TURNUS RUFUS put once the following question to Rabbi Akiba:—“If it be true, as I often heard you declare, that your God is a friend of the poor, then why does he not maintain them? or, in other words, why does he suffer them to languish in poverty?” “The reason,” replied Akiba, “is that *we* may have the merit of relieving them, and thereby be saved from the torments of Gehinnom.” “And do you,” resumed the general, “call this a merit? I should rather call it a demerit; nay, a crime, for which you well deserve the punishment of Gehinnom. For, suppose the king were angry with one of his slaves, and ordered him into prison, there to be kept without either meat or drink; would not the king have just reason to be displeased with any one who should dare to supply the prisoner with either?” “Suppose, rather,” said the Rabbi, “that the king’s displeasure were to fall on one of his own sons, and that in the moment of anger he were to order him into confinement, there to be kept without food; think you the king would be angry if any of his subjects, out of loyalty to the *father*, were to relieve the distress of the *son*? would he not rather reward them for it? Besides, it is even the will of God, that we should relieve the poor: for thus He has declared by his prophet Isaiah, ‘O break thy bread to the hungry, and bring the distressed poor into thy house.’ There must, therefore, be a merit in relieving them.”

T. BABA BATHRA.

THE JEWISH WOMAN.

BY CHARLOTTE MONTEFIORE.

"A noble woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

THE JEWS have been accused of following in the wake of other Oriental nations, and of placing woman in a comparatively low scale; we have often heard it remarked that it was reserved for Christianity to raise her to the same moral rank as man—for the chivalry of the middle ages to make her an object of tender devotion—and for the civilization of modern times to remove her from that flowery pedestal to a higher, though perhaps less flattering sphere, where she is no longer an idol to be worshipped by man, but his fellow-worshipper, his fellow-laborer, and in all things his faithful helpmate. Now we are not going to dispute that the world has improved, or to assert that the social position of woman has remained uninfluenced by the progress of civilization, but we do not think that woman could have been looked upon as an inferior being by those to whom we owe the description of the virtuous woman, in the last chapter of Proverbs. We regard that beautiful picture as a refutation of the assertion that the Jews made but small account of female excellence; and we think that the women of the present day could follow no better model than that which was offered to the women of Israel more than two thousand years ago. Time may have hallowed it, but the mist of ages through which it has descended to us has not impaired its beauty or its usefulness. Our poor sister in her dark home can follow that bright example, and gain that which gold cannot purchase; and the favored ones of the world, the inmates of luxurious dwellings, who without toil or trouble enjoy a perpetual feast, must strive to emulate it, or their prosperity will not be happiness, their high station nothing but care and vanity.

Let us ponder for a few moments on that ideal standard of female character, and try to discover what are the qualities woman ought to possess to approach, we will not say to attain it. Energy, strength of purpose, and active zeal appear to us among the most essential; they are not generally considered as such; perhaps, on the contrary, they sound to many ears unfeminine and harsh, but we contend that without them woman cannot even aspire to fulfill the task intrusted to her in the holy page; she may be gentle, nay more, kind at times, a pleasing ornament, approved of and smiled at by the world; but she

will be far from the virtuous woman, she will not rejoice in time to come, nor will any rise up and call her blessed.

The virtuous woman "girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms," for she knows she must work hard to fill her appointed place in God's world. In a palace or in a cottage she must equally be a humble laborer in the service of her Master, and consider *that* her greatest honor here below. Her life is His gift, and she must not waste it in mere pleasure, in vain pursuits, nor in idle dreams, those baneful children of the imagination, which not only rob her of years of usefulness, but impair her mental powers and unfit her for all exertion.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household." She will feel herself bound, and it is no light or easy task, to make her home the abode of order, purity, and cheerfulness; daily to further the happiness of all in that small domain, and to maintain inflexible justice and impartiality among the little community who own her sway. Her children will be left to no foreign hands; she will guide and instruct them as far as she is able, and she will teach them by example, precept, and affection. She will not think she has fulfilled a mother's duty when she merely gives them the love and solicitude which are the natural instincts of her heart; she will look upon her children not only as her dearest treasures here, the joys of her youth and the consolations of old age, but as beings who greatly depend upon her for their happiness here and hereafter—beings she must prepare for this life and for eternity. All the powers of her mind and all the energies of her soul will be tasked to make her worthy of what she feels to be at once a blessed privilege and a fearful responsibility. For them she will, if needs be, give up pleasures and cherished pursuits; to their real welfare she will sacrifice a mother's vanity, and that blind fondness which is often but another name for selfishness or indolence; for them she will strive to improve her mental powers, to acquire knowledge, to learn patience, and practise self-control.

Then, when "her household are clothed in scarlet," that is to say, when all those dependant on her are cared and provided for, when her home is bright and peaceful, her children growing up in bodily and spiritual health under her vigilant eye, and her husband made happy by her care to satisfy his wishes and please his tastes, then let her not say, "My task is done;" another, and a blessed one, remains to be performed. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy." Let her not deem it sufficient to open her purse, and distribute some of her superfluous wealth to the destitute, to appear as a subscriber in charitable lists, and to attend occasional

meetings for charitable purposes—the power to give is one of the luxuries of the rich ; in the exercise of it no self-sacrifice, no spirit of devotion is required, it is not “reaching forth her hand to the needy.” Those simple words imply far more. There are the afflicted to console, the ignorant to instruct, as well as the needy to assist. To effect the former she must give not money, that genii of the rich, which appears at their call and does their work, but time, and trouble, and affectionate sympathy. She must not flinch from scenes of misery, nor from the prosaic, and to her perhaps revolting, details of real want ; she must remember that those beings so poorly clad, so wretchedly housed, uncouth perhaps in manner, soured, and, it may be, even degraded by misfortune and neglect, are children of the one great Father, sojourners here like herself, and, like herself, heirs to immortality. They have hearts like hers, which can be touched and softened by kindness, which will respond like hers to noble enthusiasm, and beat as tumultuously as her own for the dearly loved ones around her.

It is not mere pity that urges her to come to the aid of these weary toilers, who feed, clothe, and adorn her. A sense of justice and duty bids her rise from her luxurious repose, and stretch forth a gentle woman’s hand, to heal their wounds, to raise them, if fallen, to console, refine, and gladden them. She will impart to them what she has learnt herself from the good and wise, the living and the dead, and will thus return in some degree the debt she owes her poorer brethren ; for does not their labor give her those precious hours of leisure which enable her to hold communion with the great teachers of the present and the past ? Can she feel no gratitude for such a boon ?

But she will often learn far more than she can teach ; and many a time will she return from haunts of misery, humbled at her own inferiority to the patient, trusting, enduring sufferers she went to relieve.

“She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.” Wisdom without kindness wears a harsh, forbidding aspect, and kindness without wisdom would but too often prove no kindness at all. The virtuous woman combines the two ; her wisdom is tempered and made graceful and winning by kindness ; her kindness derives truth and power from wisdom—like the light and heat of the sun, they ought to be inseparable, and whilst the one enlightens, the other cheers with its genial warmth. Patient study and meditation must give her the former, humility and love the latter. They alone can repress the quick reply, the angry tone, and mocking word. And she must not forget that the law of kindness *extends to the absent*, and

that it prohibits evil speaking and useless censure. Many are the temptations to break it, and hard must be her struggles if she would succeed in keeping within its bounds.

Vanity, frivolity, and indolence are perhaps the greatest opponents she will have to encounter ; let her combat them, then, with diligence and energy. And this confirms what we said some pages back, that the woman who would follow the model Holy Writ has placed before her must acquire strength of mind, power of application, and a pure and holy zeal, to urge her on to all that is good and great and noble. She must not only forbear and endure, but she must act, she must fulfil those manifold duties which God has given her to perform. Active occupation will be the best antidote against the poison of vanity or the heart-burning of discontent. Vexation, disappointment, and sorrow may doubtless assail her ; she may still have days of sadness and of gloom when her heart is heavy with its secret load of grief ; but she will not pine in discontent, she will not lead an aimless, profitless life, mourning over what cannot be changed, wasting the present in vain regrets for the past, or in impossible reveries for the future. She will turn evil into good, by making it conduce to her moral improvement, and in alleviating the sorrows of others she will surely find consolation, perhaps even oblivion, for her own.

“ Favor is deceitful ; beauty is vain, but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS UNDER HADRIAN.

OF all the tyrants that afflicted and persecuted the Jewish nation, none ever acted with greater cruelty towards them, nor made them drink deeper of the bitter cup of affliction, than the Emperor *Hadrian*. Provoked by their repeated endeavors to shake off the iron yoke which he and his predecessors had imposed upon them ; and exasperated at their heroic resistance during the siege of *Bithur*, which city they valiantly defended for a considerable time, he conceived a deadly hatred against them. After causing the most dreadful slaughter amongst them, he ordered vast numbers to be publicly sold for slaves ; and so harassed and distressed the miserable few that were unhappy enough to escape his immediate vengeance, as to fill their minds with despair. Hence the detestation in which his memory was held amongst the early Jewish writers ; many of whom most likely felt his oppressions, and were eye-witnesses to the calamities of their brethren. The

most diabolical acts of tyranny are ascribed to him ; and his name is never mentioned without maledictions. Amongst many acts of his cruelty they relate the following:—"He caused guards to be placed at the principal roads of *Hemath*, *Licania*, and *Bethel*. 'Now,' said he, 'if they escape from one place, they are sure to be caught in another.' As great numbers had concealed themselves in woods, caves, and inaccessible spots, he, in order to draw them from their hiding-places, ordered it to be proclaimed that the Emperor's anger was appeased, and that whoever wished to avail himself of the royal clemency should appear before him, at a stated period, in the valley of *Rimmon*. Many, confiding in the royal assurance, came and presented themselves at the appointed time. The tyrant was at dinner, in his pavilion. Beholding the assembled multitude, he said to his lieutenant—"Mind, I expect, that before I finish this crust of bread and the thigh of this fowl, not one of those wretches shall remain alive." The lieutenant obeyed ; the legions were ordered to fall upon the defenceless people ; and they were massacred without remorse. Those that remained concealed, escaped indeed immediate destruction, but they were reserved for still greater calamities. Hunger and want reduced them to such extremities, that they were obliged to feed on the putrid bodies of the slain. The *Medrash* relates that two of those unfortunate men, being concealed in a cave, and their scanty stock of provisions being exhausted, one said to the other, 'Go forth, and see whether thou canst find anything to support life.' The man went, and found the murdered body of his father. After bedewing it with tears, and lamenting his own hard fate, he interred it, and placed a sign on the grave. He then went in search of food, but finding none, he returned to his hiding-place. His companion seeing him come home empty handed, said, 'Now let me go ; perhaps I may be more fortunate.' He went, and wandered about for some time. At last he came to the spot where his companion had been before, and where he had buried his father. The man, perceiving a grave, opened it, and took out the dead body, carried it home, dressed it, ate part of it, and gave some to his companion, who, almost perishing with hunger, greedily devoured it. Having satisfied the immediate cravings of nature, he inquired of his companion where he got the body ? 'In such and such a place,' answered the latter ; describing the sign he found on the grave. The man perceived too late that it was the body of his parent. He rent his garments, tore the hair off his head, and in a fit of despair, cried out—"Miserable and detested wretch that I am, I have fed on the mangled limbs of my own father !"

MEDRASH ECHOH.

LORD LYTTON ON NAMES AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

IN the amusing opening of Lord Lytton's posthumous novel, "Kenelm Chillingly," there are some admirable remarks on the moral responsibilities of parents for the names they give to their children. Sir Peter Chillingly is very hard on his own name, and ascribes his mediocrity in great measure to it. "Peter," he says, to the assembled family council, "has been for many generations, as you are aware, the baptismal to which the eldest born of our family has been devoted. On the altar of that name I have been sacrificed. Never has there been a Sir Peter Chillingly who has in any way distinguished himself above his fellows. That name has been a dead weight on my intellectual energies. In the catalogue of illustrious Englishmen there is, I think, no immortal Sir Peter, except Sir Peter Teazle, and he only exists on the comic stage;" and Sir Peter Chillingly might have added that Sir Peter Teazle is immortal only for the amusement he affords to others, not for any intrinsic capacity. One of the family council, however, suggests "Sir Peter Lely," on which Sir Peter Chillingly replies with unanswerable force, "That painter was not an Englishman. He was born in Westphalia, famous for hams. I confine my remarks to the children of our native land. I am aware that in foreign countries the name is not an extinguisher to the genius of its owner. But why? In other countries its sound is modified. Pierre Corneille was a great man; but I put it to you whether, had he been an Englishman, he could have been the father of European tragedy as Peter Crow?" And Sir Peter might have added that Peter the Apostle got his weight from his Hebrew name Cephas. Cephas gives the impression of a rock; Peter, the impression of a commonplace respectability, with a wavering turn. Now Lord Lytton, in touching this subject, touches one of the most real grievances which children have against rash parents, and he touches both sides of it. He not only deprecates the names which stamp a child with mediocrity, but he deprecates those which stamp him with an impress of absurd and indecent ambition. A crusty cousin had suggested that St. Peter's child should be called Hannibal or Charlemagne, in order to give him adventitious grandeur, on which Sir Peter replies, with great temper and justice, "On the contrary, if you inflict on a man the burthen of one of these names, the glory of which he cannot reasonably expect to eclipse or even to equal, you crush him beneath the weight. If a poet were called John Milton, or William Shakspeare, he would not dare

to publish even a sonnet. No, the choice of a name lies between the two extremes of ludicrous insignificance and oppressive renown." This is very just, and should bring remorse to many a parental heart. There is no more indelible mischief done to a child than either a grandiose or a mean name. The moral influence of names must be admitted, however, to depend in very great degree on somewhat arbitrary and subjective influences. We have heard a man deplore having been called "James," with the utmost pathos, asserting that it had to some extent made a flunkey of his very soul against his will. That man, of course, had been a student of Thackeray, and the subjective influences which worked upon his mind were of the Jeames de la Pluche order. Had he instead been steeped in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and full of the chivalric associations with the Knight of Snowdon,— "And Normans call me James Fitz-James,"—he might have regarded his name as injurious to him, if at all, only through its too unreal, romantic associations. But who could have idealized the nickname Jim? That is, if not so flunkeyish as James, much more irredeemably descriptive of a soul at the beck and call of society. It is to "James," even under its worst aspects, exactly what the footboy is to the flunkey,—and implies that respect or awe to the owner of such a name is simply impossible. Any one who had a taste for slipping good-naturedly through the world, and for being familiarly treated by everybody he met, might not object to be called Jim. It is an honest sort of name, and a passport, as it were, to kindly treatment. But it puts dignity and power beyond the reach of the most sanguine hope. A man generally known among his acquaintances as "Jim" might be very popular and have great influence of the coaxing kind, but it is impossible he could take up any position requiring observance and reverence.

It is worth observing that the shrewdness of the world has given a certain elasticity to the moral influence of names, by inventing a good many different modifications of them, and modifications with very various *nuances*, especially in the case of women. You can't have a much wider range than is contained, for instance, in Elizabeth, Eliza, Betty, Betsy, Bessy, and Bess,—Elizabeth with a *z*, again, being really distinct in moral effect from Elisabeth with an *s*. No one would dream of spelling the name of St. Elisabeth—Mr. Kingsley's heroine—with a *z*; the hard, grinding sound of the *z* would be altogether inconsistent with her essence. But Elisabeth with an *s* should be fair and feminine, with something, perhaps, a little secret and brooding in her nature. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth's name should always have the *z*,—both for the sake of the hardness and imperiousness it

gives, and for the sake, somehow, of the touch of awkwardness and coarseness it throws in. This is the direction in which it has developed into the familiarities of Betsy and Betty, the former clumsy, but shrewd, homely, and trustworthy; the latter loud and fast. Lady Betty used to be a common name enough in the aristocracy at one time, but it must have tended to make all its owners vulgar talkers and managers. And just as Elizabeth was degraded into Betsy and Betty, so Elisabeth was familiarized into Bessy and Bess, both fond names, the former suggesting a touch of weakness, the latter, like all monosyllabic names, suggesting a want of atmosphere about the character, but also implying a certain practical brevity and decision.

Is the enormous string of names which royal personages usually assume, a sort of way of asserting for themselves that their dignity shall be independent of name, by providing a channel and opening, as it were, for any possible characteristic in some appropriate name? We suspect the practice must have originated from the kind of feeling which makes some American theologian (Dr. Horace Bushnell, we think) exult in the Athanasian Creed, on the ground that the more contradictions you could accumulate in the attempt to express the Infinite, the nearer your mind would rise to a conception of the Infinite. It is difficult to imagine any other conceivable reason for burying a human being in such a string of names, for instance, as this of the King of Saxony,—“Jean-Népomucène-Marie-Joseph-Antoine-Xavier-Vincent-Louis-Gonzague-François-de-Paule-Stanislas-Bernard-Paul-Félix-Damans.” The only conceivable motive for such a name could be to prevent any possibility of limiting the development of the royal character in one single direction, by providing an indefinite number of moral conduit-pipes for the conceivable variety of the royal qualities. We suspect, however, that a good deal of the actual mediocrity of reigning families is due to the labyrinth of names in which the baby is hidden, like a moth in a silk cocoon. It takes more mental energy than most human infants have, to break your way out of such a verbal palace-prison as that. It must be very like being born in a wood, to find yourself at the core of such a name as the Saxon King's, when you come to the possession of the very limited consciousness of infancy. Indeed, if the truth were known, might it not be discovered that the noble novelist himself, whose posthumous work has given rise to these remarks, got a little mystified among the reduplicated Lyttons and Bulwers of his earliest name, and that it was the bad effect of this confusing impress upon his literary character which led him to deal so much as a novelist in grandiloquent mystery and capital letters? We are disposed to maintain that simplicity in naming is the right of the

great as well as of the small. As you may smother a child in luxury, so you may smother him in names. No realist in art could ever have come out of Sir Edward Earl Lytton Bulwer Lytton. Did anybody ever write a really great book yet, who had been embarrassed in childhood by the heavy armor of a complicated name.—*The Spectator*.

RABBI HUNA REPROVED.

RABBI HUNA dealt in wine, of which he kept a large store. He had the misfortune to have four hundred barrels of his wine spoiled and unfit for sale. Rabbi Jehudah and some of the wise men went to condole with him. After expressing their sorrow at his heavy loss, they begged him to examine and review his general conduct. "My friends," said Huna, who in fact was a very pious man, "do you then suspect me of having committed any sin deserving of so severe a punishment?" "And do you then," asked the sages in their turn, "imagine that the Divine Judge chastises without a cause?" "Well, then," said Huna, "if you know anything wrong of me, you had better tell me." His learned friends then told him, they had been informed, that he neglected to give his gardeners the branches of the vines (then considered as their legal dues).

"It is very true," rejoined the Rabbi; "but what crime is there in that? Know ye not that gardeners are not very honest, and that they generally take much more than their due?" "True," said the wise men; "but do you forget what the proverb says,—He that steals from the dishonest, partakes of their plunder?" Intimating that we must act honestly, even towards those who injure us. Huna, although rich, powerful, and learned, was not ashamed to acknowledge his fault. He repaired his past errors, and thanked the wise men for the moral lesson they gave him.

T. BERACHOTH.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The greatest pleasure of life is love.—*Sir W. Temple*.
 Ignorance is the mother of suspicion.—*W. R. Alger*.
 An idler is a watch that wants both hands.—*Cowper*.
 Who to himself is law no law doth need.—*Chapman*.
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things.—*Pope*.
 She neglects her heart who studies her glass.—*Lavater*.
 A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.—*Shakespeare*.
 Most powerful is he who has himself in his power.—*Seneca*.

THE STATE OF THE DYING JEW.

(REFLECTIONS BY A MEDICAL MAN.)

THE reliance on a future life softens misery, and makes even the troubles of this life sacred in our sight, while we compare the brevity of their duration with the perfect and perpetual felicity to which they lead. How much to be pitied is the fate of a mortal whom sophistry has robbed of the consoling prospect of futurity, and who sees his soul doomed to annihilation. His state in this world must be a dream of despair. In days of happiness, this terrible thought steals upon his imagination, like a serpent through a bed of flowers, and poisons every social enjoyment. In days of adversity, it crushes him helpless to the ground, and takes from him the only hope which can sweeten misery. The prospect of a better life deprives the hour of death of many of its imaginary horrors—it moderates the sufferings which now and then attend the hour of dissolution. These manifest themselves chiefly in delicate and irritable individuals as a kind of struggle, when respiration becomes embarrassed; they are also noticed to accompany some severe organic lesions, in which the heart and lungs are materially affected. More frequently, the dying obviously suffer nothing, and express no uneasiness. Besides, both the impressions of present objects, and those recalled by memory, are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient, whose wish is for absolute rest.

It is the task of humanity to mitigate the sufferings of the dying, and where nature has induced none, to take care that the officiousness of art may not inflict them. The length of the interval between insensibility and the absolute cessation of life has given rise to a multitude of superstitious notions and mischievous practices among the vulgar. Indeed, some of these opinions are of considerable antiquity; but it does not appear that in those ages the attendants presumed to celebrate the death of the sufferer. When the tossing of the arms, the rattling noise in the throat, and difficulty of swallowing have come on, all unnecessary noise and bustle about the dying person should be prohibited; and, unless he place himself in a posture evidently uneasy, he should be left undisturbed. Exclamations of grief and the crowding of the family round the bed only serve to harass him. The common practice of plying him with liquors of different kinds, and of pouring them into his mouth when he cannot swallow, must be totally abstained from. Everything ought to be conducted as if he were in a transitory sleep, and every attention paid him, though there be nobody to thank us for the same. Whoever has the least pretensions to common

humanity will surely not hesitate for a single moment to perform so generous, though painful a duty, as that of carefully attending to the sad expiring moments of a departing fellow-creature. The duty must be reciprocal to every benevolent being, as sooner or later the inevitable terrible trial must be our own. From a sad mistaken humanity, surrounding friends are sometimes apt to persuade the nearest relatives that nothing more can be done for the dying person, and thus prevent them from performing those kind marks of attention which can only be expected from those who are deeply interested. Such a bounden duty as this ought surely not to be left (as is too often the case) to a mercenary nurse or a greedy hireling! I would recommend it to all surviving relatives and friends, who have been attending with the greatest assiduity on the sick, not to desert their post the moment the nurse has reported the death of the patient; but in this trying hour, if grief has not too much overpowered them, to exert every necessary recollection, to calm their feelings as much as human nature will permit, and, if possible, not be persuaded to quit the room too hastily (unless contagion be apprehended), nor suffer the poor departed friend to be stripped and pulled about, until indubitable signs clearly demonstrate that every trace of life has disappeared.

An inquiry into the respective observances kept up among our nation in all quarters of the world will lead us to an investigation of the nature and importance of those rites concerning the dying and the dead which, during so many centuries of revolutionary changes, have always been attended to with the greatest solicitude. They are chiefly founded on religious precepts, collected from various parts of the Talmudical writings, and are thus constituted part of our ritual laws. Upon a closer examination, all of them will be found based on the purest moral principles; they breathe throughout the most refined humane feelings, and contain nothing of the barbarous spirit of the age in which they were recorded to posterity. They bestow upon the departing every religious and social comfort, whilst the departed are treated with unusual respect and reverence. The bodies of the deceased are regarded as sacred; they are the object of the most solemn ceremonies, and, after undergoing a purifying ablution, are committed to the grave in a state oftentimes more dignified than they presented throughout life. Engendered by religious, more than by humane precepts, we find in history several traces of the respect which the ancients, especially the Indians, the Egyptians, and the Syrians, entertained for the dead. The Syrians embalmed their bodies with myrrh, aloes, honey, salt, wax, bitumen, and resinous gums; they dried them also with the smoke of the fir and pine-tree. The Egyptians preserve theirs

with the resin of the cedar, with aromatic spices, and with salt. These people often keep such mummies, or at least their effigies, in their houses, and at grand entertainments they were introduced, that by reciting the great actions of their ancestors, they might be better excited to virtue. The Greeks, at first, had probably not the same veneration for the dead as the Egyptians; but in proportion as they grew civilized, becoming more enlightened, they perceived the necessity of establishing laws for the protection of the dead. At Athens, the law required that no person should be buried before the third day; and in the greater part of the cities of Greece, a funeral did not take place till the sixth or seventh. When a man appeared to have breathed his last, his body was generally washed by his nearest relations with warm water mixed with wine. They afterwards anointed it with oil, and covered it with a dress, commonly made of fine linen, according to the custom of the Egyptians. The body was afterwards laid upon a couch in the entry of the house, where it remained till the time of the funeral. The Romans, in the infancy of their empire, paid as little attention to the dead as the Greeks had done. Several instances of resuscitations of pretended dead persons induced them later to delay funerals longer, and to enact laws to prevent precipitate interments. At Rome, after allowing a sufficient time for mourning, the nearest relation generally closed the eyes of the deceased, and the body was bathed with warm water, either to render it fitter for being anointed with oil, or to reanimate the principle of life, which might be suspended without manifesting itself. Experiments were afterwards made to discover whether the person were really dead; these were often repeated during the time that the body remained exposed, by persons appointed to visit the dead for convincing themselves of their real state. On the second day, the body was anointed with oil and balm; on the third, it was clothed according to its dignity and condition. The dresses were often prepared at a distance, by the mothers and wives of persons still in life. On the fourth day, the body was placed on a couch, and exposed in the vestibule of the house, with the face turned towards the entrance, and the feet near the door; in this position it remained till the end of the week, when the funeral rites were performed. The Turks have at all times been accustomed to wash the bodies of their dead before interment; and as their ablutions are complete, and no part escapes the attention of those who assist at such melancholy ceremonies, they are better enabled to judge whether death has really made its appearance or not. Among other methods of proof, the state of the sphincter ani is examined, which muscle, if still found contracted, they warm the body and endeavor to recall it to life; otherwise, after having washed the corpse

with soap and water, they wipe it with linen cloths, wash it again with rose water and aromatic substance, cover it with a rich dress, put upon its head a cap ornamented with flowers, and extend it upon a carpet, placed in the vestibule, or hall, at the entrance of the house.

From this short historical sketch, we perceive, to some extent, a striking resemblance between many ceremonies of the nations just mentioned and those of our own people. The question of priority with regard to these similar institutions, is, undoubtedly, one of difficult solution, historical records being so deficient and inconsistent that nothing satisfactory can be built on their unstable foundations. When compatible with good sense, it matters very little from what source they originated, and upon what soil they sprang up to spread their blessings over neighboring and distant countries. As long as they bear the stamp of humanity, and thus tend to enhance the moral worth of man, they will be held in due respect by every enlightened community. With slight modifications in their performance, they become part and parcel of the outward rites that are embodied in every religion, however discrepant their special tenets may be. By being based on the immutable laws to which human nature is subject, they may justly be regarded as the property of every one. They lose their high standing when divested of their moral worth, which alone entitles them to exist within the pale of religion. It is therefore to be regretted that over-officiousness and untimely religious zeal should now and then induce some narrow-minded individual to overstep the sacred boundaries, and violate the very laws they are most anxious to do homage to. Whoever is so unfortunate as to be frequently present at the close of life, is often reluctantly obliged to witness scenes that are revolting of themselves, and painful both to the poor sufferer and the more sensible bystanders. I will here chiefly refer to a few customs, which have lost much of their original excellence, and are degenerating into inconsistent practices, by being deprived of that decorum which ought ever to attend such charitable and pious acts.

Upon soberly considering the tendency and importance of the last solemn prayers that give comfort to the dying man, and consolation to his surviving relatives, what must we think of the manner in which they are often vociferated with stentorian voices by a room full of zealous intruders? There is surely no *חַסְדָּה* (charity) in torturing one of our bedridden fellow-creatures, however great that of our attendance at the departing of life may be considered. Nothing can be more unfeeling and absurd than the bawling of edifying prayers into the ears of one who is yet in the possession of his faculties, though greatly debilitated by an exhausted bodily state. Why should we

hurry a man to his grave by our premature orisons? Why perform a most sacred religious duty in a boisterous, unruly manner? Humanity as well as religion has its claims; those of the former dare never be sacrificed in favor of any misconstrued demands of the latter. Chiefly among the middle and lower classes, instances of not unfrequent occurrence offer themselves, in which a less close observer of human nature must notice the painful feelings the dying endeavor to express on such occasions. But all their struggles are in vain, their feeble exertions make no impression on their torturers, their motions with head and arms remain unnoticed, their writhing is disregarded, and their hoarse groans are only stifled by renewed efforts of a dozen voices. These noisy devotees are aided in their mistaken charitable acts by individuals, commonly called "Watchers," who are generally, with very few exceptions, a most ignorant class of people. Guided by their crude intellect, they form the most preposterous notions of their official duties, and interfere often in matters which lie far beyond their limited capacities. On the arrival of these significant functionaries, who are commonly ushered into the patient's presence long before their services are required, the room is with urgent importunity cleared by their orders of every other assistant, whilst they take charge of the unfortunate victim, who is doomed to their vigilance. Their sagacity renders all farther professional assistance superfluous, the medical adviser is banished from their jurisdiction, however salutary and highly important his services might prove to be, and his place becomes occupied by a more spiritual class of men, who zealously assemble to be present when the soul forsakes her mortal frame.

THE FAMILY OF ABARBANEL.

ADMISSION OF JEWS INTO BRANDENBURG.

THE family of Abarbanel, the celebrated Jewish commentator, is remarkable for having carefully preserved its pedigree, according to which they trace their descent from King David. Hence, in all the documents and books of Abarbanel and his family, they have added to their signature, מנוע דוד מלך ישראל (from the stem of David, king of Israel).

Don Isaac Abarbanello, whose family had long lived in Spain, and who was permitted by authority to have a lion in his crest, was ex-

pelled from that country with the rest of the Jews, under Ferdinand, the Catholic, in 1492. The Abarbanel family settled finally in the East, where strangers from Christian countries were then called "Franks;" and when, many years afterwards, the Abarbanel family left the East and settled in Vienna, they were still designated "Franks," with the peculiar Austrian diminutive "el," and the family has ever since retained the name of "Frankel."

The accomplishments and intelligence for which the Abarbanel (Frankel) family was ever renowned, soon distinguished them also in Austria, both in a pecuniary and intellectual point of view. Nevertheless, they were not exempted from the hard fate which the Jews met with under Leopold, in being, on February 14th, 1670, expelled from the Austrian dominions, under pain of death.

The family of Frankel united with some others of their expelled brethren in presenting a petition to the resident minister of the Elector of Brandenburg, Andreas Neumann, begging that he would intercede with his royal master, in order to obtain permission for some of them to settle in his dominions.

In this petition they complained, that though God had created the earth for *all* men, yet the countries were everywhere closed against them, so that they knew not whither to turn their steps..

The poverty and very great depopulation occasioned in the marquisate of Brandenburg by the thirty years' war, induced the elector to grant their request. The elector instructed his plenipotentiary, under the date of April 19th, 1670, that he had no objection to allow forty or fifty families to settle in his dominions. On the 21st of May an edict was issued, which gave them permission to settle in the country, and carry on their own mode of worship in *private houses*, but not in public synagogues.

As a characteristic of the times, it may be noticed that in the special charter, which was granted to various families, there are these restrictive clauses: "that they are to abstain from usury, and not to take more interest than *three pence a week for one dollar* (360 pence); to abstain from purchasing stolen goods and blaspheming Christ;" with a few other similar clauses, all calculated to demoralize the Jews.

Some of the members of the Frankel family settled in Berlin, others in Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and others in Dessau, in which latter place they founded the congregation which flourished so abundantly in after times. The family became the founders of very important printing-offices for Jewish literature in Berlin, Frankfort, Jessnitz, and Dessau, whence proceeded the Talmud in three complete editions (in Berlin), and also the Pentateuch in various editions, as well as

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the works of Maimonides (in Jessnitz), his מורה נבוכים, as well as a complete edition of the Jerusalem Talmud, and its excellent commentary, קרבן עדה, by the grandfather of Mr. F., at Dessau. All these works are celebrated for their clearness and correctness, and are often quoted by Christian writers.

The commentator on the Jerusalem Talmud, just referred to, was afterwards Chief Rabbi in Berlin, and was followed thither by the juvenile Moses, son of Mendal, for the privilege of studying under so great a Rabbi the Talmud and other Jewish literature. This pupil was Moses Mendelssohn, afterwards the celebrated modern reformer of the Jews.

THE BENEVOLENT PHYSICIAN, ABBA UMNA.

ABBA UMNA, a Jewish physician, was as much celebrated for his piety and humanity, as for his medical skill. He made no distinction between rich and poor, and was particularly attentive to learned men, from whom he never would accept the least reward for his professional services: considering them as a sort of fellow-laborers, whose functions were still more important than his own; since they were destined to cure the diseases of the mind. Unwilling to deter people from profiting by his medical knowledge, yet not wishing to put any one to the blush for the smallness of the fee they might be able to give, he had a box fixed in his ante-chamber, into which the patients threw such sums as they thought proper. His fame spread far and wide. Aba-ye, who then was the chief of the Academy, heard of it; and wishing to know whether everything reported of that benevolent man was true, sent to him two of his disciples, who were slightly indisposed. The physician received them kindly, gave them some medicine, and requested them to stay in his house over night. The offer was readily accepted. They remained till next morning, when they departed, taking with them a piece of tapestry which had served as a covering to the couch on which they had slept. This they carried to the marketplace; and waiting till their kind host had arrived, pretended to offer it for sale, and asked him how much he thought it worth? Abba Umna mentioned a certain sum. "Dost thou not think it worth more?" asked the men. "No," answered the physician; "this is the very sum I gave for one much like it." "Why, my good man, rejoined the disciples, "this is thine own: we took it from thy house. Now tell us truly, we beseech thee, after missing it, hadst thou not a very bad opinion of us?" "Certainly not," replied the pious man; "ye know that a son of Israel must not impute evil intentions to

any one, nor judge ill of a neighbor by a single action; and since I was satisfied in my mind that no ill use would be made of it, let it even be so. Sell it, and distribute the money amongst the poor." The disciples complied with his wishes, left him with admiration and thanks, and increased by their report his well-earned fame.

But the most noble trait in this good man's character was, that he never accepted any remuneration from the poor, and even provided them with everything that could, during their illness, contribute to their comfort; and when he had, by his skill and assiduity, restored them to health, he would give them money, and say—"Now, my children, go and purchase bread and meat; these are the best and only medicines you require."

T. TAANITH.

SCIENCE, ART, AND FACTS.

It has been decided to pierce the tunnel of St. Gothard in Switzerland, by means of the litho-fracteur; 25 tons of this explosive body being required to commence business with. Some idea of the extent of the work and the hardness of the rock, may be gathered from the fact that 1500 tons of this material, which is eighteen times as powerful as gunpowder, must be employed.

As the study of meteorology is perfected, new laws are deduced. One lately propounded is that the cyclone loses all its effects the instant it passes over a dry and desiccated surface. The most extending and violent typhoons of the East, upon entering a dry and rainless region, dwindle into diminutive dust storms. In fact, such a desert as the Sahara is a more formidable barrier to the passage of a storm than the mountain wall of the Alps; and the dreaded simoon of the African desert, notwithstanding the stories of travellers, seems of late years, when tested by the instruments of scientific men sent there for measuring its force, to be absolutely but a very little storm, and to have expended all its force in an hour or two.

No one could have heard the distinguished lecturer, Professor Tyndall, without believing, as he showed by experiment the various qualities of colors, not only as affecting the visual ray, but as having different effects on our other physical organs. For the last 12 years General Pleasanton, of Philadelphia, has been making a series of practical researches on the influence of violet light, as bearing upon the growth of plants and animals. He says that grapes grown under a glass house with every eighth row of glass in violet color, has produced

marvellous effects. These experiments have even been carried on in regard to animals, and calves sheltered inside of houses whose roofs were made of violet-colored glass, acquired size and strength much faster than those which were brought up in rooms lighted only with plain glass.

Questions of the rise and fall of empires, have arrested the attention of historians, but the actual physical changes, the elevation or depression of continents, are elements of research which now occupy scientists. If the political condition of France is at present such as to cause the keenest solicitude as to her permanency of government, she has—at least according to M. Reynaud, to congratulate herself on being fixed as to her level above the sea, and to have been for the last ten thousand years free from any considerable movement. But if France is fortunate in this respect—there are other countries, which every day are more or less influenced by internal physical movement. The ground of both Sweden and Norway, are ever being lifted by an imperceptible motion above the waters of the Baltic. The bottom of the Baltic sea, this philosopher insists, is gradually rising, so that he predicts that at some future time there will be no Baltic sea. There seems to be some truth as to this, supported by historical tradition. There is no oral story more remarkable for its accuracy than that of the Norse, and the old Skalds who in their poems speak of rocks and promontories, from whence in their time sailed their roving ships, which landmarks to-day, after only the lapse of 1200 years, are quite inland. Without however doubting for a moment the high authority of M. Reynaud, people inclined to be alarmists should recollect that nature always exerts, as so well described by Herbert Spencer, a rhythmic influence, which means that after a lapse of centuries, when a certain phenomenon exerts a peculiar influence, suddenly the very contrary influence is started, and goes on for thousands of years, and that in fact a compensating power governs the laws of the universe.

In a former number, we described a series of experiments made on rabbits, where they were swung rapidly, and what were the effects of this motion on their various organisms, and we stated that observations of this character tended to explain the various phenomena of sea-sickness. Although so many people have suffered from nausea on board of ship, but few are aware from what it exactly arises. Persons suffering complain not only of giddiness, but particularly of a qualm, which comes over them every time the ship descends, the feeling being that of the support they are standing on sinking under their feet. An approach to this qualm is commonly felt in a garden swing during its descent. There is no doubt that this is due to the fact that the in-

testines are partially relieved from their own weight, or are mechanically made to swerve, past one's control, and so exercise an unusual pressure against the stomach, liver and diaphragm. This pressure produces the qualm, and the rapid and frequent alterations cause sufficient irritation to produce sickness. In addition to this, the brain disturbances, the constant shifting of the level, cause a certain amount of mental perturbation. Of course, the motions of a vessel are very complicated. They are three in character,—the pitch, the ascent, and the roll, sometimes all of them taking place at the same time. Mr. Bessemer will shortly have a ship built with an inside pivotal deck, hung precisely like a compass, which, worked mechanically by means of hydraulic power, will have, he hopes, the power to prevent sea sickness, and there is every reason to suppose the invention will prove successful.

One never wearies of the romance of manufactures, the creations of those delicate fabrics, which are the ultimatum of man's science and skill. Scott has immortalized a scarf especially, the one which Saladin with a single delicate stroke of his sabre cuts in two; although this feat finds its record only in the pages of romance, the existence of fabrics as delicate as those are fully vouched for by modern historians. The Indian weaver, working in moist and warm underground apartments, not only secures for the delicate material he works on, those exact conditions necessary for the production of fabrics of extreme delicacy, but absolutely seems to attain what may be called a morbid or acute nervous sensibility, without which he never could attain his wonderful proficiency. The Hindoos call the finest fabric made by them *woven wind*. Samples of such are now on their way to the Austrian exhibition, and so fine are they that a whole piece, 43 inches wide by 10 yards long, when folded to the full width can be drawn through a wedding-ring. This introduction we have made in order to bring before our readers a curious experiment lately spoken of as having been carried into effect by an officer of engineers residing in Munich. He conceived the idea of making the caterpillar be the spinner or manufacturer of the stuff. A peculiar kind of caterpillar is fed on a paste made of the leaves it feeds on. This is spread in a thin layer over a stone, and such designs as are to be left open, are touched with sweet oil by means of a paint-brush. The caterpillar only eats those portions free from oil, and spins as he goes. The extreme lightness of these reels, combined with their strength, is said to be wonderful. One of them measuring $26\frac{1}{2}$ by 17 inches weighed 1.51 grains. One square yard of this substance would then weigh about four grains and a third, whilst one yard of silk gauze weighs 140 grains. One hundred and eighty tissues of this caterpillar fabric, would just equal one thickness of the finest muslin.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—JUNE, 1873.—NO. 6.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(FIRST ARTICLE.)

THERE appears to be a singular inconsistency in the conduct of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, as regards the education claimed for Catholic youth—separate, distinct, and different from that which children of all other religious bodies or denominations receive in our public schools. The Roman Catholic clergy object to the introduction of the Bible in the schools, whilst in the same breath they brand these schools as “godless,” “that will yet destroy the country,”* and because “without the (Catholic) Christian education of youth . . . society has no safeguard, and men degenerate into brute beasts.† One of the leading Catholic monthlies, however, observes that “the question lies deeper than the reading or not reading of the Bible in the schools,‡ whilst another writer objects to the public schools, on the ground of “the Catholic religion not being made a *sine qua non* in the system of our school education.”§

Now, I would ask any intelligent Catholic the following simple questions:—

Is the Roman Catholic religion based upon the Bible, or is it not? If it be not founded upon the Bible, is it opposed to the teachings of that book?

If not opposed to the Bible, but founded thereon, what objection can you have to your children being made acquainted with its contents?

* See *Herald*, of September 17th, 1871.

† See *Herald*, of March 24th, 1872.

‡ *Catholic World* for April, 1871.

§ *Catholic World* for April, 1871.

If there be no objection to the reading of the Protestant Bible, or one version or another, * why has the Roman Catholic Church at all times prohibited the reading of the Bible, except one particular version, or prohibited that reading altogether?

You admit that Christianity is founded upon the Bible, and taught in that book. Do you then wish it to be inferred that *your* religion is not Christianity?

What is the Bible? What are the contents of that book, which has during two thousand years commanded the veneration of the Christian world; a book like which no other has ever been so widely circulated throughout the whole world; a book which every believer in the revealed will of God is so anxious to place into the hands of his children as a signal post to good, and a warning beacon against evil; but a book which the Roman Catholic Church *alone*, will not permit the rising generation to read at all?

The Bible is claimed by all non-Roman Catholic Christians to be a divinely inspired book. Admitted to be so by Catholics.

It contains the history of creation, of the fall of man, of redemption, of the vicarious sacrifice, of the spread of the Gospel. Admitted to be facts by Catholics.

It contains the laws given by God, the writings of the inspired prophets, the teachings of Christ, the teachings of the apostles. Admitted by Roman Catholics.

It teaches the doctrine of the miraculous conception, the two natures, the Trinity in Unity, the resurrection of the dead, future reward and punishment, life everlasting. Admitted by Catholics to be divine truths.

All this then being claimed for the Bible by Protestants, and admitted by Catholics, whence the objection, on the part of the Catholic clergy, to the dissemination amongst youth, of the knowledge of what the Catholic Church not only admits as truth, but on a belief in which it teaches human salvation to depend? But we are told, as has been shown, that the Church does not forbid the reading of the Scriptures, that it is even immaterial whether one or another version of the Bible be read in the schools. † In the very early ages of the Church, indeed at its very birth, ‡ and consequently long before the clergy of the Church of Rome had acquired that boundless influence and absolute power, (whether for good or evil is not the question here), over mind and body to which it attained at a later period, the Scriptures were acknowledged as the *source* of religion, the foundation of Christianity, and venerated as such, nor was the reading of them prohibited. On

* *Catholic World* for April, 1871.

† See Notes ‡ and §.

‡ John v. 39.

the contrary, the early teachers and ecclesiastical authorities, prior to the institution of the Papacy in the fifth century, not only recommended but exhorted the laity to read the Scriptures. They impressed upon the people the duty "not to be satisfied with merely listening to extracts or passages read to them from the pulpit, but to read, meditate upon, and digest the whole of the contents of the sacred writings." It is true that in the very early times few Christian converts were able to read them, because the different societies or churches were composed, if not exclusively, certainly chiefly, of members belonging to the uneducated, or lower orders; so that even at best the reading of the sacred writings was a duty with which a very limited number only were able to comply. When, however, the number of churches increased and that of believers greatly multiplied, and people above the illiterate mass became Christians, and the number of the clergy necessarily increased, that body, supporting the royal authority, and in turn supported by it, ere long perceived the advantages to be derived from the exclusive right of expounding the Scriptures, and hence succeeded in substituting its own instruction for that to be derived from the Scriptures; and began to restrict, by every means at its command, the circulation, and even the reading of the Bible, and thus to extinguish a knowledge of its contents. This was, however, effected in an indirect and insidious manner. For, strictly speaking, at first a *direct* and *absolute* prohibition to read the Scriptures was not issued,—the "Church" was too good a politician to act in this matter in an open and straightforward manner. What is generally and justly designated as a prohibition to read the Scriptures was the natural, the inevitable, and fully foreseen result of declaring the Latin language to be "holy, that in which alone the Word of God had been revealed, and in which He ought to be addressed and the Vulgate sanctioned as the sole authorized, correct and reliable translation of the original text.

Gregory VII. was the first who in 1080 disapproved of the attempt made in Bohemia to retain the vernacular in the Church service, founding his reasons upon "the mysterious and divine influence of the Latin language employed in the early churches." Innocent III., though he had declared that the desire to acquire a knowledge of the Scriptures ought not to be suppressed, nevertheless (in 1199) prohibited the reading of the Bible in the vernacular amongst the Waldenses, when these people met the clergy with the Bible in their hands; and the Councils of Toulouse (1229) and Béziers (1233) repeated the prohibition, under severe penalties, and the laity were restricted to the reading of the Breviary and Psalter. The Council of Tarracona (1234) decreed every person to be a heretic who should be found to be in

possession of a translation of the Bible, and omit to deliver the same to the bishop within eight days to be burnt. In the year 1383 a synod at Oxford condemned Wickliff's translation as a heretical book, and another in 1408 prohibited any translation of the Bible to be made, without the consent of the bishop or of a provincial synod. The reading of the Bible in the Latin of the Vulgate was allowed, which was virtually a prohibition to the people, amongst whom there were but very few that had any knowledge of Latin. The Council of Trent did not prohibit the reading of the Bible altogether, but declared the Vulgate alone to be authentic, and thus indirectly but virtually interdicted its use, whilst condemning all other translations. Not until the first issue of the *Index Librorum prohibitorum* under Paul IV. (1557) was the reading of the Bible allowed, provided permission to that effect were granted by the bishop in each individual case; nor was even this to be obtained, unless he were satisfied that the translation was from the pen of a Catholic and specially authorized translator or transcriber, and even then the bishop had discretionary power in the matter, and whoever attempted to read the Bible without such permission was to be deprived of absolution.

This prohibition was often renewed by the Popes. Thus in 1622 Gregory XV. prohibited the reading of the Bible in the Vernacular altogether. The prohibition was confirmed by Clement XI. in the Bull "*Unigenitus*," in 1713, on occasion of the Translation of the New Testament by Paschasius Quesnel, probably because Quesnel's translation proved to be far superior to the Vulgate. New Bulls against the reading of the Scriptures were fulminated by Pius VII., Leo XII. and Pius VIII., proving the progress of inquiry amongst the Catholic population of the world; and to this day the Decree of the Roman Censura of 1757 is in full force, which requires that translations in the vulgar tongue must be provided with notes and comments authorized by the Church and with a Papal approbation. If to these prohibitory proceedings be added the strenuous efforts made by the clergy to prevent the children of Roman Catholic parents from attending the public schools whether the Bible be or be not read in the schools, and the demand for separate schools under the exclusive and absolute control of the Roman Catholic clergy in which the Bible is *not* introduced, but where the pupils are instructed in "religion," the conclusion come to is unavoidable that either Christianity is the religion of the Bible; or the religion of Rome is not Christianity, not the religion of the Bible.

In the face of all these facts it has been denied that the Church of Rome opposed or put a check upon the spread of Scriptural knowledge

among the laity. A work was allowed to be read and freely circulated, and indeed more than one, under the same title, namely, the *Biblia Pauperum*. This is either erroneously or designedly rendered "*Bible for the Poor*," but should be rendered *literally*—Bible of the poor, as shown below. It consisted of a series of pictures, representing Biblical scenes illustrative of the history of redemption, from the fall of man up to the resurrection and ascension. Each picture is accompanied by a short explanation or passage from the prophets or the writings of the New Testament, but even most of these explanations are in Latin. The earliest known is of the 13th century; but they have been traced as far back as the 11th century.* At a later period appeared also the *Speculum Humani Salvationis* (the Mirror of Human Salvation), a similar work and circulated with the same object, namely, as *substitutes* for, and *equivalents* to, the Scriptures. The Dominicans and Franciscans then, and as on many other occasions, engaged in bitter controversy on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, were the manufacturers of these popular pictures, in which they carried on a profitable trade. The collection was called *Biblia Pauperum* because the monks professed the "virtue" of poverty and affected the name of *pauperes* (poor men, beggars, paupers). The *Biblia Pauperum* was the very first book that was ever printed. It was published at Harlem in Holland.

If the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion be also those of the Catholic religion; and if these are based upon the Bible; if, nevertheless, in the public schools no points are ever touched upon of *controversial* character; if the religious instruction imparted in the public schools (supposing such instruction to be given) be limited to that which is taught and believed in by both Catholics and Protestants; if the Catholic Church permits the reading of the Scriptures to the laity, albeit with comments; if it be "immaterial whether this or that version of the Bible be read in the schools"—whence then is that bitter opposition to the public schools? Why apply to these schools the epithet of "Godless?" Is this not inconsistent? If the "American System of National Education" is admired, appreciated and as far as possible adopted, in every enlightened community in every part of the world, why should the unqualified condemnation of, the bitterest opposition to that system come from a merely comparatively insignifi-

* With this "*Biblia Pauperum*" is not to be confounded a work under the same title but of a much earlier date (1221) by the monk "Bonaventura," and which is a collection of common-place monkish sermons, and which reappeared in 1482. This Bonaventura was canonized by Sixtus IV. as a reward for his exertions in promoting the worship of Mary and his defence of celibacy as well as of the dogma of transubstantiation.

cant fraction, almost exclusively of foreign birth, in the midst of the population of this country?—a fraction which, more than any other part of the community, stands so much in need of moral, social and intellectual improvement? The enemies to universal popular education furnish the answers to these questions, and these shall be given in their own words, so that every intelligent man will thus be enabled to pronounce a fair and impartial judgment, and every American man and woman will see the estimation in which he or she is held by those subjects to a foreign absolute monarch.

"Protestantism," more properly speaking, "is American heathenish superstition and politico-animal religionism."—*W. C. D.'s Letter in Herald*, 17th Sept., 1871.

"Before God, no man has any right to be of any religion but the Catholic."—*Catholic World* for April, 1870.

"Citizens who have no religion have no conscience that people who have religion are bound to respect."—*Ibid.*

"In order to train them (Protestant children) up to be, in the fullest sense, true, loyal and exemplary citizens, such as can alone arrest the downward tendency of the Republic, they must become good Catholics."—*Ibid.*

"We want public schools maintained as they are, where boys and girls can be . . . so instructed in Christianity, by precept and example, that when grown to manhood and womanhood, they may not be scourges of the community, ready to draw the matricidal knife across their country's throat, but be happily the pride of the State and the glory of the Church."*—*Letter over the initials "W. C. D." in Herald*, 17th of Sept., 1871.

"The American State really harmonizes better with Catholicism than Protestantism."—*Catholic World* for April, 1870.

"The mere triumphs of material civilization and temporal greatness . . . are but fleeting shadows unless this nation walks humbly at the feet of Christ."—"W. C. D.'s" *Letter*, quoted above.

"The present godless schools all over the country will yet destroy the country. . . . If the rising generation be bred as heathens, a man does then not need the ken of a prophet to tell what will happen at some distant day."—"W. C. D.'s" *Letter*.

"It is far more necessary . . . to unmake the children of Protestants of their Protestantism."—*Catholic World*.

"In order to be true and good republicans, good peaceable citizens honorable men, chaste and virtuous women, we must become true and unwavering Catholics. Protestant women so called married are not

* Mexico! the South American Republics! Spain! Rome, etc.

entitled to be called wives. Protestant ministers are mere panders to the lusts of others, and Protestant Churches mere free-love establishments. . . . Under Protestant influence society is vicious, corrupt, and criminal.”*

“Without Christian (*i. e.*, Catholic) education of youth, society has no safeguard, and men degenerate into brute beasts.”†—“*A Catholic Subscriber*,” in *Herald*, 24th of March, 1872.

* See a most remarkable article in the *Freeman's Journal* of December 11, 1869, copied in the *Evening Telegram* of 10th same month (advance copy). The article is headed “Protestantism Unveiled.”

† Remember the July riots, and inquire who were the rioters.

From official returns it appears that in one year (1869), the number of arrests made were 71,071, an increase as compared with 1864 of 29½ per cent.

Of this number were Natives of the United States.....	24,769
One-half of these were of Irish parentage, leaving Native Americans.....	12,384
Of this one-half (12,384) one-fourth were of German and other parentage....	3,096
Net number of Americans of American parentage.....	9,288

Americans, as above, all set down as non-Catholics, viz. :

	Catholics.	Non-Cath.
Americans (U. S.).....	—	9,288
Irish by birth.....	84,226	
Of Irish parentage.....	13,249	
	47,475	300
German by birth.....	5,000	1,096
Of German parentage.....	2,200	2,000
	7,200	3,096
British (all non-Catholics).....	—	1,935
French (all Catholics).....	500	
Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, etc. (all non-Catholics)	—	464
Spaniards, Italians, South Americans, etc. (all Catholics).....	500	
Total.....	55,875	15,083

Ratio of Catholics, 78½ per cent. ; of non-Catholics, 21½ per cent., or nearly 3.76 Catholics to 1 non-Catholic.

DISTRIBUTION ACCORDING TO NATIONALITIES.

Natives of the United States.....	13.07 per cent.
Irish.....	69.05 “
German.....	13.10 “
British.....	2.73 “
French.....	0.70 “
Swedes, Danes, etc.....	0.65 “
Spaniards, Italians, etc.....	0.71 “
	100.00

These estimates are made as approximately correct as the data I have collected have enabled me to render them.

These, then are the grounds of objection to a system of education *not* based upon Catholicism, viz. : scientific and literary information of a nature dangerous to the human soul ; productive of a thoroughly vicious, corrupt, criminal condition of society ; in a word, unchristian *because* not Roman Catholic ; the arguments in support of a system of education of very limited* scientific and literary information, in order to produce a condition of society *better* informed, more virtuous, less corrupt, less criminal ; in short, Christian *because* exclusively Roman Catholic. Is this theory borne out by facts—founded upon experience ? An answer to this question is readily furnished by the condition of society amongst those communities in those countries in which education is exclusively Catholic and no other system of education tolerated.

There is one statement, however, which demands some attention on the present occasion, namely, that of the *Catholic World*, already quoted, and which by "W. C. D." is pronounced to be "the only intellectual monthly published in the country." Be this as it may, the statement is this:—"The American State really harmonizes better with Catholicism than with Protestantism." And another, in a Roman Catholic organ, that : "No one can be a true American, a real republican, who is not a Catholic." We are of course bound to believe that the writers themselves believed what they wrote, in sober earnest, and not satirically. To obtrude a definition of the term "republican," would be a mere act of supererogation ; but we may be permitted to observe that republicanism certainly admits of no ranks ; of no gradation of ranks ; of no implicit obedience except to the laws of the land ; of no submission to absolute, to regal authority ; to no law arbitrarily imposed upon the community ; to none, in fact, that is enacted without the consent and approbation *of* the people, centred in their representatives, elected by the people. Now, what is the framework of that government by which the Catholic community is ruled ? And be it understood that the question is not, whether it be a good or bad form of government, but simply whether it really harmonizes better with "the American State," than that form of government, which from the dawn of the reformation has become identified with republicanism, in all non-Catholic communities, and which is undeniably neither more nor less, than the form of government of the Christian Church, at its inception and during the times prior to the corruptions introduced into it.

* "We want public schools maintained as they are, where boys and girls can gain enough of secular education to be smart and active men and women of the world, but so instructed in Christianity, by precept and example, that when grown to manhood and womanhood, they may not be scourges of the community," etc.—"W. C. D.'s" *Letter in Herald*, 17th of Sept., 1871.

A laity composed of non-interfering, non-inquiring, believing, trusting *subjects*; obedient to—I will not use the harsh sounding term dictation—but the advice, counsel, instruction, guidance, both in matters spiritual and temporal, of the inferior clergy, whether secular or regular.

The inferior clergy, a body of *subjects*, obedient to the behests of the prelacy.

The prelacy, a body of *subjects*, obedient to the absolute irrevocable fiat of an absolute monarch, and that monarch a foreigner, claiming unlimited authority in all spiritual and temporal, all political and domestic matters, in all countries, over all sovereigns, all peoples, all laws and institutions, absolute authority to “bind and unbind,” not only on earth, but in heaven; to wipe out crime, to forgive sins committed against God, to assign a place in heaven to deceased mortals and declare them to be objects of adoration, claiming to be invested with that absolute power, that boundless might over the souls and bodies of thirteen hundred millions of human beings—the population of the earth, the whole human race; in a word, claiming to be the vicergerent, the representative of God upon earth, and invested with divine authority, power and will.*

No fault ought to be found with the laity for preferring to be subjects rather than freemen. They honestly think and act from conscientious motives and from a sense of duty which they believe superior to the duty they owe to their country or the laws under whose protection they live; but whether men obedient to a system of absolute authority of a higher grade over a lower, men bound to unquestioning, implicit, willing, blind obedience to boundless power, centred in *one* man over *all* men, whether such subjects can be made good and

* Lest it be doubted or denied that the Supreme Head of the Church claims a power not less than divine, the following extracts from the Glosses to the Papal Decretals are subjoined. However objectionable the fact itself, if true, may be to non-Catholics, the extracts, it is presumed, will not be so to the Roman Catholic reader, as it will rather confirm him in his faith. Glossa in Cap. 2, c. 15, Quest. 6, it is said, “The Pope can grant dispensation against the Gospel, the Apostles and natural *rights*.” The Glossa to Canon 3, Tit. 7, Lib. 1, Decretals, Gregory IX. says: “The only reason which is to be given for everything the Pope does is, *because it is his will*, and who would be bold enough to say to him, “Why dost thou act thus?” “As he is exalted above all privileges, so he can also grant dispensation from all.” Unrighteousness itself he can justify. All imperial acts he can, according to his pleasure, change or subvert. The Glossa, ad. Cap. 4, Extr. Joann. xxii. de Verbor. Signific. says: “If any one is bold enough to maintain that the Lord our God, the Pope, the author of these decretals, could not command them, he must be considered a heretic.” Afterwards the words “the Lord our God” were omitted, but they are yet to be found in several old editions; *ex. gr.*, those of Lyons, 1584 and 1606, and of Paris, 1585, 1601, 1612.

true republicans, is at least very questionable. We are told that they not only *can* be made such, but that in order to be so they *must* be placed in the position just described, and must by *education* be prepared for such a position. But what do the higher authorities in the Church tell us on this subject? After the downfall of Garibaldi and Mazzini's ephemeral Roman Republic, a sermon was preached in Rome and subsequently published in the journals of the day, and in which occur the following passages:—

“Il Cattolicesimo o piuttosto il Christianesimo non è meramente una religione o culto; e parimente una istituzione politica eppure di origine divina.” Catholicism, or more correctly speaking Christianity, is not only a religion nor a mere form of worship, it is also a political institution and one indeed of divine origin.

“La religione Cattolica Apostolica Romana, la santa fede accordassi col reppublicanismo ossia il liberalismo come la balena del mar glaciale si accorda collo strozzo del deserto come l'agnello collo lupo.” The Catholic Roman Apostolic religion, our holy faith, harmonizes with republicanism or so-called liberalism as the whale of the frozen ocean harmonizes with the ostrich of the desert or the lamb with the wolf.

Between the *declaration* of the higher authority in the Church and the *opinion* of the *Catholic World* and the *Freeman's Journal* let the reader and thinker decide; and yet schools are demanded in which our *republican* youth are to be trained, so as to be “*unmade* of their Protestantism” and *transformed* into *Roman Catholic loyal subjects*. Thus much for the harmonious working of Catholicism and Republicanism.

The principal question before us, however, is whether Catholic education is calculated to produce a condition of society superior to the non-Catholic education in our public schools. This will form the subject of inquiry of our next article.

THE GAMBLER'S VOW.

A CERTAIN person came to Rabbi *Judan*, and said, “Rabbi, absolve me from a vow I have made. “What is it then thou hast vowed?” asked the Rabbi.” “I have vowed,” replied the man, “not to earn anything.” “Not to earn anything!” exclaimed the Rabbi; “what person can be so foolish as to make such a vow?” “I only meant,” rejoined the man, “not to earn anything by playing at dice.” “And from this vow thou wouldst be absolved?” said the Rabbi. “Oh! I see, thou wishest to gamble again! No, no, of such a vow I cannot absolve thee.”

THE SCRIPTURAL SIGNIFICATION OF LIGHT.

BY REV. DR. M. JASTROW.

In all languages, from the most ancient times down to our own age, light, metaphorically used, signifies knowledge, understanding, discrimination. "To spread light on a subject" means to enter into its merits, to discuss its working, to make known its peculiarities. "To be enlightened" signifies to possess knowledge, to have developed the faculties of the mind so as to attain to a clear understanding of the events of life, and to be filled with the desire of extending more and more the sphere of our mental acquirements—of increasing, so to say, the wealth of our mind. But the Biblical authors have established a different application to the word light, for by it they always mean that system of religious ideas and principles which is to be compared with the heavenly luminaries illumining our path, so as to make us conscious where we walk and whither we tend, and where we shall arrive. Light, when figuratively used in the works of divine revelation, indicates that clearness and serenity of heart which enables man to see through all clouds and darkness, to examine himself and the occurrences of life, and to know what they teach him, what they want of him, what it is his duty to do and to omit—in a word, light is the system of noble principles which in their final effect make man independent of the outside world, causing him to resemble a firm rock unshaken by the waves striking at its foundations.

From this definition of light, we proceed to observe that there is no religion which advocates so urgently the necessity of educating the mind as the Jewish religion. The first prayer we offer in the benedictions, which constitute the principal element of our daily services, reads :—

"Thou, O Lord, hast privileged man with intellect, hast endowed the mortal with understanding. Oh, be pleased to grant us intelligence, understanding, and knowledge. Be praised, O Lord, who graciously bestowed intelligence to man!"

Had we to show nothing of the excellence of our religious institutions and ideas but this prayer, which has been given a place in advance of all our supplications for the gratification of our material wants, truly this alone would prove the truth of what our sages say, that the light in the temple was to intimate that when darkness would prevail among other nations, Israel's light should never be obscured.

Let us take a view of the pages of history, and we shall find that when among all nations religion was the representative, the advocate of mental darkness, the enemy of intellectual enlightenment, the persecutor of science, of philosophy, of medicine, of astronomy, Israel's greatest Biblical and Talmudical scholars were as the olive-oil for the lamp. Indeed, there was no period in Israel, except when they had departed from their own path, when general enlightenment was not cultivated, when they gave the world no contributions to culture and civilization. To such an extent did our ancients venerate knowledge, that they had a saying: "Whoever is indifferent to the precious treasure of knowledge deserves not the sympathy of his fellow-men."

But, notwithstanding the high esteem in which culture was ever held among us, religious knowledge is considered the central point, the focus gathering all beams of light into one reflex. When speaking of "the light," the Israelite means that light which illumines the path of man, which is the lamp for man's feet; that light without which all our mental achievements and accomplishments may serve just as well for bad as for good; that light without which we have no guide to direct our path, no principles to dictate our actions, no meter to tell the condition of our own bosom. And yet, manifold as are the intellectual attainments and accomplishments with which we fit our children for practical life and even for social amenities, it is rarely realized that religious education has to be not only a companion, but the chief ruler, the superintendent of our mental and even physical perfections. We rarely think that, in order to be fully prepared for the tasks which practical life lays upon our shoulders, we must have not only a certain amount of knowledge, of ability, of prudence, of intelligence, of cleverness, but much more so of principles to guide our steps, of faith to strengthen our feet, of convictions to regulate our desires; in a word, the light of a religious system to illumine the road we are called upon to pass.

The human life in which the different faculties are brought into activity may be compared to an extended working establishment. Many are the powers used, the hands employed, to each of which is assigned a certain work. But allow the superintending mind which combines all the achievements of the individual powers into one action, one place, one thought, to withdraw even for a single day, and, instead of production, destruction would inevitably ensue. Thus is it with the workshop of the human mind, wherein all our faculties are employed for the purpose of producing all those actions which, in their combination, constitute what we call the life of a man. The religious views we entertain are the superintending power, regulating, ordering, advanc-

ing, withdrawing, checking, so as to establish a unity of character. Without this superintending power, our life is but an agglomeration of chances, our good actions are not ours because not emanating from conviction, our passions are uncontrolled, our path through life enveloped in darkness, our walking a mere groping, and ourselves a sport, a football of the events around us. With this superintending power, however, we gain firmness in adversities, composure in joys, regularity in our conduct, and thus become men of whom it can be said that they walk through life guided by a certain and infallible light, that they see where they go and know where they arrive.

It is said that life is the best school; that the experiences of life alone will train man's character, educate his judgment, arouse his innate powers, and give him a certain standpoint of firmness and consistency; that one lesson taught by experience will take a deeper root in the heart than all our theoretical instructions. True; but though life may be the best school, a school to be efficient requires a teacher. Who, then, is man's teacher, conveying the lessons of life to his understanding and reflection, so as to employ them for practical purposes? The true teacher is the system of religious principles we carry in our own hearts; the teacher is the lamp we possess in the sanctuary of our hearts, showing our feet the way to walk, spreading light over the path we have to pursue and the roads we have to avoid. The lessons of experience can do nothing but open our eyes to see the lamp lighted in our own hearts, to arouse us to the consciousness of our priestly duties of arranging our lights before the Lord, of dressing, as Aaron did, the lamps of our faculties before the All-seeing, so as to know where we stand and whither we are drifting. Life, though the best school, is a very expensive one. Indeed, we may sometimes buy our experience at an expense which we can never more recover in the balance of our days. Therefore is it much wiser to perform Aaron's duties and to dress every morning the lamps of our sanctuary, or, as the Hebrew term says, "to improve them," to make them better so as to give full light, and to array them every evening before the Lord to examine by their light the work of the day.

Let, then, the word of the Lord be the lamp for our feet. By this we do not mean that small portion of religious instruction we receive in our schools—that small lamp lighted in our youth which will soon be extinguished, if not nourished with clear olive-oil every morning and every evening. By "the word of the Lord" we mean that substantial food which is conveyed to us through a careful and rational reading of our religious sources, our history, our literature, which together form the light to be guided by. We mean that instruction to

which even the best religious education can furnish but the first foundation, but which must be built up in life through study, contemplation, divine services with prayers as well as religious discourses, practical religious customs to be observed in our homes: in short, "the word of the Lord" means a whole system of ideas, a concentration of many lights into one reflex. This is the word of God which illumines our path. Let us, therefore, young or old, perform our priestly mission; let us arrange the sevenfold shining lamp of our religion before the Lord; let us convey into its pure vessels clear oil, carefully beaten out and cleansed, for "such is the everlasting statute for all generations of the children of Israel."

THE DOUBLE MORAL AND TWO-FOLD TALE.

1.—The MANNER no inessential part of the DEED, in acts of Duty and Benevolence.

2.—Know the MOTIVE before thou judgest of the ACT.

"SOME men," say the Talmudists, "give their indigent parents the finest capons to eat, and yet inherit *Gehinnom*. Others set them to grind at the mill, and inherit *Gan-Eden*." To illustrate the first part of this *Apophthegm*, they relate the following:—A certain person maintained his father, and was accustomed to provide him with the most costly viands. One day he placed before him a very fine capon. "My son," said the father, "where didst thou get this fine bird?" The brute, instead of making him a proper reply, said, "Old man! old man! eat away, chew away, as other dogs do." Now, such a man, though he supports his parent, yet deserves to be punished. For of what use is the best of food when it is thus mixed with gall?

To illustrate the second part of the preceding *Apophthegm*, they relate the following:—A certain individual obtained his living by grinding at the mill. Notwithstanding his great poverty, he maintained his aged father, and would not suffer him to work. One day, as he was pursuing his laborious occupation, word was brought him that the king's officers were at the door, urging the people to come and do the king's work. Fearful lest his aged parent should be maltreated, he called him and said,—“Come, dear father, take my place at the mill, and let me appear as the master of the house. Should the tyrants insult, better be it that I should be insulted than my beloved father. Should they strike, I can bear the blows better than thou; and should they strip me of my clothes, let me rather go naked than my aged father.” Now, surely, this man, although he set his father to work at the mill, will inherit Paradise.

T. KEDUSHIN. JERUS. TAL. T. PEAH.

BABETTE.

BY PHILIP BART.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was but rarely that the Baroness was in an expansive mood. Inclined to be vehement, somewhat peculiar as to her methods of expression, liking to give prominence to a certain masculinity of words rather than of thoughts, just now her manner seemed to have softened, as seated by the girl, she lavished on her all those tender cares, which only one woman can give another, for Babette was weary both in mind and body, and reclined languidly on the sofa, rather listening to the Baroness than taking part in the conversation. Evening was coming on, and though the rain still fell, it no longer angrily lashed the window-panes, and the wind, which all day had howled and shrieked through the tall trees around the house, seemed to have somewhat restrained its force, and only sighed and sobbed at long and longer intervals. There was a pause on the part of the Baroness, as she rose and went towards the window.

"There is a break in the storm," she said; "the worst of it is over, thank God! and the river has done its worst. Now, Babette, this is the *résumé* of our day's work, and the total of our chapter of calamities: A woman and her baby saved, a wharf gone, and other property destroyed, which will make a good hole into next year's income, not counting numbers of people to be relieved, and no end of annoyance from petitions from all parts of the river country, where of course I am expected to give a helping hand. If any of the government people intend to wheedle me out of a penny in general contributions, I am determined to disappoint them. It is I who am going to look after the interests of my own poor peasant people, and no one else." Apparently the tender mood of the Baroness was fast flitting away. "You see, Babette, it's all very well to give our sympathy to this woman and her child, and that sort of thing, but it is practical, uniform, general, systematic work we must put into the business. A cradle—of course she shall have one, red or blue or green, just as you please; but then, what's a cradle in comparison with the houses and tools, and all the rest of the things my own poor people have lost? Selfish! of course I am. In the first place, there was my trip to the capital for this spring, which must be given up; and then there was one whole wall of the picture

gallery I wanted to fill up with pictures which I can't well afford now; and dear me, to think of it, that all the meadow-land where my best harvest came from—I was going to raise the rental this spring--will bring in nothing. Wake up, Babette. Money, and plenty of it, we must have. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good. Those mines of ours must do double service this year, and if only this new man can accomplish one-half he proposes, we may retrieve some of our losses. I wish I felt assured of that? Eh, what do you say?" But there was no reply from Babette. The Baroness kept silent for a moment. "It is kind of sacrilegious, you know, child, for us to speak in the same breath of business and the visitations of the Almighty, whether by floods or otherwise, but what is the use of our sitting down and wringing our hands over it? It's a big amount of money gone, and we must do our best to get it back again in the quickest time possible, and as the land all along the river bank and my best grain fields are ruined for this year, we must push matters to the utmost."

"But there are the upland farms, where no damage has been done," said Babette, but moderately interested.

"You know they don't produce half as much as the lowlands, so that if we can't put wheat and barley in the market we can lead and silver, and if ever there was a hard task-master or mistress, I am going to be one. The only fear I have is that he won't be practical. It's perfectly impossible for a man to be practical, who in a moment takes to the water in a boat, and goes into the middle of a raging river to save a woman and child." Here the Baroness looked at Babette in a peculiar way. Babette, whose eyes had been rather listlessly closed so far, here opened them wide, and somewhat of a frown was visible, as she replied, "What, madam! a moment ago you used very kind words in regard to the intendant! You cannot mean what you say! Frankly, I cannot follow you, nor do I understand you."

"Of course not—how should you? But don't you see, you little goose, that all we want is plenty of money to put all this freshet matter right again, and that if this friend of yours—"

"He is not my friend—he scarcely knows me," said Babette, with the least bit of vehemence.

"Well, my friend, then. See, now, you will not even give your friendship to as brave and gallant a gentleman as ever lived"—here the Baroness laughed and continued: "If he is practical, then—that is, if you think he is, with that independent way he has, when I inform him that all the extra profits of the mines, providing he can make any, shall go to help our poor people out of their trouble—why, if he is half a man, it will be a double incentive for him to work his fingers

off. You can't imagine, Babette, how deep I am. I pride myself on my shrewdness. I am a business woman above everything, and can't allow any maudlin sentiment to interfere with it."

"You are a noble woman," said Babette, "and now I understand you."

"I am glad you are interested at last, and are getting out of your little fit of despondency. Please God, we have a noble work before us, and our hands will be full for some time to come, in relieving all the misery and wretchedness this inundation has caused. My own people are to be served first, though, and others afterwards. Now, it will be an awful work, to do it properly, and I am sorry to acknowledge that it is most beyond a woman's powers. It's all very well for us—it belongs to the sex—to go off into tears, and to lavish cradles and that sort of thing on, no doubt, deserving mothers; but to see into all the details, it requires the executive power of a man, and this intendant must be my head, and you my hands. I shouldn't be surprised if he would have to stay with me a whole year; he never could get through all the business before that. The matter is a settled one, and to-morrow I will have papers drawn up to that effect, and sign them he must and shall. After all, Babette, put on all the imperious ways we may, times do come when we are good for nothing and must lean on something. To think now, that everything was going on so smoothly, when this young man comes along with the freshet."

"I do not see the connection," said Babette.

"Ah! you don't. But, Babette, night is coming on now, and to tell you the truth, I am most beside myself with anxiety; why don't somebody come from the river? What keeps them? The men have been on duty since early morning. Why don't the intendant report himself? Who ever heard of such a creature? Who is to carry out my orders—take my instructions? If he thinks he can do without me he is very much mistaken. The first thing I shall tell him will be plump out that I am mistress, and that my wishes are to be considered as positive rules for his guidance, save in mining business, and then he must explain beforehand everything to me." Here the Baroness rose and commenced walking up and down the room. "I wonder if there was enough for the hands and the peasants to eat to-day. Women always find consolation in that, and develop no end of energy in the commissariat department. I wonder if any more lives may be in peril on the broad river this stormy night. If so, I do so pray God, that there may be as brave a man as our intendant to save them! That was a wretched boat we had there, Babette. The wharfman

asked me a dozen times to get him a bigger and stronger one, but I thought it an extravagance. Suppose, from want of a proper boat, the man, woman, and child had been drowned? That would have been my fault. The very first thing you must remind me of will be to have a better boat built: but then maybe there will not be a freshet as terrible as this in my lifetime, for another freshet like this would kill me." Here the Baroness rung the bell, which was answered by a maid.

"No men in the house?" asked the Baroness.

"No, madam. The sergeant left two hours ago. It's dreadful, madam,—and my husband away,—and I so uneasy, and when will the men come home?"

"When their work is done. Take my orders for a comfortable meal for all the hands—have enough ready for thirty—forty—fifty. The soldiers will want something as they pass along. Did the sergeant say he would be back?"

"We begged him, madam, to send one of the stable lads to us with any news."

"That is well—now off with you, and have everything ready, and set the table in the dining-room for four." The serving woman dropped a reverence and left.

"You have no idea what a relief it is for me to have ordered something or somebody. Eight o'clock and no one back yet!"

"I beg you, madam, to allow me to retire. I am very weary," said Babette.

"Selfish girl!" cried the Baroness, "to want to leave me alone, and Melanie ill. Please, Babette, I know it is cruel in me; but stay with me, if only for a half hour more; by that time some one must come from the river. Of course the captain and the intendant will have to sup here—the intendant, certainly—and we will talk all over the incidents of the day."

"As you please, madam," said Babette resignedly, accustomed to the somewhat imperative manner of her mistress. "Only, as soon as any one comes you will allow me to retire."

"Certainly, if you wish it. Well, at last!" cried the Baroness—"I hear some one coming at a round gallop. News—news at last."

A moment afterwards the maid-servant came in. "Madam," she said, "the captain presents his compliments"—Babette had risen and was at the door which opened out of the room—"and begs you will excuse his not presenting his respects to you, as he is so tired, having been on horseback all day, that he is desirous of seeking his quarters. He sends this note from the new intendant for immediate delivery to

your ladyship, and says the sergeant will be here shortly, and trusts your ladyship will give the man quarters for the night. Babette re-entered the room and approached the Baroness.

"Has the captain gone?" asked the Baroness.

"Yes, madam, only left the note and rode off."

"We will read what he says," said the Baroness when the servant had left the room, as she carried the letter to the light of the lamp. "Ahem.—'To the Baroness Anselm:—Madame, I arrived here this morning at day-break, as per agreement [very business like]: your dyke, which gave less trouble to tear down than we expected, it was so wretchedly constructed [what a fault-finder in a general way he is, to be sure!], more by the force of the inundation than by any means we had at our disposal, has been effectually removed and the wharf will be saved. Your meadows are ruined for some years to come, having in some places a foot of sand over them. If the dyke had not been there, this would never have happened. [What was the use of his throwing that dyke in my face again!] All the bar lead and materials at the depot on the wharf have been saved, and the entrances of the mine nearest to the water perfectly closed, so that should there be any further rise they cannot be flooded. Am pleased to say, however, that during the last hour the water has fallen fully an inch, so that the worst is over. All the hands from the residence have shown themselves willing and able. [I expected he would write they were stupid.] No lives have been lost that we could hear of. A fisherman's wife, who may be with you, may be anxious about her husband: pray inform her that he is safe and well, and now working with us. We have food enough for to-night. At daybreak we will send to you for more. We have received the utmost assistance from the captain and his soldiers."

"'I have the honor to remain, with much respect, your obedient servant, etc., etc.'"

Babette listened eagerly to hear the name of the writer of the short note; but, as if fate was against her, the Baroness' twice repeated etceteras gave no clue to it.

"Business-like and to the point," said the Baroness; "a foot of sand over the meadows! fearful! No lives lost! admirable! That dyke—I suppose I shall never hear the end of it. I would have liked it better had he concluded—'awaiting your further orders or instructions.' I might, you know, have wanted to tell him something—or it would have been more courteous, just for form's sake—ah, here on the other side, it is all written in pencil, and he doesn't even apologize for it, and what shockingly limp and wet paper it is!—on the other side is something—'All the roads are impassable within a quarter of a mile or

the river bank, and any visit from the residence, at least for the present, would be impossible—to say the least, dangerous. It may take three or four days before we can construct a road.’ What does he mean by that—any visitors from the residence. That is a clear hint that our presence is not wanted. What! I can’t tuck in my skirts and plod in the mud if I want to! But I will, if so my fancy dictates it. At the same time, there must be something ludicrous in getting in that stiff clay, over one’s ankles, and sticking there like a post. Does he mean that our absence is better than our company? Good—the fisherman’s wife has not lost her husband, though the cradle is gone. Babette, Babette, this new intendant, I am afraid, is going to have his own way too much. This letter of his is quite practical. Now, I had thought it would have been pleasant for us to sup all four together—but, as it is, our suppers are wasted, as all my men will be away. Very thoughtful of the captain to send the sergeant here to protect us poor women. After all, thank God, no lives have been lost! Kiss me, Babette, and go to bed now, if you will not sup with me. Perhaps it will be better that I should be alone;” and saying this, gently placing her lips on Babette’s forehead, she kissed her. “Sleep well, my child, and don’t dream of drowning people. Good-night.”

As Babette left, the Baroness, assured she was alone, dropped on her knees and addressed a fervent prayer to her Maker, thanking Him that he had spared the lives of her people. Then she walked up and down the room for a while, and next, in a very matter-of-fact way, supped heartily; then she summoned a servant and gave explicit orders for food for the party on the river bank to-morrow; and lastly she climbed up the turret-stairs which led to Babette’s chamber, listened at the door, just opened it and peeped in, and saw, by the low light, Babette sleeping quietly; and lastly she visited Melanie, and administered to her a fearful draught of something, which, if its bitterness was in just proportion with its efficacy, must have been the most sovereign cure for nerves that had ever been invented.

(To be continued.)

FIVE SIGNS OF FOLLY.

THE sage observes:—Five defects are peculiar to the simple only: 1st. Unreasonable anger; 2d. Benevolence ill bestowed; 3d. Fruitless exertion; 4th. Inability to distinguish friend from foe; and 5th. Betrayal of secrets.

ISRAEL, GREECE, AND ROME.

A PARALLEL SKETCH.

BY M. H. BRESSLAU.

ISRAEL has remained long—too long—in the seclusion of her precincts. Now, however, as she emerges from this protracted obscurity, and attains a more independent position, it is incumbent on her to manifest her recollections of her former greatness. She must form a distinct notion of the tendency of her own life, passed amid her neighboring nations and tribes, in order to procure for her existence a new basis and new rights. We cannot at present say—because it is our will, but because we must. It is indispensably requisite to prove the necessity of her existence in the chain of events. If we wish to meet with a striking refutation of the vague reproach that Israel is nothing but a lifeless ruin of olden times, we must endeavor to show that we can by no means be dispensed with. Whosoever has only the slightest apprehension of the spirit of history, must acknowledge this demand to be well grounded, both on our part as well as that of others. Israel, spurred on by her own internal conviction, thus arraigns herself before the tribunal of universal history, and who could ever have thought her capable of doing so? This is not only my humble opinion, but it is evinced by the whole operation of the Jewish present epoch; and I can confidently say it is especially the operation of this periodical. This is its sole existence and tendency. And here the object is—to bring to light the significancy of former circumstances, and closely to examine them. Superficial descriptions are of no avail when a minute detail can elicit the truth, and the reader will permit me to commence with the origin of the history of the three respective nations of Israel, Greece, and Rome.

The universal system of the social life of mankind is a product of modern times. Antiquity existed merely in the individual life of people, each of which had its peculiar aim and task. It was not only the Hebrews who were surrounded by Lebanon and its mountainous chain, but also the Greeks, who called every non-Greek barbarous, and likewise the Romans, who afterwards transplanted Greek culture to the Roman soil, and who were obliged first to confer upon every one the Roman citizenship, before she could declare him a human being, who led an individual and isolated life. I need not mention the

Egyptians, Chaldees, and Indians. It is only modern times that have given to nations a public spirit of union, and stimulated every individual to strive for public interest. This overthrows the so often-repeated reproach against Israel's isolation, since the same charge might well be laid against all nations of genuine antiquity. What have the Greeks done for the Persians, and what the Romans for the Iber and the old Teutonians? It is only, then, when the real boundary of antiquity is passed, that we behold the Greeks, who inundated the anterior part of Asia, and the Romans extending from the Ebro to the Euphrates, but poorly preparing for public life—and then it was that Christianity emanated from the Hebrews, who have indeed contributed an important share to its existence.

Whilst we thus suppose that every important people of antiquity had its peculiar vocation and task, we must not neglect to define them in a few brief and distinct characteristics. Israel's vocation was religious instruction; that of Greece, arts and science; and that of Rome, political and constitutional laws. And for this reason, the following mental attributes of these nations must be considered as the soil which produces the above fruits of life, viz.: in Israel, AFFECTION; in Greece, IMAGINATION; in Rome, PRACTICAL SENSE. Now, although Israel and Greece could not exist without political science, neither Israel and Rome without arts, nor Greece and Rome without religious life, yet these were merely subordinate to their chief and peculiar tendency, whose coloring they adopted. Therefore was Israel's form of government replete with religious elements—a Theocracy; in Greece, a continual alternation of Oligarchy and Democracy. In Israel, only, religious lyric; in the religious sphere of Greece only fantastic images. In Rome, religion and science had only a practical tendency; poetry was merely rhetoric (*a*)—the plastic science—enjoyment; and religion only a material substance.

In comparing the nature of the development of principles in these three nations, we shall find it most natural, that whilst science and taste are of a limited and restricted nature, the two nations who were the very substance of the latter, were obliged to be separated from the organism of the life of human tribes, as soon as their task was accomplished; whilst, on the other hand, religion, which is of an unlimited and unrestricted nature, must necessarily, for the sake of its continual development, preserve and perpetuate its foundation. Again, since it was not the whole science and the whole policy which was, or ever could have been, transmitted to the two nations of antiquity, it must inevitably result, that its new development required new foundations.

Thus it was reserved to the Greeks to bring sculpture to a state of

perfection ; whilst, on the other hand, painting, for which imagination, without being combined with cordiality of heart, is inefficient, remained always with the Greeks in a state of infancy. In the same manner was drama brought amongst the Greeks to partial perfection. Greek lyric gained only a form of development. The development of democracy was, on the other hand, entrusted to the Romans, amongst whom monarchy always turned out awkward and clumsy, and its constitution could never be thought of. Religion, however, by virtue of its nature, never could be subjected to a partial development ; it always remains one and a whole, by which only its position in the social world, and the promotion of its knowledge, can be secured.

Religion develops itself in the separation of the absolute from the subjective, and in the union of faith with knowledge. This, however, is not palpable nor divisible ; neither is it a problem which can be divided into themes.

These premises divulge to us the true philosophy of the Jewish history. It shows us how we are to separate therein the accidental from the essential and a clear conception thereof. It represents to us the unavoidable necessity of the dissolution of the political state of Israel, which gradually took place from the time of Solomon down to its destruction by Titus, according to the nature of its religious development—a necessity which proceeded from the establishment of a Jewish polity as extended by the Mosaic law and its non-fulfilment. At the same time, the spirit of a later age exhibits itself in so clear a light that the more minute and detailed investigation into the ideas alluded to will, without fail, tend to the solution of various difficulties arising in this subject.

We are all aware what decisive influence that period has in the history of nations. Israel's origin was the peculiarity of his family. We know the patriarch with whom this great chain began. The chiefs, the tribes, the tie of social and fraternal connection, were, and always remained, the essential element of Israel's external existence. Greece, on the other hand, originated from a collection of colonies of Egyptian, Phœnician, Thracian, and Minor Asiatic extraction, if not from more races. True, a later invented genealogy pretends to trace a universal origin, but that trace is very vague and obscure. The various characteristics of these tribes *never* formed a whole. Rome is indebted for her origin to a collected horde who purposed nothing else than to obtain a common asylum, and to display unremitting and indefatigable strength. Do we not even behold in this the delineation of the entire career of these nations ? But let us also examine the localities wherein they respectively appear.

Israel occupied a certain district whose boundaries were limited by nature, being encompassed by considerable mountains, and by sea-coasts, which are so rocky that they hardly admit of a single port to connect them with the world. The country is half mountains, half valleys; the whole length of the latter is intersected by streams which emanate and disembogue in them, with an annual inundation. The soil is partly adapted to agriculture and partly to pasture; the country, yielding every necessary for maintenance, is sufficient in itself, with an unchangeable climate, a constant temperature, and a steady atmosphere.

Greece, on the other hand, was partly situated on a peninsula, partly in islands, and partly along the coasts. These districts are everywhere provided with creeks and tracts of land, accessible to the whole world, being in the centre of Asia, Europe, and Africa, the main point of the transition of civilization from the east to the west. They are fertile, though more stirring and stimulating than satisfying, and are everywhere provided with streams and rivulets, hills and plains, the serenest sky, and a temperature cooled by gentle sea-breezes.

Rome, the hilly city, was surrounded by the *Campagna*, which, as it were, appeared to invite one to descend therein, to take possession thereof, and to proceed further on, without losing sight of the focus of her powers, the all-comprising and the all-sustaining centre—the heart with its pulse—Rome herself. The whole world appeared as a plain; the seven hills as the only prominence therein. Rome acquired nothing unless she was compelled by want. On her arrival at the sea she obtained vessels, but not till she found them indispensably necessary. Rome could neither be maintained by herself nor by her provinces. Rome could not exist without Sicily and Egypt; to obtain them she required to possess several other countries; and the more she had the more she wanted, even everything. Rome's position was, either to gain all or nothing!

The origin and the locality of these three respective nations are in harmony with their character. Israel's peculiar characteristic was fervent affection and cordial attachment—the felicity of internal life. That of Rome, everything which physical life embraces and produces. Everything of the human heart, and every *subjective* relation in the circumstances of man, are brought to light in the life of Israel, and are the staple of his unbounded literature. In Israel the inward man stands pre-eminent to the outward, and is placed in a separate and predominant position; indeed, the loftiest aspirations, the sublimest ideal of man, are there exhibited in their purest spirituality. Different, however, is it in Greece. There man is represented as he outwardly

appears, as a whole, whose individual parts stand to each other in harmonious connection, and require cultivation. To comprehend these characteristics, we must first examine his visible features, from which we may form the ideal of his physical perfection. In Rome every energy was directed to the attainment of political power: national and political interests threw everything else in the background. There the scope for mental activity could only be found in the national games; and it may be considered significant of the Roman character, when we read that a most distinguished Roman orator and an eminent man of letters was deprived of his arm and tongue by a political opponent. We are, therefore, enabled to describe the principles of these three *ancient* nations in three distinct terms. In Israel, "*understanding*;" in Greece, "*beauty*;" in Rome, "*honor*." As a demonstrative proof we may mention, that the Romans rewarded their most praiseworthy men with *honor*. The Greeks said "*καλλον αγαθια*" (beauty combined with kindness, viz., the harmonious connection of the internal with the external); whilst the Hebrews say, חסיד (perfect; Gen. vi. 1, and xvii. 1), and especially חסיד עם אל (perfect with God; Deut. xviii. 13; Ps. xviii. 24).

Let us now cast a glance on the peculiar worlds which these nations have respectively founded for themselves. Israel first of all constructed for himself a terrestrial world, subordinate to the celestial. Looking upon God as Providence, as Judge, as incorporeal, the unlimited holiness; and upon man as sinful, yet striving after purity, and struggling for salvation; the former, conscious of our guilt, yet forgiving; the latter, penitent for his iniquity, and anxious to be relieved therefrom;—the Hebrews look upon this terrestrial world as transient, as vain in itself, yet acknowledging it to be a means, or a kind of transition to the higher world; hence it is that all human works have merely their value according to their intrinsic moral worth, being otherwise considered contemptible and vain, as the offspring of the moment (see Ecclesiastes).

How different appears the structure of Greece! As the Divine elements were seen by them in the ideas of the human mind, partaking both of human passions and of human enjoyments, so they appreciated only the visible and sensual world, which exhibited man in the most perfect harmony, and in a manner greatly pleasing to the senses. It cannot be said that amongst the Greeks Man was idolized, nor that God was corporealized; but all and everything to them was Man. Whilst the Israelites looked upon the body as the mantle of the soul, and upon the bosom as the shelter of the heart, to the Greeks the soul appeared as surrounding and entwining the body, and as existing

only for the purpose of refining and spiritualizing physical life. Thus was the world of the Greeks purely human, finished and completed by man; their idea of a life hereafter was confined to a subterranean region in the dark dominions of Pluto.

The Roman world, on the contrary, was a physical state and government. Whether we contemplate matters within—the contest of parties, which not seldom degenerated into intrigue, and the development of rights and laws; or whether we consider matters without—war and aggrandizement; we perceive the activity and efforts of the Romans, whilst everything else is subordinate and inferior. With them, even mythology assumed a political aspect; so that we have almost a code of the deities, and in the famous Quosego of Neplum (Virgil) are contained all the contentions of the consuls and tribunes. It was the Roman who first set a value upon the images of his ancestors, who sat upon the *sella curulis*, and by them distinguished the *vir nobilis* from *novus*.

We will here only point out the principles which these three nations respectively founded on the idea of revelation; *i.e.* on the immediate communication of God with man. The Greeks, indeed, more abominably prostitute the sacred idea; for their oracles, which were audible till within three centuries of the Christian era, are a puerile plaything, which must be despised and laughed at by every rational man, as hardly to be distinguished from modern jugglery. The intercourse of the gods with man, as represented in poesy, needs only to be named to show that moral worth and intelligence always appear on the part of man.

With the Romans it assumed a grave aspect. King Numa received from the nymph Egeria the laws of the constitution; the fortunes of the State were indicated in the Sibylline books; the interpretations of the predictions, gathered from the ancient sacrifices, and from the flight of birds, etc., etc., were intrusted to venerable (*a*) priests, and became objects of great consideration to the masses.

But what a true heaven opens itself, what a true divinity meets us, on the contemplation of the revelation of the Hebrews! Like the nation, it only exists for the sake of revelation; it comprises all present and future hopes; it is the setting sun of human existence, and the aurora of a divine life.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Genesis i. 27. בצלם אלהים עשה את האדם

"For in the image of God hath he made man."

בכורר העתים FROM THE

SINCE all commentators have exerted themselves to explain the above passage, and both psychologists and theologians have endeavored to find therein such meanings as are most convenient to their philosophical notions—without, however, leading to a satisfactory result—we shall undertake the agreeable task of deciphering the true meaning of this important passage by philological investigation. We call this verse "important," for this it truly is, if we consider that these very words imply what constitutes the superiority of man above the brute creation.

Pope observes, that

"The proper study of mankind is man ;"

and if we wish to know what man is, we must first discover by what he is distinguished from the other creatures ; a problem which has given rise to much discussion among the psychologists. The subject before us requires thus a two-fold investigation, which must lead to one conclusion, namely, What is the meaning of *צלם אלהים* (image of God) ? and, What is the just distinction between man and the brute creation ?

1. *What is the meaning of צלם אלהים (image of God) ?*

It has already been observed by Maimonides, that a corporeal form is, in Hebrew, expressed by the word *חזק*, and not by *צלם* ; we can therefore say of a person *יפה חזק*, but not *יפה צלם*. The word *צלם* is applied to such a form as that of a drawing made on paper in resemblance to any object, and is derived from *צל* (shade), which gives the outlines of a body ; so that, in this sense, we may consider it to represent the idea of "form." The word *צלם* is, however, not only used in speaking of physical, but also of abstract similitudes not necessarily true. In this sense David says, *אך בצלם יחולך איש אל תבל יהמיון*, Here *צלם* is parallel *תבל* (vanity), and is therefore to be taken in the same meaning. So, also, in Psalm lxxiii. 20, we find *בציר אדני* ' בחלום מחקיך אדני

צֶלֶם חֲלוֹם. Here, again, צֶלֶם is parallel to חֲלוֹם (a dream); for the true meaning of this verse is, "O Lord! the prosperity of the wicked is, before Thee, like a dream after one awakes; for as man, after he awakes, knows that all his visions were but a dream, so Thou knowest that all their welfare is but vanity; and thou [O reader] who imaginest that their fortune is true happiness, wilt perceive when thou awakest, that their prosperity is but an imaginary one—namely, a צֶלֶם." It is in this sense very justly translated by Mendelssohn "*Schattenglück*," (a shade-like prosperity.)

With respect to the word אֱלֹהִים, all Hebrew commentators agree that it signifies the same as "Almighty," or "One who combines in himself all power." The cause of its being used in the plural has already been explained by the author of the *Cosri*, who, in his fourth dialogue, says, "The heathen worshipped each individual power that they observed acting in this world, without considering from whom all these actions emanate: some did so, because they were not aware of His existence: others, because they considered Him too sublime for their contemplation, and too elevated to look down upon them. The Hebrews, therefore, used the plural noun, אֱלֹהִים to designate that Being which is Almighty, in which are combined *all* powers in perfection." To this we may add, as a proof of the Hebrews representing to themselves, by this word, only one Being, that it is always joined to a verb in the singular, whilst the heathen, in speaking of their gods, put the verb and adjective in the plural.

It is also an idiom of the Hebrew language to designate one who is the exclusive master of a servant, or any other property, by a noun plural; as, בָּעֲלִים 'אֲדֹנָיִם (masters, proprietors,) which, at the same time, indicates that the servant has but one master; whilst אֲדֹנָי (master) would convey the idea of one who has but a share in any property. The former is illustrated by the Biblical passage, —כִּי בִתְלִיךָ עֲשִׂיךָ ה' צְבָאוֹת שְׂמוֹ; the meaning of which is, "Your masters and promoters are combined in the Lord of Hosts." In this case a plural is used to denote an exclusive unity.

If we now translate the verse בָּצַלֵם אֱלֹהִים עָשָׂה אֶת הָאָדָם according to the preceding exposition of these words, we shall have the following sentence, "*He created man in resemblance to one who combines in himself all powers.*"

What we have to understand by this passage will become clear by the subsequent paragraph.

2. *What is the just distinction between man and the brute creation?*

This query, which has been a subject of investigation to many phi-

losophers, has been answered in various ways, the principal of which we shall here enumerate.

Some are of opinion that the brutes are devoid of life and sensation, and have not the least perception of any object whatever, their action being merely mechanical, like that of watches, which act, yet are themselves unconscious of their movements. Of this opinion is Descartes, whose statement in this case is so much against experience that it hardly requires refutation, as the following will show.

There are others who think that every creature has life and sensation like man, and even a knowledge of all external objects, but a defective perception, and therefore no knowledge of anything beyond bodies, no power of discerning between good and evil, nor that of forming abstract ideas. This was the opinion of that class of ancient philosophers known under the name of *Scholastici*; and, as far as regards the formation of abstract ideas, even Locke coincides with them; for he states, that "Brutes have not the faculty of abstracting or making general ideas, and that it is in this that the species of brutes are discriminated from man." We can neither agree with these philosophers; for we find some brutes that are as ingenious in their plans as man, without having a teacher as man has; and as to the perception of those objects which are beyond bodies, this is even very imperfect in man, and, in fact, the greatest philosophers err in their opinions. It is the same with the power of *discerning*, for we could bring forward instances of its existing among the brutes; and should it be said that their discerning good from evil is the consequence of their instinct, it could, on the other hand, not be denied that the same is the case with man. Not only the power of *discerning*, but even that of *abstracting*, is sometimes perceptible in the actions of brutes; for instance, a lion will devour a man, even before it ever had tasted human flesh; for it compares human flesh with that of the cattle that it had previously tasted, having already beforehand formed the abstract idea of "living," with the conclusion that "all that moves is good to eat." There are many men who during their life never form an abstract idea equal to the preceding one; and we may therefore say, that the scarcity of the instances in which brutes have been observed to form abstract ideas is no proof of their not possessing that faculty.

Some philosophers, and principally the modern ones, make but a slight distinction between man and the brute, for they say that all brutes have an intellectual soul like man, but their mind is less comprehensive. This we neither call a satisfactory solution, for it by no means indicates whence originates the similarity in the actions of man

and other beings, nor does it even show what difference there exists between their ideas.

We must mention yet another opinion, namely, that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who says, "that the difference is this : man has the power of improving himself, and arriving at a high degree of perfection, which the brutes possess not." This is true ; but this philosopher, at the same time, forgot that man can degrade himself in such a manner as to be far below the brute creation.

Having thus refuted the opinions of the principal philosophers, we shall lay before the reader our humble opinion on this subject.

Every species of brute possesses at its birth a natural inclination to only *one* kind of action, which it can by no means alter, neither by itself nor by tuition. The ant *can* only be industrious, and the dove *can* but be faithful. The lion *cannot* lay off its strength, nor *can* the horse lose its pride. The spider *can* only spin its webs, and the beaver *cannot* forget to build its dwellings. All animals have assigned to them a particular kind of work, which, with no possibility, can be applied to another branch of action.

With man, however, this is not the case ; he is not possessed of *one* power exclusively : there is not to be found any faculty among the other creatures, be they good or evil, which is not to be met with in man. He can also alter his line of action, and adopt one entirely different from that one he pursued previously. And if man were not possessed of several powers, he could change his line of action as little as the brute.

We may thus conclude, that the difference between man and brute is, *the brutes are only possessed of one individual power, whilst man combines in himself all powers.*

How truly sublime is this distinction expressed in the Bible by the words צִלְם אֱלֹהִים, namely, "He has created men in resemblance of One who combines in himself *all* powers." And not less beautiful is the expression following the creation of man, "Let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the heaven, the cattle and all that creeps on the earth," (Gen. i. 26) ; for as man possesses all the power of the brutes, he can rule over them, being superior to any of them.

Blessed be the God of truth, who has led me in the way of truth, and enabled me to explain His holy word in perfect harmony with reason ; confirming, at the same time, that the law and reason are two great lights, which God has given to man, to walk by their aid in the good path, and which, if both united, assist one another ; but separated, neither of them produces sufficient light. May the Lord lead those who inquire into wisdom by the light of the law, and those that study the law by the light of reason.

EMINENT JEWISH PHYSICIANS OF THE DARK AGES.

THE following notice of several eminent Jewish physicians who flourished during the dark ages, shows how the love of science manifested itself among our ancestors, even under the most unfavorable circumstances:—

The decrees of councils, however often repeated, availed little towards excluding the Jews from the practice of medicine even in France and Italy, much less in Castile, Arragon, and Portugal. In the first-mentioned of these Spanish kingdoms, we find an uninterrupted succession of Jewish physicians to the king, also employed by them in the affairs of the state. For example, the marriage settlements of Henry IV. of Castile, brother of Isabella, with the Princess of Portugal, were drawn up by a Jewish ambassador, Rabbi Joseph, the king's physician. In Arragon, during the same century, an Israelitish physician, Abiathar of Lerida, gained great renown by curing the blindness of King John II., at the age of eighty. This cure is the first instance of the operation for cataract which has been recorded in the history of medical science. The physician ventured to perform the operation upon one eye, and having completely succeeded, felt some hesitation in proceeding; but the resolute and courageous old king compelled him to risk an operation on the other also. In Portugal the names of Jewish physicians are rarely wanting among the officers of the king's household. The dignity of *Physicomôr*, or first physician, was instituted by King John I. of Portugal, in 1385, and bestowed first upon the Jewish physician, Meier Moses, together with great privileges for himself and nation. Other Jewish professors of medicine were treated with similar consideration until the reign of King Manuel. When the Jews were banished from Portugal, in the year 1497, the new Christians—concealed or baptized Jews and their descendants—continued to distinguish themselves as professors of medicine; for example, Dr. Manuel de Fonseca and his son, Dr. Lope de Fonseca, whose daughter Ginebra was burnt by the inquisition on a charge of Judaism; Dr. Geronimo Menes-Ramires, whose posterity, with that of the FONSECAS, were for two centuries both numerous and distinguished amongst the Jews of Hamburg and Amsterdam. Other celebrated practitioners, who emigrated from Portugal, also established themselves in these cities. Dr. Joao Rodrigo, of Castello Branco, called Amatus Lusitanus; Dr. Abraham Zacuto (Zacutus Lusitanus), author of the "History of Celebrated Physicians;" Dr. Immanuel Jacob Rosales, upon whom the Emperor of

Germany bestowed the dignity of Count Palatine; and Dr. Rodrigo de Castro, were equally known by their writings, and celebrated for their enlightened views, during the early part of the seventeenth century. Two sons of the last-named physician rose to eminence in the same profession, Dr. Bento (Baruk) and Dr. André (Daniel) de Castro; one was physician to the court of Queen Christiana of Sweden, the other to the King of Denmark. At Amsterdam an uninterrupted series of physicians has risen from the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue during the last two centuries. Among them, besides Zacutus and Rosales, were Dr. Bueno Bibas, consulted at the Hague in the last illness of Prince Maurice; Drs. Orobio de Castro and Semah Aboab, both father and son, with many others too numerous to mention here, before Dr. Immanuel Cappadose, in our days.

In France, also, the Jews from Provence, or from the peninsula, frequently distinguished themselves in the medical profession. A Jewish physician was called in to Francis I., and is said to have been the first to recommend the use of asses' milk. The poet Nostradamus, well known on account of his singular predictions, was the descendant of a Jewish physician at the court of King René of Provence. A little before the time of Nostradamus, another physician of Jewish birth followed the Constable of Bourbon in his exile from his king and country. The son of this physician was the celebrated and distinguished Chancellor of France, Michel de l'Hôpital, at the end of the sixteenth century, equally celebrated for his virtue, and his great talent as a legist and statesman. Catherine de Medici; in those times, sought to the Jews more for astrology than medicine. In both these capacities were Jewish emigrants from the Peninsula received by Mary de Medici, wife of Henry IV. of France; among their number was Dr. Elias Rodrigo Montalto, who died at Paris, and was afterwards removed for interment to the Portuguese Jewish cemetery of Ouderkerk, in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. In the eighteenth century, Dr. de Sylva, a Portuguese Israelite, was highly celebrated in France as a physician; he was one of the very few upon whom Voltaire, the great enemy of Israel, bestowed, both in his poetry and history, some words of praise.

MERCY IN JUDGMENT.

RABBI JOCHONAN relates that, whilst the Egyptians were drowning in the Red Sea, the angels wished to chaunt the song of praise; but God rebuked them, saying—"What! the works of my hand are perishing, and ye wish to sing!"

T. SANHEDRIM.

ON THE EXCELLENCY AND IMPORTANCE OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

THERE is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the Oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements from that infusion of Hebraisms, which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expressions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings. It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as that of the Holy Scriptures. If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language, after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Homer or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been advancing.—ADDISON.

What can give a greater dignity to this language than its being the first language of mankind, its being the language of God, the language of angels, the language of prophets; for God himself breathed this language into the first parents of mankind, Adam and Eve, at their very first creation, that they might explain their sentiments to one another, and in proper and convenient terms express whatever is comprehended in the whole universe of nature. This God made use of to manifest His boundless grace and will to men. In this language the holy angels talked with mere men. In this the prophets copied out the divine word concerning the eternal salvation of man. But if antiquity procures esteem to things of a durable nature, what bears an earlier date

than this language, that is coeval with the world itself? And if the dignity of the author enhances the dignity of a thing, what deficiency can there be here? In a word, if the excellency of the subject matter that is laid down in these writings, conduces anything to the dignity of the language itself, what can be imagined more worthy than that which leads us to the saving knowledge of God himself, which shows the manner of attaining eternal salvation? O truly laudable and worthy study! O industry beyond all praise! whereby a man is enabled in the same language knowingly to converse with God, with holy angels, with patriarchs, and with prophets, and clearly to unfold to men the mind of God from the language of God.—BUXTORF.

The Hebrew Scriptures have never been, and are not now, truly translated or perfectly understood by those who pretend to be learned; that, rightly translated and understood, they comprise a perfect system of natural philosophy, as well as a complete body of theology and religion; that they nowhere assert any of those heterodoxes in philosophy which modern observation shows to be such, but on the contrary teach and aver everything that hath been gathered from observations or experiments, recent or ancient, and propose and explain mechanical principles different from, nay, in many things diametrically opposite to those now received, by which all the various operations in nature are performed, and which tally with, and can be supported by, every observation and experiment that hath been truly taken or made, that the seeming absurdities with which the Scriptures are charged, either are not in the original, and are therefore owing to the ignorance or perverse design of the translators, or are when rightly understood no blemishes, but beauties in the revelation; and that the many institutions, declarations, and observations, which appear frivolous to those who do not understand them, are the product of perfect wisdom and contrivance, necessary to explain and preserve the religion inculcated in the Old Testament. The Hebrew Scriptures, however disguised and disfigured by the translation, are written with the utmost accuracy, propriety, and truth.—LORD FORBES.

The greatest part of human literature owes its origin to the Sacred Scriptures and Jewish Church, is an assertion which wants not antiquity nor yet reason for the demonstration thereof. Hence the scope and design of this discourse is to demonstrate that most of those arts and sciences that shone among the Gentile philologers and philosophers, were indeed but traditional beams of Scriptural revelation; the wisest of the heathens were fain to light their candles at the fire of the sanctuary, to derive their knowledge from the oracles of God, seated in the Jewish Church, as will evidently appear by what ensues. Truth is

more ancient than all, and if I am not deceived, the antiquity of divine writ has in this profited me, that I am fully persuaded it was the treasury of all following wisdom. Which of the poets, which of the sophists, who did not drink altogether of the prophets' fountain? Hence, also, the philosophers quenched their thirst, so that what they had from our Scripture, that we received from them again. Plato himself drew many things from the Hebrew fountains. Pythagoras transferred many things out of the Jewish institutions into his own philosophy. Yea, the poets have borrowed their best stage attire from the glorious wardrobe of Israel.—GALE.

THE FOX AND THE FISH: A FABLE OF RABBI AKIBA.

It was the lot of Rabbi AKIBA to live in most calamitous times. Jerusalem was in ruins; the flower of the nation had either perished during the war, or had been carried into captivity to grace the triumph of the conqueror; and the miserable remnant that was permitted to remain in their once happy, but then desolated country, groaned under the iron yoke of the Romans; who, attributing the heroic resistance which the people had made to their arms, and the obstinacy with which they had defended their country, to the spirit of their religion, wished totally to abolish it; and with this view forbade them its free exercise, and the study of the law. Akiba observed the deplorable condition of his brethren; and fearing lest the knowledge of the law should be totally lost, ventured, notwithstanding the Roman decrees, to instruct the people in their religious duties, and to teach the law publicly. One day as he was thus laudably engaged, Papus, the son of Jndah, a man well known for his learning, represented to him the imprudence of thus acting contrary to the Roman edicts; and said to him, "Akiba, *art thou not afraid of this nation?*" (alluding to the Romans). Thus wishing to deter him from so dangerous an employment, by intimating that there are times when prudence requires us to yield to circumstances. Akiba, whose opinion was, that no circumstance whatever can justify an Israelite to forsake his religion, being also persuaded that the calamities which the nation then experienced were to be attributed to their iniquities, and that their only chance of deliverance was in strictly adhering to the laws of God, said to him, "Papus, art thou the man of whom it is said, *He is wise?* Surely thy words show that thou art a fool:" and in order to expose to his audience the folly of that policy, commonly called *expedience*, which often

sacrifices permanent good to momentary advantages, he told them the following fable:—

“The fox,” said he, “once took a walk by the side of a river and observed the fish hurrying to and fro, in the greatest agitation and alarm. Curious to know the cause of so much confusion, he addressed himself to them, and said, ‘Friends, may I be so bold as to ask why you are so much agitated?’ ‘We are endeavoring,’ replied the fish, ‘to flee from our enemies, and avoid the many nets and snares which they have prepared for us.’ ‘Oh! oh!’ said the cunning fox, ‘if that be all, I can tell you an easy way how to secure your safety. Come along with me on dry land, where we may dwell together, in tranquillity in the same manner as our ancestors did before us.’ The fish perceiving the treachery of their insidious adviser, said to him, ‘Fox! fox! art thou he who is considered as the most sagacious of animals? Surely thy counsel proves thee a very great fool. If, even in our own native element, we are beset with so many dangers, what security can we expect to find on an element so repugnant to our nature, and so contrary to our habits?’”

“It is even so with us,” continued the pious Rabbi: “if even partially following that law of which it is said, ‘*It is thy life and length of days,*’ we experience so much distress and oppression, what think you will be our lot should we entirely abandon it?”

T. BERACHOTH.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

What is history but a fable agreed upon?—*Napoleon.*

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.—*Molière.*

Reason gains all men by compelling none.—*Aaron Hill.*

Honest men are the gentlemen of nature.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Envy is more irreconcilable than hatred.—*Rouchefoucauld.*

Many good purposes lie in the churchyard.—*Philip Henry.*

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

Age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible.—*Johnson.*

A song will outlive all sermons in the memory.—*Henry Giles.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—*Shakespeare.*

One always has time enough, if one will apply it well.—*Goethe.*

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious.—*William Penn.*

"OUT WEST."

BY PROF. J. D. BUTLER.

THE West draws new settlers into its capacious bosom by its fertility, its free homesteads, and its infinite demand for labor, whether skilled or unskilled. It also drives them to take shelter under its wings by *competition*.

New England once raised her own breadstuffs, but she has long since ceased so to do. The produce of richer and cheaper lands competed with her farmers, till it proved more than a match for their skill and energy. Many of them then turned to manufactures, but a still larger number were hence driven West. They made their own some of the cheap acres there, and enlisted in the ranks of the agricultural army which had vanquished them. Thus the West is constantly acting on the East with an increasing weight, and that of a larger and longer lever. Here is one secret of its rapid growth.

It is forty years since the first white families entered Iowa. But no more than one-third of its present population were born within its limits; two-thirds have come in.

Of its twelve hundred thousand to-day, about one-half were born in some more eastern State. Foreign countries, being further than the Atlantic slope from the West, have hitherto felt its influence less—but even they were long since driven as well as drawn to send their sons thither. The influence exerted upon them has been of the same nature with that which has brought Westward so many from our own East. Hence one-sixth of the population of Iowa has come into it from beyond the Atlantic.

Not one-sixth of the population of Nebraska were born within its limits. More than twenty-five thousand homesteaders and pre-emptors have filed claims in the land-office at Lincoln, a capital not yet six years old; and within the last three years, about three thousand settlers have bought farms on the land-grant to the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, on ten years' credit and six per cent. interest, and, on contracts made since 1872, no instalment of the principal is due till the beginning of the fifth year, and then only one-seventh.

The Westward tidal wave was never so strong as to-day—but it will be stronger to-morrow. The stronger it grows the more strength it has to grow stronger. Nor can it fail to wax still more mighty till so many of the European millions have migrated that the density of population and the rate of wages shall have become well-nigh equalized on both sides of the Atlantic.

SCIENCE, ART, AND FACTS.

THERE is no necessity, just at present, for the locomotive to awaken the echoes in the capital of the Chaldeans, or to run its iron course through the ruins of Nineveh, or for its shrieking whistle to resound—

“By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old.”

But if not for just now, it is perfectly possible for the future, and for not a very long future at that. The talk is for a railway through the valley of the Euphrates, and it is merely a question of some 250,000,000 of dollars to take a line straight through Constantinople and, skirting Palestine, to pass through Persia to Hindostan. “From London to Bombay 5,872 miles all by rail,” will be, some day or other, perfectly legible in mammoth posters in the streets of the capital of England. Is there anything so surprising, after all? Thirty years ago, who ever thought the Pacific railroad even possible?

It was at Vincennes, in France, that the famous china factory of Sèvres was commenced, and its intrinsic excellence alone would have brought it in time in vogue, but its popularity was strangely aided by the Empress Catharine of Russia. In 1754 she ordered a complete set of china; “simple,” she stated she wanted it, “only it was to be decorated with paintings in imitation of old cameos.” She scarcely counted on the cost when she deigned to transmit the order. When the bill came in it footed up 360,000 livres—about \$90,000. She was naturally astonished and refused payment. Diplomacy interfered and explained matters, and ultimately the bill was settled. All this agitation but added to the renown of Vincennes china. All the crowned heads of Europe were clamorous then for more sets of china at any price, and so the famous factory at Sèvres was founded.

The names of Gillot and Perry are known all over the world, where a steel pen is used; but few are aware that it is to Sir Josiah Mason that they really owe their usefulness. It was in 1829 that Mason, then a poor man, first saw in Birmingham a steel pen, marked by the shopman at 3s. 6d. each. One glance satisfied Mason that he could make a dozen for sixpence. Going home, he manufactured three and sent them to Perry, who had just commenced the business. With great shrewdness, Perry at once saw that the pens made by Mason were an improvement on his clumsy ones, and an immediate contract was made, and from this little beginning Mason became the largest pen manufac-

turer in the world. His name, however, was but little known, as the dealers put their own titles on the pens. Sir Josiah Mason, the pen-maker, has contributed lately to certain charitable and scientific institutions in England no less than £350,000.

The late fearful loss of the steamer Atlantic brings again before the people the question of iron and wooden ships, and various problems in regard to the length of ships. A long vessel is not so liable to pitch as a short one, from the disproportion between the length of the waves and the ship, but, as in cases of great width, which causes heavy rolling when it does ensue, so the pitching of a long vessel is proportionately violent. The proportion advised by the London Lloyds is, that a ship should keep in her build *within this limit, of fourteen times as long as she is wide*. As to iron ships, one class of builders declare that England never would have constructed iron ships if it had not been that all her forests were consumed. Experience, however, tends to show that, durability being immensely in favor of iron ships, accidents arising from storms are about the same in both wooden and iron ships.

City housekeepers wince at the price of butter; but whether, by any artificial methods of manufacture, prices may be reduced, it is impossible to say. Human ingenuity, taxed to its utmost to find articles of food in Paris, invented methods of preparing butter; and, strange to say, what was forcedly used during their period of starvation as an imitation of butter, is now employed when the stress of famine is passed. It is not openly called butter, but rejoices in the name of *margarine*. Its method of preparation is as follows:—Raw ox-tallow is gently heated in water with potash, mixed with a certain proportion of tripe. It is then purified, cooled, and the salted product subjected to hydraulic pressure, in order to remove the stearine. The result is a yellow mass very much resembling butter that has been heated, and is perfectly applicable to cooking purposes. Of course the odor and flavor of the butter-cup and clover are wanting; but by taking this butter, mixing it with milk and churning it, an article is said to be obtained which, if not the “Simon pure,” at least resembles in taste original butter.

A pretty spray of green tufty grass, all sparkling with dew-drops, not in the fields, but in a lady's bonnet! Well, what of it? It is as light and graceful as can be, and sways to and fro with every motion of the wearer. It is not pleasant to think, however, that death, disease, and misery have all much to do with that vivid green tuft of grass. Ninety-nine chances in a hundred is it, that their color comes from Scheele's green, the base of which is arsenic. It does no harm to the

fair wearer, only to the poor child who manufactured it. Some unfortunate little toddler had to thread those glass beads, which imitate the dew-drops on the slender stalks, and to give them a shake or so, to get them adjusted properly, and this shook out a little powder, nine-tenths of which was arsenic, and of course this poison was absorbed. How can you tell those who work at this cruel trade? You can tell them straight from the red rims around their eyes, and because their faces are white and pinched up like, but principally from the hair in front, just where the part should come, dropping out and changing color. Next time one of our fair readers exhibits a spring bonnet before admiring friends, let her think of the poor child whose health has been ruined, and let her ponder how best legislative acts can be enforced to protect the poor worker from a life of disease and misery.

How is or how was coal made? are questions which our children ask every day, and which very few, even among well-informed adults, can answer. The best explanation yet given, we think, is somewhat as follows: An enormous bulk of vegetable matter, hundreds of thousands of years growing in all the rank luxuriance due to a moist atmosphere and tropical sun, like in the wilds of Africa, has first been converted into peat or bog, and, thus preserved, has been covered up by some great agitation of nature. Under intense pressure from above and below, in long time it has become solidified. In comparatively recent times there have been upheavals, and these strata of coal have been lifted up again. So, after ages of due preparation, these seams of coal have been brought into a position to be accessible to man, and the forces of the sunbeam which fell upon the jungles of the primeval world are again unlocked and made subservient to our use, when we now decompose, by burning, those compounds which had been called into existence by the solar heat.

Accident insurance is steadily gaining in favor among intelligent people. From the report just published by the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., we glean the astonishing fact that during the past year 32,418 accident policies were issued, with net premiums of \$450,678.62, and that, in a business of nine years' duration, this Company alone has issued two hundred and sixty-seven thousand policies, and paid to about seventeen thousand claimants the immense sum of nearly two millions of dollars. From these figures it is evident that the value of accident insurance cannot be too highly estimated. Every one is liable to accident. With the greatest care and precaution calamities will happen, which bring sorrow, misery, and suffering to thousands. Either a steamer is wrecked, carrying hundreds to a

watery grave, or a railroad train runs over a rotten bridge or a misplaced switch and comes to grief, thus killing, maiming, and burning its passengers. These are types of accidents which involve wholesale slaughter. There are many minor casualties, however, which, if not so general in their results, are just as serious to the individuals who sustain them. The fall of a brick, or the kick of a horse, may deprive an entire family of its main support by either killing or crippling for life the bread-winner of that household. Thus it will be seen that every walk of life is beset with dangers, which the prudent man will so guard against that, if he cannot actually prevent them, he will at least be enabled to diminish somewhat from their severity. No better investment can be made than that which gives you an accident policy. The chances of your house being burned are much less than that you may receive some bodily injury. Why then should people neglect the precaution of insuring against the latter when they would never think of neglecting the former? Now that the season for summer travel has returned again, it would be well for all classes to avail themselves of that certain mode of relief which, in the unfortunate event of an accident, is always afforded by a sound, reliable, and responsible company such as the Travelers', of Hartford, Conn.

"The Favored Scholar" is the title of an elegant group of statuary just published by our famous American sculptor, Mr. John Rogers. The scene, which is a home one, is very pretty, and tells its story at a glance. A village schoolmaster, young and prepossessing in appearance, is seated at his desk explaining an arithmetical problem to the fair pupil who stands beside him, and who, if we may judge by her age, by the nosegay of flowers on the tutor's desk, and by the tender look he bestows upon her, is perhaps destined to become in time, if not his partner in the school, at all events his partner in a home and the sole possessor of his heart. Doubtless some such thought must have occurred to the little urchin, who, seated on a bench in front of the desk and hidden from the eye of the master, is amusing himself by teasing the girl and twisting papers in his hair to represent her curls. On the bench lie his broken slate and dilapidated book; on one side of the desk a pen-wiper is suspended, on the other a cap and jacket, while the front is ornamented with grotesque designs by the little rascal intended to caricature the girl and the master, and which, if they do not speak highly for his talent in drawing, give ample evidence of his power of penetration. This last happy effort of Mr. Rogers is one of his best, and will, we are sure, receive general approbation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE OCEAN, ATMOSPHERE, AND LIFE, being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ELISÉE RECLUS. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

To the scientific reader this volume of the eminent French *savant*, whose former work, entitled *The Earth*, was some time ago published by the same firm (Harper & Bros.), is of no small value; for apart from the subject, which is in itself interesting and important to know, the manner of its treatment is at once so clear and comprehensive as to include in one volume divisions which other authors have been compelled to treat separately. The work consists of three parts; the first treating of the ocean proper, the second of atmosphere and meteorology, the third of animated life, the earth and its flora, the land and its fauna, earth and man, and finally the work of man in his reaction on nature. A very useful feature of the volume is its colored maps and other illustrations, which impart at a glance the meaning of the author. As was the case with his *Earth*, M. Reclus has written his companion work in a style capable of being understood and appreciated even by unscientific readers, and this is a great point in its favor. By this means all the phenomena of currents, tides, winds, clouds, and climates, which otherwise might prove only suited to the learned few, are brought within the comprehension of any person of ordinary intelligence. A vast amount of knowledge and a general acquaintance of the subject is thus imparted to the reader, without his actually being aware that he has been engaged in perusing a work deeply laden with rich thought, and bearing on its every page the imprint of one of the master minds in the realms of science.

MIDDLEMARCH: A Story of Provincial Life. By GEORGE ELIOT. 2 Vols. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE London *Spectator* expresses the wish, which we cordially indorse, "that George Eliot's marvellously realistic power would for once indulge readers with a vision as true as any she has called up, which should send them away happier if not wiser men." This indeed is the only defect of the work. It lacks almost entirely the atmosphere of happiness. Nevertheless it furnishes a new study for the illustration of human nature, and affords us a rare and magnificent cabinet of character-sketches. Regarded from this light, *Middlemarch* is far

ahead of any of its predecessors by the same gifted authoress, and we doubt not but that it is destined to take a high rank among the greatest works of fiction of the age. The genius of George Eliot consists in the peculiar faculty she possesses of understanding the secret workings of the human heart, and of translating them in such language as to produce a series of pictures which can never fail to excite our admiration. The volumes before us are aptly described in its brief title as a "study of provincial life." The characters are commonplace people, and come and go just as they would in real life. And yet the genius of the authoress has woven from these slender materials a story of surpassing beauty and interest, in which every sentence has a significance, and which cannot be regarded other than as a "study," requiring for its enjoyment a mind of culture and refinement.

BIBLIA HEBRAICA, secundum editiones Jos. Athise, Joannis Leusden, Jo. Simonis Aliorumque, imprimis Everardi Van Der Hooght, D. Henrici Opii et Wolfii Heidenheim, cum additionibus Clavique Masoretica et Rabbinica AUGUSTI HAHN. Nunc denuo Recognita et Emendata ab ISAACO LEESER, V. D. M., et JOSEPHO JAQUETT, V. D. M. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott et Soc.*

STUDENT'S HEBREW LEXICON. A compendious and complete Hebrew and Chaldaic Lexicon to the OLD TESTAMENT. Edited by BENJAMIN DAVIES, Ph.D., LL.D. London: *Asher & Co.*

WE have given above the full titles of two works we have recently received from the well-known Philadelphia publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. The first is issued by them, and the second is imported from England, they being the sole agents in this country for its sale. The Hebrew Bible, edited by the late Rev. Isaac Leeser in connection with Rev. Joseph Jaquett, is already favorably known to our co-religionists, and, so far as correctness is concerned, is acknowledged as one of the best in use. The publishers, in getting up the new edition, have to be congratulated on the styles of type, printing, paper, and binding, all of which are such as to render the work one highly valuable in a theologian's library.

The Lexicon, edited by Dr. Davies, is chiefly founded on the works of Gesenius and Fürst, with improvements from Dietrich and other sources. Though not claiming to be original, it is certainly new in many respects. The irregular and harder forms of words are placed in alphabetical order in the body of the Lexicon, and not as usual put by themselves at the end. Much attention seems also to be given to the affinities and analogies between words in different forms and of

various dialects or languages. In carrying out the plan of the editor, the London printing-office is entitled to praise for the care and nicety displayed in the selection of type, and in the general way in which the book has been produced.

THE HOLY BIBLE, with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation. By BISHOPS and other CLERGY of the ANGLICAN CHURCH. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

THE second volume of this elaborate work, better known as the *Speaker's Commentary*, has made its appearance. It embraces the books of Joshua, by Rev. T. E. ESPIN; Judges, Ruth, and Samuel, by Right Rev. Lord ARTHUR HERVEY, D.D.; and 1 Kings, by Professor GEORGE RAWLINSON. The American edition is printed from duplicates of the English plates. There is, however, one slight difference which we hope to see remedied in the other volumes, and that is the omission to publish the table of contents which belongs to the English edition, and the names of the editors of the different books. Both these points are important and ought not to be overlooked. For a general review of the work we prefer to wait until its completion, as we shall then have a better opportunity of judging of its merits and worth as regarded essentially from a Jewish point of view. In the mean while we have seen sufficient to convince us that no Biblical scholar or theological student of any denomination should be without a copy.

SANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present; with a Glance at Hayti. By SAMUEL HAZARD. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

At the present time, when the question of the annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States, which gave rise to much political agitation, has in a measure been revived by the purchase of Samana Bay by a private company of American capitalists, the publication of Mr. Hazard's work may be regarded by some as having an especial political object in view and intended to serve a party purpose. From a careful examination of his work, however, we are convinced that the author is honest in his assertion, that "his only endeavor in making this volume is to bring together in a continuous and condensed form, for the benefit of the general reader, the facts connected with the history of the island from its discovery by Columbus to the present time, illustrating, as much as possible, its scenes and people by his own sketches, and photographs and engravings gathered from various sources." In addition to having circumnavigated the island and traversed "its length and breadth," Mr. Hazard subsequently went to London and "consulted almost every early writer of note upon the

island of San Domingo found in the treasures of the British Museum." He has thus been enabled to give us a work which is much needed, inasmuch as very little is known of the subject.

His narrative of personal experiences and observations is exceedingly well written, and shows that he is quite an adept in the descriptive art, while the numerous illustrations which grace the book bear evident signs of truthfulness and artistic skill. As a valuable addition to a library of travel we cordially recommend the work.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, from verbatim reports by T. J. ELLINWOOD. Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Series. 4 Vols. New York: *J. B. Ford & Co.*

THESE four octavo volumes contain a selection of sermons preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, by Henry Ward Beecher, from September, 1870, to September, 1872. The name of the greatest preacher of the age is known wherever the English language is spoken, and to criticise at any length his sermons would at this late day be simply an act of supererogation. Many men have the faculty of interesting and impressing an audience for the time being; but their charm, being only in their manner and not the matter of what is said, loses its effect when the words spoken appear in print. This, however, is by no means the case with Mr. Beecher. Gifted by nature with a remarkable voice and graceful delivery, he combines with his splendid power of elocution all the beauties of rhetoric and freshness of thought. From a close study of human nature, he is able to draw the most graphic picture of either happiness or misery, and thus his power over the hearts of his hearers is immense. He can place his audience in tears or in laughter at will, and so rivet the attention that an hour's sermon seems as an address of but a few minutes. In his similes he is peculiarly happy, while often his keen sense of humor gives point and finish to the practical lessons it is always his aim to inculcate. Of course to hear Mr. Beecher in his pulpit and to read his sermons are two different things; but, as we have already said, this difference is not near so marked as with other popular speakers. In the volumes before us there is not a sermon which is not worth reading and worth preserving. As is to be expected, in many instances his peculiar Christian idea is predominant, and hence his reasoning in these cases cannot be accepted by those who reject the doctrines of Christianity. Due allowance being made for this necessary peculiarity, we see no reason why his sermons should not be read with pleasure and profit by the followers of any religious denomination.

TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE. By Rev. FREDERICK ARNOLD, B.A. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

For the boy or young man who desires a work of much interest blended with practical lessons for his own guidance and instruction, we know of few better books than the one now before us from the pen of Rev. Mr. Arnold. It is indeed full of illustrations taken from actual life, the author having collected numerous facts from the lives of celebrated statesmen, poets, philosophers, clergymen, merchants, and others whose fortunes were made by some chance accident or turning-point which was taken advantage of at the time. Mr. Arnold has evidently the right idea of life. Though there may be, and doubtless is, no such thing as "luck" in the abstract, he yet thinks that "sometimes circumstances purely fortuitous have colored and influenced a whole lifetime." It is these circumstances which he terms "turning-points," and for these one must, in his opinion, have before prepared himself to take advantage of them. While admitting in the main the correctness of Mr. Arnold's reasoning, we are of the opinion that men's chances or "turning-points" in life are very unequally divided, and that there are thousands who—either from birth, station, locality, health, hereditary constitution, or some other extraneous circumstance—really have no "turning-point" at all. In these cases, the proper fulfilment of the great duties of life, in just that proportion as the surrounding circumstances will permit, is, to our mind, as meritorious as though the "turning-points" had been many, and been rightly seized and used to the best advantage.

THE ALDINE. New York: *James Sutton & Co.*

It seems to us that with each succeeding number the *Aldine* improves not only in the beauty of its illustrations but in the excellence of its literature. Since this last department has been intrusted to the care of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the *Aldine* has endeavored to take its stand with the best of our monthlies, and it is but justice to say that it has so far succeeded as to show that it is not merely a pictorial work, but one which combines graceful and pure literature with the rarest specimens of artistic skill. There are few journals in this country devoted to the cultivation of art, and inasmuch as this one is faithfully working for that object, it deserves hearty encouragement and liberal support. We would remind our readers that the next issue of the *Aldine* will contain one of the quarterly tinted plates of Mr. John S. Davis' child-sketches, which is alone worth the price of a year's subscription.

THE STAGE.

As the summer approaches one of the most brilliant theatrical seasons ever witnessed in New York is drawing to a close. It has been remarkable not only for the intrinsic merit of the plays produced and the excellence of the artists, but for the fact that the managers have seemed to vie with each other in liberality of setting and accuracy of detail. Such assiduous attention and careful catering to the intelligent wants of the people, though involving a large outlay of money, have met with their reward, for the public have nightly thronged the several theatres, and filled to repletion the managerial coffers. This is a healthy sign of the times, for it shows unmistakably that the day has passed when inferior talent, or even mediocrity will be tolerated on our metropolitan boards. The press, too—that great agent and promoter of civilization—is giving valuable aid towards cultivating a proper taste among the masses, and urging managers to do their utmost for the benefit of art. Thus it is now no rare thing to find even religious papers giving regular reviews of the principal performances.

During the past month the attractions have been many and varied. It is with regret, however, that we are unable in this number, from want of space, to give as extended notices of these as we could wish, and as it would be injustice to deal with them inadequately, we must content ourselves by a mere summary of what has been done, leaving to another occasion that proper criticism to which they are entitled.

At Booth's, a play, new to this country, entitled "*Amy Robsart*," has afforded Miss Adelaide Neilson another occasion to exhibit her wonderful dramatic power. The play is the work of Mr. Andrew Halliday, and is founded on Scott's beautiful novel of *Kenilworth*. Whatever may be its worth, the fact that one of the loveliest of women, and most talented of actresses now on the stage, sustains the character of the heroine, will be sufficient to render it a success for some time to come. That Miss Neilson is the cleverest artist who has for many years visited our shores is, we are sure, the verdict of all who have seen her as *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, and last, though not least, as *Amy Robsart*.

At the Grand Opera House Mr. Fechter has been delighting large audiences with his impersonation of *Edmund Dantes* in his new adaptation of "*Monte Cristo*," and while thus winning golden opinions for himself he has reaped a rich harvest for Mr. Daly, who came forward at the right moment when it was feared both actor and piece

would have to wait for another season. But this is not the only success Mr. Daly has achieved, for at his other house—the New Fifth Avenue—the revival of “Divorce” with the fine acting of Miss Clara Morris in the principal rôle, and the production of a new piece entitled, “Madelein Morel,” the joint work of Dr. Mosenthal, of Vienna, and Mr. Daly, have been as satisfactory as any manager could desire.

At Wallack’s, Mr. Sothern has appeared in his original character of Squire Chuckles in “The Squire’s Last Shilling,” and as is usual with that gentleman in whatever part he may sustain has shown himself an actor of much versatility, and has increased his hold on public favor.

At the Union Square, “Frou Frou,” with Miss Agnes Ethel in the title rôle, has drawn large audiences; but this play has given way to a new piece by Mrs. Sheridan Shook, entitled, “Without a Heart,” and which, if report speaks truly, gives proof of considerable ability on the part of the authoress.

Our German citizens too have not been without the means of enjoying the drama in their native language; for Mr. Neuendorff, the energetic manager of the Germania, has spared neither trouble nor expense in bringing together a number of talented artists, thus supplying a want which has been long felt in this city. During a very profitable season which extended from October 10th, 1872, to May 17th of the present year, fifty-one pieces were produced, the aggregate number of performances being 225. Of these, three were given at the Academy of Music, one in the Brooklyn Athenæum, and one at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. On many occasions, when favorite plays were represented, the Germania was found too small to accommodate the hundreds who assembled at its doors. This speaks well for Mr. Neuendorff’s efforts, and we hope that when next he opens his theatre he may meet with the same success he has already earned, and which he so well deserves.

In Brooklyn, Mrs. F. B. Conway continues with remarkable good taste and judgment to place on her stage all the leading novelties, and it is no mere compliment to say that it is impossible for one to pass other than a pleasant evening at her pretty theatre. In support of this assertion, we may mention that as soon as Mr. Wallack completed his engagement, Mrs. John Wood appeared in Mons. Sardou’s comedy of “Uncle Sam.” Since her departure, “Under the Gaslight” was produced with a powerful cast, and with all the necessary adjuncts of good scenery and general stage setting. Then “Man and Wife” came next, and this, we believe, is the piece now running, unless another change has been made in the bill, which would be no unusual thing for a management which is continually on the alert to entertain the public with infinite variety.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—JULY, 1873.—NO. 7.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY L. A. R. A.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

IN the first or introductory article on this subject, it has been shown that Roman Catholics object to the education received in our common schools, on the ground, not merely of being Protestant, but “godless”—in other words, non-Catholic; because our youth are not instructed in the Roman Catholic religion, and in none other, nor under the exclusive superintendence and control of the Roman Catholic clergy; and because the absence of such instruction and such exclusive superintendence gives the schools the impress of “godlessness,” (1) and will be productive of the greatest evils to this country. “Before God’s altar, to-day, I would blush for shame,” says a Roman Catholic prelate, “if I thought that the Bishops of the Church of God would bend before any power on earth, however mighty. If I thought that these Bishops of God’s Church would permit the young ones of their flocks to go to seminaries and schools under government control, where their minds would be poisoned, I would cry out, ‘O for the spirit of our fathers, who gave up everything that those entrusted to their charge might not be robbed from their Creator!’” (2) “Instruction in the Protestant religion,”

(1.) The charge against the 120 public government schools in Rome is even more remarkable. We are informed that in these schools are taught, “not only hatred of the Pope and priests, but atheism.” (New York Tablet of 24th May, 1873.) What fools must be both the King of Italy and his ministers to require *atheism* to be taught in not less than one hundred and twenty schools! Atheism is something worse than hatred of the Pope and priests—it is the denial of the existence of God! Very bad, if true or probable.

(2.) Bishop McQuade, in a sermon preached at Rochester on Sunday, 4th May, 1873.
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says one of the opponents to the public schools, is instruction in "American heathenish superstition;" and the rising generation trained in these establishments "will degenerate into brute beasts;" and (admitting the possibility of their retaining the human form) "their matricidal hands will be ready to cut their country's throat" (!); (3) whilst, on the contrary, provided our children be trained in exclusively Catholic schools, they will become "men and women that shall be the pride of the country and the glory of the Church;" and that, in order to attain this desirable end, the rising generation must be thoroughly indoctrinated in Christianity—that is, in Roman Catholic Christianity; for the Church not only denies the existence of any other "Christianity," but declares that "*no man has a right, before God, to be of any religion but the Roman Catholic religion*" (4).

(3.) See *Catholic World* for April; see also W. C. D.'s letter in *Herald* of 17th September, 1871. It is to be supposed that W. C. D. can furnish a more correct definition of the term "*superstition*" than even Cicero, who defines it to be "*excess of fear*," religious credulity," "*ridiculous belief*," and of "*Heathenism*," which Lactantius states to be the worship of false or inanimate gods, *e. g.*, image worship. ("*Pictorum vel falsorum numinum aut inanimatorum deorum cultus*.") It appears rather singular that Protestantism should be defined "*superstition*" because it teaches, fears, and believes, not more, but much less than Catholicism, and call that heathenism which, instead of paying divine adoration to gods and goddesses of wood and stone, condemns with the apostles and fathers of the Church such worship as idolatrous. W. C. D. is evidently not an American. Americans are not notorious for making "bulls."

(4.) Such (it is to be supposed) is the honest conviction of the advocates of exclusively Catholic education; such ever has been the honest conviction of the Church, expressed most emphatically by the Inquisition, etc. Indeed, it has ever been a sacred duty to rigorously and conscientiously act upon that conviction; a duty held as sacred to-day as it was twelve centuries since. In a lawsuit between Rev. Mr. Chinique and a Catholic bishop in Illinois, the latter admitted that "the acts of the Council of Lateran in 1215 commanding the extermination of heretics were genuine, and that these writings were now of authority in his Church. He also testified that these laws have never been repealed, and if he had the power it would be his duty to enforce them against all heretics." Yet, though it would be his duty, I very strongly doubt whether the Right Reverend Prelate would perform that duty. The spirit of the age holds some control over the mind of even the most "conscientious." Humanity and civilization exercise at present no small influence on "religion," and the duties which it imposes. Let us not confound men with things. We will give an instance:

Pope Innocent III., who raised the hierarchy to the highest summit of power, who established (1215) the dogmas of transubstantiation in the eucharist, and auricular confession—who likewise confirmed the Franciscan and Dominican orders—and by whom the Inquisition (originated under Theodosius, 5th century) was revived, fitted out the crusade against the Albigenese. Half a million of warriors assembled at his call. They were let loose on that devoted people, whose only crime consisted in not accepting certain dogmas of the Church. City after city was captured, and its inhabitants were put to the sword. In storming one city the inhabitants became so mixed up that the conquerors could not discriminate between the Catholics and the heretics. The commander of

It has been shown that, according to the views of the advocates of exclusively Catholic education, if we wish the rising generation to grow up good and honorable men, pure and virtuous women, faithful wives, "the children of Protestant parents must be deprotestantized." It has also been shown that religious instruction (if, indeed, any be given at all, or might be conveyed to the youth in our schools conducted upon a *Scriptural* basis) consists, or would consist, of that which is stated by Catholics to be held by themselves as not less essential, not less sacred, not less securely based upon Scripture than it is by Protestants. "We are Christians," said the Bishop of Rochester; "we believe in Christ; we believe in the Bible as a divinely-inspired revelation; we believe in the incarnate Redeemer; that Christ our Lord gave his blood to save us; we believe in Heaven and Hell, and a world to come; we believe in sin. And now," continued the prelate, "tell us what else the Protestant believes!" (5.) If, then, such schools are "godless," "heath-

the invading army inquired of the Pope's legate what he should do. "Kill all," said the legate, "God will know his own." Every being was slain, to the number of sixty thousand. Thus the work went on until a million of that devoted people were destroyed, and their beautiful and flourishing country was, like the Alpujarras in Spain, made a desert. That on issuing a similar bull of plenary indulgence a similar host of destroyers could be raised is highly probable; but that nowadays a prelate could be found to command indiscriminate slaughter of heretics alone is on the other hand extremely doubtful. I am very much inclined to deny it. *Tempora mutantur et nos in illis.*

(5.) "Lecture on Christian Free Schools, by the Right Rev. J. Y. McQuade, D.D., Bishop of Rochester." The answer to this question might simply be "nothing else, nothing more." But with all due respect to the candor of the honored prelate, might not the Protestant ask in turn, "If you and I believe all this, why do you object to our schools on *religious grounds*? Is it not in fact, in addition to the other objections, *chiefly* because we do not believe *all* that you believe in *addition* to what we believe in common, but which in our opinion militates against, indeed nullifies, this our *common* belief?"

The *Herald* of the 17th of July, 1870, in an editorial on the occasion of the danger threatened to the peace of the city by the attack of the Irish Catholics on the Orange procession of Protestant Irishmen, had the following remarks, which will not be out of place here:—

"With all the light afforded by the pulpit, we must nevertheless consider the situation for ourselves. It is undeniable, we think, that there are in modern society elements full of force, and liable to prove full of destructiveness, which neither the preachers nor the politicians clearly understand." The writer illustrates it as follows:—"One class of Irishmen has one set of religious opinions. Another class of Irishmen has another set of religious opinions. But although the one class and the other are convinced that one God and Father loves all and rules over all; that one Lord Jesus died for all, and that this death atones for the offences of all; and that there is one happy home for all the good, religion does not prevent Irishmen of the opposite creed from seeking to imbrue their hands in each other's blood. In spite of the sweet influence of the religion of Jesus Christ, it is a painful fact, which has to be admitted, that in every large city of the world, where Irishmen of the opposite creed do congregate, peace is disturbed, prop-

enish;" if *Christian religious instruction* be demanded as a *sine qua non* in the education of our youth; and if the fundamental articles of the Christian religion as indicated in our first paper, taught by and believed as they are in the Catholic Church, be *not* religious instruction; if the schools in which these, which you admit to be divine and essential truths, are taught, are condemned by you as "godless," what is, tell us, the religious instruction considered *Christian*, and without which "the rising generation, taught in our schools, will be changed into brute beasts"? What is *the* Christianity in which it is so necessary that the rising generation be "thoroughly indoctrinated," in order that when grown to manhood and womanhood they may become not merely "the glory of the Church," but, what to society is of infinitely greater importance, "the pride of the country?" Before proceeding to state the nature of that instruction, I wish to impress upon the reader's attention that I intend to view this subject of national education, not from a religious, but exclusively from a social and political stand-point. I shall proceed to inquire into the nature of that instruction, endeavoring in the first place to ascertain what is Christianity, and subsequently what is education and what is its object?

What then is Christianity?

Christianity so called is generally believed to be now nearly nineteen hundred years old. This is a pretty long time, though its progress has been exceedingly slow, not much above one-fourth of the population of the world having been converted to that religion. It is a period of time fully sufficient to enable its professors to obtain a knowledge of what it is. Yet, whatever it be, however good and wise, however excellent (which is not here the question), hitherto it has been impossible to obtain a plain, concise, in fact, an intelligible and satisfactory definition of the term. The word is not to be found in any of the

erty is imperilled, life is endangered once a year. This is true in Belfast and Dublin. It is true in Glasgow and Liverpool. It is true in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in San Francisco. It is not one whit less true in Melbourne and Sidney. The secret of this antagonism we do not pretend to know. This one thing, however, we think it is safe to say: religion, the religion of Jesus Christ, in a sphere within which it ought to tell, is not making men and women love each other; is not making them live happily together on the earth; is not fitting them for companionship in a heavenly home. In this New World, this home of freedom, this sanctuary, where all races and all creeds are equal, we are sorry to be compelled to make this confession. We know not where to lay the blame, but the truth must be told."

But why does this state of things exist only, as the editor observes, wherever Irishmen congregate? Why does this religious hatred not at present manifest itself in action where these do not congregate, for instance, England, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Austria, etc., where both Catholics and Protestants live in peace and harmony?

books of the New Testament. The early fathers of the Church have given no definition of it, nor has even one of the heresiarchs or founders of the hundred different Christian churches which arose in the first and second centuries of its existence, not one of the true Church, whichever it may have been at the time, to the exclusion of the other ninety and nine, has been able to give a plain definition of the term. The reformers of modern times are equally silent on the subject. In vain do we look for a definition in the writings of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Melancthon (Schwarzwald), or those of Priestley, Swedenborg, Wesley, or indeed either in the writings or speeches of any one of them. No plain, intelligible definition has ever been given from the pulpit of a word that gives the name to a religion professed during nineteen hundred years by about one-quarter of the thirteen hundred millions of the human race. One writer gives the following definition of Christianity, in reply to "an anxious inquirer:" "O man! search thine own heart, and peradventure thou mayst find it there," a definition not more satisfactory than that of the word "virtue" by the French encyclopedists. "By the term *Christianity* is to be understood," says a German theologian, "that inward spirit and conception, that concentration and essence of the religious idea and rule of life which Jesus Christ has communicated to mankind." Another writer defines Christianity to be "a peculiar system of ethics, superior to any and every other system, and whose excellence has by no means been enhanced by the creeds and dogmas that have been tacked to it, but is manifested by works of virtue, which indeed constitute its nature and its essence." This view of Christianity is, however, condemned as Unitarianism by a very celebrated divine. "A Unitarian," said he once in my own hearing, "is something between a Jew and the Devil. He denies the God that bought him. He may boast of his good works, but his good works will hang like millstones round his neck to draw him deeper into the gulf of destruction. No!" he continued, "Christianity consists of a body of sublime and mysterious doctrines, and a firm faith therein. Its morality, however sublime, even all the virtues together, are as worthless, as saving means, as filthy rags, without the fullest faith in its mysteries"—a view as Catholic as it is Protestant, the only point in dispute being the nature of the mysteries and their number. One Christian divine, every page of whose writings furnishes evidence of great erudition, depth of thought, and closeness of reasoning, without, however, giving a definition of the term "Christianity," says: "That by the Christian religion is to be understood the whole system of theology, as that system is now and generally has been understood by the many or general body of that

large community of persons professing to be, or calling themselves, Christians." But he does not state what that system of theology is, which is so very *differently* understood by *different* "large communities of persons;" which has *never* been otherwise than *differently* understood by some scores of different bodies, calling themselves Christians from its very birth, of which not only the early Fathers of the Church, but the writings of the Apostles themselves (especially those of Paul and John) furnish ample evidence. Dr. Young speaks of Christianity as "the distinctive revelation of the New Testament, as the chosen special teaching of the Master himself; and that this teaching is the fatherhood of God and the childship of all souls; that its symbol of infinite mercy is a dark cross, which is, however, the most luminous object in the universe; that the truest source of life is a cruel death, because the divinest utterance of love; that the living Jesus is the dying Jesus, and as such is the Redeemer of the world—God incarnate, God in Christ—that this is the life and light of man, and that this is Christianity." The latest "definition" of Christianity is given by Dr. Thomas. It is to be found in his periodical, *The Herald of Truth*, and runs as follows: "Christianity is the righteousness of God without the law of Moses, attested by that law and the prophets. It is sometimes styled the wisdom of God, in a mystery or secret which was kept secret during the time of the ages (*Chronois Mioniois*), but through the Apostles was made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets made known to all nations *for the obedience of faith*. Sometimes it is styled the mystery of the Gospel; 'the word of God;' the mystery which has been hid from the ages and generations, but now is made manifest by His saints; the mystery of godliness, and so forth. It was styled a mystery because it was so long impenetrably hid, that *the prophets, who uttered oracles concerning it, and the angels themselves could not understand it*." This last-named writer condemns *all* the different systems of theology indiscriminately, and in this very strong language: "The faith of Christendom," says the learned Doctor, "is *unscriptural* and *antichristian*: the sentiments characteristic of the apostasy." If the Doctor is right, then neither Roman Catholicism, nor Trinitarian Protestantism, nor Swedenborgism, nor New Jerusalemism, nor Unitarianism is Christianity; but these systems are one and all antichristian; and Christianity is a mystery which neither prophets nor angels can so much as understand, let alone define. The Rev. Mr. Frothingham characterizes all the churches as "a bundle of sects." Walker, the lexicographer, defines Christianity, "The religion delivered by Christ."

Here, at least, we have a concise and plain definition. But is it cor-

rect? Let us see. Christ was born and bred in the Mosaic religion. He complied with all its ordinances, even to keeping the Passover on the very last night of his life. But did he deliver any religion? No. He did not even *teach* any new religion, but *professed* the religion of Moses, in which he was born and bred; the religion of his fathers—Judaism—the religion in which he died; the religion *delivered* by Moses: (6) “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy might;” and “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Both are quotations from the Mosaic writings. (See Lev. xix. 18.)

To these quotations Jesus is said to have added, “On these commandments hang all the law and the prophets”—Deism and morality. This is likewise a quotation. They are the words of Hillel (of the sect of Pharisees!), who flourished 350 years before the birth of Jesus. This Hillel is the first of four of that name. The second was from Babylon and a contemporary of Jesus. The third of the name wrote in the 12th, and the fourth in the 15th century. Both were natives of Italy. Even the Sermon on the Mount consists, without *a single exception*, of a collection of sentences gathered from the Jewish rabbinical writings. The Church of Rome cannot admit this to be Christianity. “Christ brought down from heaven mysteries which the mind of man cannot comprehend—mysteries which no power of man, no genius, no intellect could hold enchained.” (Bishop McQuade in a sermon at Newark on the 4th of May, 1873.) If we apply to that Church for a definition of Christianity we shall be answered, “All that the Church teaches and believes.”(7)

(6.) Or rather of the Prophets.

“The Jewish nation, selected among all as the depository of what may be termed in a pre-eminent sense religious truth, received after a short preparation the Mosaic system. This system is a mixture of moral and positive commands: the latter precise and particular; the former large, clear, simple, peremptory. There is very little directly spiritual.

“The teaching of the law was followed by the comments of the prophets. It is impossible to mistake the complete change of tone and spirit. The ordinances indeed remain, and the obligation to observe them is always assumed; but they have sunk to the second place. The national attention is distinctly fixed on the higher precepts. Disregard of the ordinances is in fact rarely noticed, in comparison with breaches of the great human laws of love and brotherly kindness, of truth and justice. There are but two sins against the ceremonial law which receive marked attention—idolatry and Sabbath-breaking; and these do not occupy a third of the space devoted to the denunciation of cruelty and oppression, of mal-administration of justice, of impurity and intemperance. . . . Even the Pharisaic teaching contained elements of a more spiritual religion than the original Mosaic system.” *The Education of the World*. By Frederick Temple, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, in “*Essays and Reviews*.” P. 9.

(7.) ECCLESIA (ἐκκλησία) (to convoke, call together), *assembly, meeting* (Pliny the

What is the meaning of the term "Church"? Answer: The Church is represented in the Pope, and the Pope is the representative of God upon earth. (8.)

From the following description of "the Way of Holiness," furnished by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in his discourse on 22d June, 1873, it is, I think, not difficult to form an idea of the Unitarian view of Christianity.

"The way of holiness," said the rev. gentleman, "is merely a holy hearted simplicity of purpose, a singleness of eye to see the right, a strong love of goodness and a resolute will to seek and possess it."

If this be Christianity, then the Christianity of Jesus, the Judaism of Moses and the Prophets, the wisdom of the ancient Sages of Greece and of China, the teachings of Freemasonry, the moral philosophy of modern times, are identical and convertible under the term "Christianity," or call it what you please.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

The same spirit pervades all alike. If, I repeat it, this be Christianity, then the Church of Rome acts consistently when standing sternly aloof she hurls her anathema against all; and turning her back upon them exclaims, "This is *not* Christianity, because it is not *my* Christianity," yet whilst the Church of Rome declares that no man has a right before God to be of any religion but the Catholic, the Evangelical Church declares it to be "a system engendered in Hell and vomited forth by Satan upon earth to become the bane and curse of mankind." (9)

In order to the right understanding of the subject under consideration, it is also, in the first place, necessary to obtain a correct definition of the term Education.

In the popular acceptance of the word, education is the process of both imparting and receiving instruction, whether through the medium of the eye, books, or the ear, verbally, and such from the veriest rudiments of literary and scientific knowledge, as reading, writing and arithmetic, even from the conventional symbols of sound, the alphabet, to the highest branches of literature and science. Education is, however, not instruction. They are not convertible terms, although there is no edu-

younger); also *gathering* or *assembly of the faithful*, *congregation* (Lactantius); also *church*, a building wherein divine worship is celebrated. It never means the body of the clergy only.

(8.) See preceding number.

(9.) Sermon preached by the Rev. H. McNeil, or Dr. Baffles, in my hearing; this was upwards of forty years ago; and though I perfectly remember the words I cannot remember the preacher's name.

cation without instruction. The latter is but the handmaid of the former, and no more. (10.) On this subject more is said further on.

The Bishop of Rochester, in the lecture already quoted, condemns our system of education also on the following ground, quoting the following extract from the *New York World*:

"The truth is, that the mistake of means in our system of education arises from a perversion of ends. On account of the recency of its establishment our school system answers more nearly than those of older countries to what is considered by the majority of modern men the chief end of man in our time. That end is to get on in life, to make money, and to gain what money brings. To that purpose the present system is entirely adequate."

"There is a picture!" says the Right Rev. Prelate, in commenting upon these remarks, "there is a picture of the education furnished by the State of New York to its children. It is calculated to show them how to get and spend money."

This picture does not, however, appear to be so very dark and gloomy to another advocate of exclusively Catholic education, who says, "What Catholic American citizens, *who fully understand their duty to their country and to their God*, want, are public schools where boys and girls can gain enough of *secular* education *to be smart and active men and women of the world*," provided always that they be "*thoroughly indoctrinated in Christianity*," that is, in the Roman Catholic faith. Can we attach any other meaning to the words "smart" and "active," taken even in their most inoffensive sense—and we all know how constantly the word "*smartness*" is made synonymous with "cunning," and cheating, and even swindling on a large scale—but money-making? Money-getting men and money-getting women *of the world*. And to *this* end their attainments are to be directed and limited.

But is money-getting, the pursuit of wealth in the path of fair trade, the learned professions, or of science and art, in a word, industry—is the interchange of the necessities, conveniences, and even luxuries of life to be condemned? Are at present the pursuits of commerce, or trade, or any of the thousand ways and means of honorably getting money against

(10.) INSTRUO, to *arrange in order*, to put or place together in a certain receptacle; hence the French *instruire*, German *unterrichten*. EDUCO, to draw forth, out of; to lead forth. French, *élever*, to raise erect, elevate; German, *Bilden*, to form, to shape, from *Bild*, image. A well-informed man is not necessarily a well or properly educated, well-trained man, and *vice versa*. That many so-called uneducated, ignorant, but in reality only "uninstructed" men are often most noble-minded, honorable, and highly principled; and, on the other hand, many a highly-educated (so-called) is utterly unprincipled, is but too often the case.

some equivalent, more injurious to society, more demoralizing, than have been the fanatic idleness and pretended beggary attendant on the conventual and monastic life of the past ages? Which is the more useful man to society, a Vanderbilt, who invests his millions in the building of railroads and steamships and electric telegraphs, or a Ferdinand VII., who invested his, in the purchase of gold brocade and silk thread and diamonds that he may embroider a robe for an image of the Virgin? a Stewart, who makes money, and then builds magnificent and comfortable hospitals for his poor fellow-men; the industrious mechanic who is getting money as a means to support his family and educate his children, or the hermit who wastes his days in counting his beads, supported in idleness by the charity of the industrious husbandman, or a Simon Stylites, who spent his life in standing upon the top of a column? Whence issue greater advantages to society, from the monastery on Mount Carmel, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, or the railway depot and the wharf? from the cell, with its skull and cross-bones, or the Wall street counting-house? Which is the greater harbinger of general prosperity, the midnight litany or the midnight whistle of the locomotive? Which bestow greater benefit on society, the twenty thousand fair, but pale and wan, young females shut out from the world in convents, bewailing in secret and with scalding tears the rash vows by which they bound themselves to violate the law of God and of nature (11), or the twenty thousand cherry-cheeked, trim, "smart" girls at morning tripping to their daily avocations, and at eve joyfully returning to the paternal roof with the earnings of their labor and skill, and cheered on by the justifiable, natural, laudable hope of, at no very distant day, having a home of their own and rewarding the love of a husband by bestowing upon him the blessings and the joys of paternity?

But has there ever been a time, has there ever been a community where the love of money was not the *primum mobile* of action, the all-absorbing thought, even in those holy middle ages, even in those communities which renounce the goods of this world? Let us see: we will only present a picture or two taken in those good olden times of purity and simplicity so deeply regretted at present and whose revival is so devoutly desired.

Two merchants of Augsburg, named (if my memory does not deceive me, for I have not the printed record at hand) Altman, obtained from Charles V. the privilege of fitting out a trading ex-

(11.) These remarks do by no means apply to those noble women who devote their time, and risk their lives in endeavoring to alleviate human suffering—the Sisters of Charity and kindred sisterhoods.

pedition and for the discovery of regions "beyond Venezuela" in South America. The conditions were, that the land discovered should be taken possession of in the name of the Emperor. One of the firm sailed with two hundred companions. On the arrival of the vessel at Venezuela, the party proceeded inland, collecting all the gold they could lay their hands on, by putting the natives of the country to the torture. Altman, having been informed that far in the interior there was a palace built entirely of gold, went in search of it. The distance was considerable, and the road lay through dense forests, and over mountains and precipices. In order to supply the exploring party with the means of subsistence, four thousand Indians were loaded with heavy burdens of provisions. These people were chained in file, each having an iron collar round his neck, which was fastened by a chain attached to a similar collar round the neck of the man preceding, and to another worn in the same manner by the man following him. Exhausted with fatigue, scores of these unfortunate people dropped down. No time was lost to unfasten the iron collar, but his head was struck off and the brains scooped out, and the skull added to the burden of another Indian. The imaginary palace was never reached; much gold was, however, found, and with this the skulls were filled. Of the four thousand Indians only forty returned. Altman himself died on the journey, after having lost about half the number of his fellow-adventurers.

There were no "godless" schools in those times, in which these men could have been educated as smart and active men of the world, but such only in which they had been "thoroughly indoctrinated."

Here is another:—

In the year 1252, the peasants of the village of Chatenay, near Paris, which belonged to the cathedral, had fallen into arrears with their rents and tithes, and the Chapter sent out its gens d'armes and had this unfortunate people dragged to Paris, and shut up in a dungeon near Nôtre Dame. The dungeon and the treatment of the prisoners were such, that in a few days many of them were dead. The noble Blanche, the Queen Regent, offered to give security for the amount due by the peasants if the Chapter would set them at liberty; but she was answered that they were determined to have their money, and if their debtors did not pay they might rot in prison (12); that if the Chapter thought fit to starve their peasants, that was nobody's business but their own; and, to show their defiance of the queen, they forthwith

(12.) They were not of the tribe of Shylock, those good fathers, and although "smart" men, not "smart men of the world," but meek, pious men, that had "renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil."

commanded that the wives and children of the peasants should be seized and shut up with them. The dungeon was confined and noisome enough before, and many of these victims were suffocated before they had time to experience the slower death by hunger. Blanche went in person with a party of knights and men-at-arms to effect their release, but the priests threatened the malediction of the Church on any one that should dare to lay hands upon her property. This terrified the knights, and they drew back; but the queen then advanced alone, and with her own hands struck the first blow with a staff on the dungeon door. This put an end to the hesitation of her followers. The door was broken open, and wretched, emaciated forms of men and women and children tottered forth; and in order that her act might not be avenged upon them, the queen subsequently bought them and set them free.

And *there* is a picture!

Note, that in those times there were no schools, where the pupils could open the Bible and read to their meek oppressors and deceivers the words of Jesus, "Where your treasure is, there will be your heart also."

I am well aware that the Catholic, in common with every other religion, condemns unjust or cruel means of getting money; but, even if I were not, I would still be convinced that it is impossible that that Church otherwise than entirely condemns them.

The view of W. C. D. accords, however, fully with that of Cardinal Cullen: "Enough of secular knowledge to make them smart and active men and women of the world," says W. C. D.; the Cardinal condemns, not alone mixed education, but the "*intellectual pride*," (13) as the result of "dangerous systems promoted by false philosophers, who wish to make experiments of new-fangled and perverse theories." (14)

The Bishop is right. "Secular education to boys and girls enough to be smart and active men and women of the world," is not enough. Far from it. Many smart men and women of the world employ their smartness and activity to injure, wrong, deceive, entrap, and ruin other less smart and active men and women. Even the highest, the most accomplished so-called education, the most "religious" training, offers no guarantee against the insidiousness of vice, the commission of crime. This too is proved daily, hourly, here and everywhere. Society de-

(13.) INTELLECTUAL (!) This single word, inadvertently introduced, furnishes, perhaps, the key to the solution of this school-question: "Knowledge is power:" but,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

(14.) See Cardinal Cullen's recent Pastoral.

mands from each and every one of its members more than smartness and activity. Rudimentary and even highly scientific and literary education, more properly instruction, is only partially social, merely mental, intellectual training—a means, not an end.

In reality there is no uneducated man in existence. All men are educated in and for the state of society in which “they live and move and have their being.” The veriest savage is not uneducated. The Australian is educated in the use of the boomerang; the Indian of the prairie in that of the bow and the scalping-knife, the stratagems of war; the Esquimaux in the management of the spear and the oar.

But to return to the subject of Education: Education does not consist in the mere *training* of youth. Education is more than that. (15.) It is not merely the process pursued by the trainer or educator; it is also a passive process *within* the subject—a process independent of the will of both teacher and pupil. It is the development of thought, the process, the march of mental growth—a slow but steady progress; and not only of thought, but of disposition, more properly speaking—of inclination or propensity, the germ of which has already been implanted by nature at *the very birth*—before birth—in the embryo state—in the ovum at the moment of conception by the mother. Education is to man what training is to the plant. The latter will not flourish nor bring forth good fruits when planted in an uncon-

(15.) “Bildung ist die Gestaltung eines gegebenen Stoffes. Im engeren Sinne wird Bildung dem Menschen zugeschrieben und bedeutet einen bestimmten Zustand der mit und in dem Leben entsteht und ebensowohl die werdende wie die vollendete Bildung bedeuten kann. Sie ist in diesem Sinne die Entwicklung der körperlichen und geistigen Anlagen des Menschen und wird Theils durch Erziehung theils durch das Leben selbst bewirkt. Jene bezweckt die intellectuelle und ästhetische, dieses die Bildung des Charactere, das Ziel beider ist aber Sittlichkeit. Die Wahre Bildung kann nur aus dem Innersten des Menschen hervorgehen.”

“Die Bildung eines ganzen Volkes, insofern sie die Vervollkommnung des bürgerlichen Lebens, die Entwicklung der Gesellschaft und der Verhältnisse des Zusammenlebens der Menschen zum Ziele hat, nennt man *civilisation*.” (Der Mensch Körper und Geist).

Bildung. Formation is the giving, acquiring shape and form to or by any given matter. In a more restricted sense it is applied to man, and expresses a fixed condition or state which comes forth with life and during life, and may mean both the process of formation or the form finally given or acquired. In this sense (Bildung) is the development of both the bodily and mental capabilities and is brought about partly by education (training), partly by and through life. The object of the former is the intellectual and æsthetic culture; that of the latter the formation of character. The aim of both is morality. True Bildung (education, formation of character) can only proceed from the innermost of man himself.

What is called civilization is the education, formation of character (Bildung) of a whole people, inasmuch as its object is the perfection of society and the development of social relations. (Man in body and mind.)

genial soil and climate—true; but the soil will not be able to furnish the plant with the sap which it is incapable of receiving. The palm will flourish in the tropical regions, not only because the soil and climate are adapted to it, but because the palm itself is so organized by nature as to render it susceptible to the reception of the properties which promote its growth and enable it to bear good fruit. Thus it is with the mind. As nature has moulded it so will it be adapted to the reception of certain impressions, and repel others which it becomes desirous to make upon it. It is utterly impossible to form a gentleman out of a man who has received from nature a low, grovelling, brutish, a merely *animal* mind. Cultivate his intellect, polish him as much as you please, place him in the best position, surround him by the most favorable circumstances, he will instinctively feel *inclined* as nature intended him to incline, and will follow the bent of his inclination whenever he can do so, unless prevented by other surrounding powers or influences. Amongst these religion is perhaps the most powerful; not the religion of duty or of love, but of *fear*, and that fear is *bodily* fear—the fear of Hell. “I am not afraid of the gallows,” said Reynolds, “but of Hell”—the sufferings after death—similar to those experienced when the body is subject to the direct action of fire upon it. Bodily fear. He was a shrewd politician who invented that fiction—a *lake* of brimstone and fire. He who first suggested the idea of *burning* heretics and Jews, rather than inflicting any other punishment, knew that it was the most fearful of all sufferings that could be inflicted. The eternal punishments of the ancients were mere child’s play in comparison with those. What are the sufferings in the Tartarus of the *ancient* poetical and ingenious heathen? What are the gnawing of a bird at the heart, the filling with water a bottomless barrel, the rolling upwards of a stone that always rolls down again, the sufferings of thirst in the midst of water that reaches to the lips—what is all this compared to the swimming in a lake of liquid fire, suffocated by the fumes of brimstone, without being able to die? Yes, the fear of Hell, this political engine in the hands of shrewd theologians, the religion of fear, I repeat—*bodily* fear—is the only check, not upon the inclination, but upon the indulgence of the inclination. But *these* cannot be removed. You cannot make a Carrier *feel* or be *inclined* as a Howard feels or is inclined. Nature had made the former a monster, and circumstances enabled him to follow the bent of his inclination. The one, Lucretia—the virtuous wife of Brutus—was *unable* to survive her own and her husband’s shame; the other of the same name, the poisoner, the incestuous daughter of Alexander VI., would not have considered the loss of honor as attended with any shame at all. The

minds of these two women were differently moulded by nature, and thus they acted respectively, although the former had been educated in heathenism, the latter most carefully and devoutly "indoctrinated" in Catholicism.

What then is, or rather ought to be, the aim and object of education? Education for the man living in a civilized state of society, appears to me to be the process by which man may be made as good and as wise—not as he ought to be, for this depends in a very great measure, if not entirely, on the physical organization of each individual as he has received it from the hand of nature at his birth, in the embryo state, in fact, at the moment of conception (16)—but as good and wise as

(16.) I have known in Spain a married woman who, though in many other respects a most amiable and kindhearted person and exemplary wife and of unaffected piety, nevertheless murdered every one of her children (six in number) immediately after birth. She declared that it had been utterly impossible to her to resist the temptation. The poor Devil was charged with it, but he refused to be exorcised, knowing himself innocent, I suppose.

What physiologist will deny that Fits, the young boy of Lowell, who recently, whilst in a state of somnambulism and freed from the control of reason and reflect on, made repeated attempts on the life of some persons whenever the circumstances were thought by him favorable for the commission of the deed, had received from nature the instinct, which, when not awake and under self-control, perhaps, of fear or caution, led him to take a fellow-being's life?

We have another instance in the murder of the scissors-grinder of Hudson, N. Y.

Joseph Waltz, in his confession of having murdered Hulcher, the scissors-grinder, states that the deed was done about ten o'clock P.M., on the first of May, or a little later. He went to the room occupied by Hulcher, whom he found asleep, and struck him three times with the hatchet, the first time with the blunt part and twice with the sharp side. He only groaned and all was over. Waltz then took the body to the stone wall, where the traces of blood were found, and covered it up. There he left it until the next night, when he took it down to the orchard and buried it. The officers, having learned all they could, took him out, at his own suggestion, to the place where the body was buried in the orchard. A few inches below the surface the body was found wrapped in a blanket. The head was horribly mangled. Waltz also confesses to having burned three schoolhouses in the town and buried the books, which have been found at the place he designated. When asked why he committed the crime he replied:—"I done it for mischief and not for gain. The bad spirit was in me and I wanted to do something bad." He was born with the instinct of evil.

There is another instance at Pittsburg (Penn.) towards the end of April, 1873. George Schaum, a little boy nine years old, was cruelly murdered and the mutilated body hidden in a wood by a boy, Timothy Bacon, aged sixteen, for the sake of a few groceries. The expression of his face is represented "at times as devilish." "He had an unfortunate pedigree, and physiologists will find in him an interesting case of the result of crime among ancestors. His grandfather was convicted of murder in the first degree and suffered the penalty, and his own father became crazed with religious fanaticism and cut his own throat." What were the workings of his father's brain at the moment of the conception of this boy by his mother?

he is capable of being rendered under the circumstances by which he is surrounded (17).

It is not at school nor at college exclusively, nor in combination with these, that man is completely educated. It is often after leaving school and when he enters into the world that his education commences. How different will he find the education received in real, active life from the education received from books! It is when he comes in contact with his fellow-men that his real education commences. At school he received only instruction, book knowledge, not knowledge of the world. The bench and the bar, the stage, the bank, the counting-house, the store, the pawn-shop and the workshop, and the bar-room, the barrack and the cockpit, the salon and the back slums, the very prison—all these are so many schools. He finds a teacher in almost every man he comes in contact with; and the intellect cramped by school literature becomes enlarged by reading at a riper age. The very street Arab is but the pupil of a street Arab, and becomes in turn the teacher of another street Arab. Nor is education confined as between individuals. Nations become the pupils or teachers of nations. Thus we see, that *when a superior community or people or race receives constant accession from an inferior people or race the former gradually degenerates, and what is remarkable the inferior race will not improve by coming in contact with the superior.* May not this account for the degeneracy which is so often perceived of what is called national character?

The object, of education, then, being to render man as good and wise

A few years since a girl of fifteen was in the habit of enticing very young children away into some remote spot, stripping them of their clothing or trinkets, then throwing them into a river or well and calmly contemplating their death struggles. Did not this girl come from the hand of nature a thief and murderer? But it may be asked—if such men as Hanlon, Dumolard, Leotade, Waltz, and scores of others are born without their concurrence or will with brutal and sanguinary instincts exist, what is society to do with them? Is it not unjust to deprive such men of life? Undoubtedly it is. Shut them up to *prevent* mischief; but if the mischief is done and could not have been prevented, then destroy them to prevent further mischief from men who are not only useless, but dangerous, pernicious; destroy them as you would the wolf, tiger, or alligator, who were likewise created with instincts of cruelty and bloodthirstiness, though provided by her with the strength, cunning, and arms to satisfy their natural instinct. Destroy these men—not from a spirit of revenge, but in spite of justice as a matter of policy; society will be better off without them, even though relinquishing any profit to be derived from prison labor.

(17.) I am well aware that this view is severely condemned by theologians. But if by reason, experience, and the laws of our nature, we are, in spite of ourselves, forced to admit this truth, how shall we be able to reconcile this "new-fangled doctrine" with that prudent and undeniably useful theological dogma, free will?

as he is capable of being made, will the education imparted at our common schools, conducted as they are on a non-Catholic basis, be sufficient to attain the end in view?

The advocates of exclusively Catholic education answer, "*It will not.*" "In our public schools," say they, "youth is so trained as to become, when attaining the age of manhood or womanhood, brute-beasts, and ready to cut their country's throat." What, then, are the means insisted upon by them to be employed in order to avert such a calamity, and not only this, but to train youth so as to become the very pride of the country? The answer is, a Christian education: in reality, an education founded upon *faith—belief*. Belief in what? In the peculiar dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. What are they? Not only the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion believed in by both Catholics and Protestants, for these are not at all deemed sufficient to prevent men from degenerating into brute beasts, but in addition to them, and chiefly because considered as indispensable, indeed essential, the following:

1. The Real Presence, transubstantiation and concomittance, or consubstantiation. (18)
 2. The intercession and worship of the Virgin.
 3. The immaculate conception.
 4. The intercession and worship of the saints.
 5. A purgatory.
 6. The miracle-working power and divine virtue in images (19) and also in relics.
 7. The efficacy of absolution by the priest from the consequences of sin and of crime (*as sin*).
 8. The efficacy of the mass.
 9. The efficacy of extreme unction.
 10. The superior holiness of a life of celibacy. (20)
 11. The infallibility of the Head of the Church (the Pope).
 12. Tradition. (21)
- The Duty of—
13. Attending mass.

(18.) "It is a heretical error if any one maintains that the bread contains the mere *bloodless body* (ex sanguine corpus) of the Lord."—Council of Trent in its 13th session.

(19.) This, though not directly *taught* by the Church, is fully tolerated everywhere and encouraged in every Catholic community in the world.

(20.) "If any one shall say that it is not better to lead a life of celibacy than to marry, let him be accursed."—Council of Trent.

(21.) The Council of Trent has established (in the 1st Decree of the 4th Session) that he who wilfully rejects the traditions be accursed.

14. Confession.

15. Prayers, fasts, and penance.

This is as much as I can remember, nor do I believe that I have stated *more* than is taught or required, or stated it incorrectly. Thus it appears that the instruction demanded for youth in the public schools, is in faith or belief—belief in dogmas, the peculiar dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and such on the ground of a belief therein being indispensable, essential in the formation of good citizens. I do not inquire whether these dogmas be or be not true, scriptural or unscriptural—whether they do or do not form part and parcel of Christianity. These are theological questions foreign, as such, to the subject under consideration. I care not to inquire whether it be true or false that “no man has a right before God to be of any religion but the Catholic.”* But whether these dogmas be or be not of Divine origin, the observance of those duties indispensable to the salvation of the soul, the defenders of the present system of public education may reasonably ask, society may ask, the State *is bound to ask*, What possible influence can a belief in any one of these dogmas, or in the whole of them; what influence can a belief in any dogma, even in that of the Trinity or in the two natures—in any dogma whatever—exercise on human conduct? A mere belief in even the existence of a Deity cannot influence human conduct, unless that belief be accompanied by that of omniscience, omnipotence, and justice. What influence can the strictest, the most conscientious observance of all *those* duties exercise on man or woman, as a member of the social body—on his actions, his *social* or *moral* duties, his mind, his *intellect*? By what intellectual, spiritual or mysterious process can they (even taken in the aggregate, for as such they are represented as the “beautiful handmaid of religion”) “help the child and improve his mind,” and mould the young heart so as to become “the pride of the State,” even though they should “draw his mind and heart to God,” so as to become the glory of the Church? Might not the defenders of the present system of education ask, In what way has a belief in these dogmas operated upon society, upon the human mind, during the thousand years of darkness and ignorance, of savageness, serfdom, and despotism—indeed, till the Reformation had taken firm root? What was the nature of the influence exercised by them on the Inquisition, on the Crusaders, on the actors in the St. Bartholomew massacre, the Dragonnades, the wars of extermination against the Waldenses and Albigenses, the massacres in Ireland and the Netherlands, the fires at Smithfield?

* “Catholic World” for April, 1870.

Did a belief in these dogmas, an observance of those duties, prevent the most remorseless treachery in the Ferdinands, the cruelty of the Philips, the mad fanaticism in the Torquemadas? Did they *quench* the thirst of blood in the Alvas and the Marys? Was it a check upon the Augsburg merchants, upon the Chapter of Notre Dame?

What influence for good has a belief in these dogmas exercised on the lives of some of the heads of the Church themselves, if there be any truth in history? John XII. ascended the throne in 955. In a Roman synod, after having been tried and found guilty of many crimes, he was deposed, but afterwards regained the See. He was, however, finally caught in adultery and killed. Boniface VII., who seized the papal throne in 974, murdered his predecessor. His life was published by the Council of Constance after a long trial and the examination of witnesses of high standing. He was declared guilty of almost every crime and vice under heaven. Sixtus IV. established brothels in Rome from which he derived an annual income of 10,000 ducats. Alexander VI. is represented as excelling in crime all others. Sanazarius compares him to Nero, and Pope, in his Essay on Man, to Caligula. That he was guilty of incest with his own daughter, the beautiful and accomplished but utterly debauched murderess, Lucretia, is well known. He was poisoned in mistake by the beverage prepared by him for some of the cardinals.

Did a belief in these dogmas prevent Fermicius Maternus from impressing upon the Emperors Constantine and Constans their duty to exterminate root and branch those who did not wholly adopt their doctrines? Did it prevent the Emperor Theodosius (4th century) from putting this advice into practice upon the heterodox citizens of Thessalonica, by putting the whole city to the sword and "utterly destroying everything that breathed"?

Three hundred thousand human beings are slaughtered in a night without distinction of age or sex. And did its influence prevent the representative of God upon earth from decreeing a jubilee and heading a procession of thanksgiving for this slaughter to a God of mercy and truth?

A mother prostrate and in tears implores the restoration to her arms of her child of which she has been robbed; and those who hold the child in durance have the power to return it to its mother. Did this belief, however, prevent the manstealer from asserting in the name of God that these motherly tears were the work of Satan?

Where, then, ask the advocates of the present system of national education, are the results for good upon the lives of even the most fervent believers in dogmas which are to transform the rising generation

here from brute beasts into the pride of the country? Have they ever, at any period of their history, acted as a *check* upon the indulgence of the worst passions, the exercise of the most inhuman cruelty; ever *prevented* men from degenerating into brute beasts; ever *kept back* the matricidal hand that cut a country's throat?

Hitherto our "godless" system of education has not "degenerated" our youth. They have not been changed into brute beasts.

We will now proceed to, inquire into the effects produced in those countries where exclusively Catholic education has obtained for centuries as regards knowledge, crime and the general condition of society, with a view to show that that system does not act as a greater or more efficient safeguard against the degeneracy of men into brute beasts.

THE MODERN BALAKS AND BALAAMS.

IN the history of Balaam, a most remarkable instance is afforded of a certain class of men who know full well what is right, and yet purposely do what is wrong. Balaam, the professed prophet and wizard of the Midianites and the surrounding heathen nations, is the representative of that class. Far above his superstitious believers in thought and knowledge, none knew better than he how impotent is the word of man when placed in opposition to the will of God. Balaam himself was no believer in the supernatural powers which the ignorant multitude ascribed to him. But it was pleasant to have power, it was pleasant to rule the very minds of a whole people by pandering to their intolerable ignorance, and by holding an irresistible sway over their superstitious fears. With polytheism must ever exist superstition; with superstition will ever follow a train of base impostors. Moab, Midian, and the countries through which Israel had to pass on their way to Palestine, were infested with idolaters, and as a necessary consequence, superstition reigned supreme. Thus arose men like Balaam, who, infinitely above their contemporaries in religious knowledge, loved to keep them in their blindness, and labored to plunge them deeper and deeper into the abyss of darkness, so that their own selfish interests might be benefited, and their own arbitrary power over mind and body might be maintained. Now, if this class of men had died out; if this class of which Balaam is the type, had long since received that eternal death to which it was justly entitled; if, indeed, ignorance and superstition had ceased to be the chosen companions of the masses; if the leaders of the people no longer practised villainy and imposition,

and that too under the cloak of religion, it would perhaps be needless, at this late day, to write an article on the history of Balaam. As, however, the world has not yet arrived at that happy state of being when intellect is the text-book for religious belief, when reason is the guide to the shrine of religion, when the mass of mankind discard bigotry and superstition—the arch-enemies to progress and enlightenment—when priests and teachers preach God's Word by the infallible standard of truth, when leaders and followers unite for the one and holy purpose of serving God with heart and soul, and not for pretending to serve God so as to serve themselves, it may not be out of place to review the biblical narrative of the history of Balaam, in order to trace the analogy which exists between it and our present time and condition, and to ascertain in how far a knowledge of that narrative and of its affinity to ourselves may be turned to practical instruction and advantage.

The war of extermination had commenced. Before the armies of the Lord—the people whom He had redeemed from Pharaoh's dynasty to break the iron band of irreligion which had enclasped the whole world—before this horde of emancipated bondmen had fallen some of those idolatrous nations who had polluted the earth with their abominations, and impiously outraged the majesty of Heaven with their revolting crimes. Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, had already paid the penalty of their sins, and they and their children and their subjects had been smitten by the avenging armies of the children of Israel. Terror and dismay accompanied the march of the Hebrews. Surrounding nations looked on with wonder and amazement, and marvelled to see powerful kingdoms succumbing before a band of fugitives, untutored to war and untrained to arms. Seeing not that it was the march of intellect which was conquering ignorance; that it was the power of truth battling against falsehood; that it was the force of a good cause triumphing over the impotency of vice—they judged only according to the heathenish mummary of their times, and attributed the conquest of these kingdoms and the victories of the Hebrews to some supernatural influences, to some mystical incantations, which filled the hearts of the weak with the valor of the mighty, and thus forced even the giants of the land to fall prostrate before their destroyers.

Foremost among those who noted with abject dread the victorious march of the Israelites was Balak, king of Moab. Though himself a strong and powerful monarch, though possessed of armies by far more disciplined and skilled in the art of warfare than the Hebraic legions, he yet trembled at the approach of a smaller power, and superstitiously

believed that human prowess would avail him nothing, and that the only way to insure his security was to defeat incantation by incantation, and sorcery by sorcery. Thus in his extremity he sent to Balaam, who was just the man for promoting his views. For a lifetime, fraud and deceit had been the business and capital of Balaam. Trickery and imposition had gained him a repute far and wide. And yet, none knew better than he how futile was the attempt to curse those whom God had blessed. Than Balaam none knew better how radically false and deceptive were all the jugglery of incantations, and the hollowness of his pretensions. But what cared he for that? Ambitious for power and craving for wealth, he well knew that it was only by keeping up the belief in his fame, and by encouraging the superstitious fancies of his people, that he could command that influence and obtain that wealth he so eagerly coveted. Thus, on this as on every other occasion, he was ready to exercise every species of imposition by which he could gratify his admirers and satisfy his avaricious disposition. Unfortunately, however, for Balak's purpose, God interposed, and appearing to Balaam, through the medium of inspiration, warned him not to curse the people, for they were blessed. This we take to mean, that on the occasion of Balak's messengers arriving, the good qualities of Balaam's nature conquered for a moment his evil propensities; and the voice of truth and justice having for a brief period possession of his soul, induced him to sacrifice his own private interests and to resist Balak's overtures. But the crafty Balak was not thus to be disappointed. The very answer of Balaam excited the more his fears and increased his dread of the Israelites. More than ever now did he place faith in Balaam's pretensions, and more than ever did he desire to hear Israel cursed from the mouth of so renowned a prophet. Sending back, therefore, to Balaam messengers more numerous and more influential than the former, even princes of his kingdom, he promised the prophet riches, and honor, and every possible distinction, provided he would only accede to his proposition and come and curse the people of Israel. At first, Balaam's good resolutions still prevailed, and he replied to the messengers, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God to do less or more." But cupidity allured him with its golden bait; the glorious promises of Balak, the honor and renown, the wealth, and the extensive power which were so enticingly held out to him, were at length too much to resist; and so, stifling the voice of conscience, and closing his heart against what he knew to be right, he once more relapsed into his evil thoughts, and at length determined to accompany the messengers. This struggle between his sense of right and his own wicked desires—

in other words, this struggle between rectitude and covetousness—is depicted by the biblical allegory of God appearing again for the second time unto Balaam and permitting him to go, under certain conditions. As in almost all cases of premeditated wickedness the evil generally recoils on the head of the inventors, so was it in the present instance. Balak had devised evil against the Israelites, and Balaam, well knowing that it was evil, had yet conspired with Balak in his own heart, and secretly wished to go with the messengers and perpetrate the evil. He went; but once more was the serpent deprived of its fangs. The poison which was to destroy Israel became innocuous, and the intended evil descended with all its force upon its originators. The machinations of Balak and the pertinacity of Balaam were, by the will of God, made to recoil on themselves. Balaam went, and once again was his good angel with him and forced him, despite of himself, to speak the words which the spirit of inspiration should put into his mouth. Thus was Balak made to listen, not to the wild jargon of idolatrous incantation, but to the prophetic outpourings of heavenly inspiration; while Balaam, ever anxious to discover some weak point in Israel through which he might hurl forth the much-wished-for anathema, is made to see nothing but perfection and holiness, and the curses which were ready in his heart are turned to blessings on his lips: thus showing that there is indeed but One who can bless or curse—the Eternal and most Holy Creator—the sole Lord and Ruler of the whole world!

In the entire account of this little episode in the history of Israel, we see only what is now going on in the world, and what is daily being practised in a smaller or greater degree, according as men's characters and passions vary. Where do we find the Balaks and the Balaams more common than in the religious history of the Jews? How, for centuries, has the voice of reason been stifled, the claims of intellect denied, and all the higher powers of the mind abandoned on the altar of blind and reckless faith, led thereto by the arbitrary command of this or that school of dogmatists! Here we find a furious and intolerant faith substituting mockery for worship; bigotry for zeal; superstition for rational belief, and meaningless inconsistencies for the pure word of truth. Where do we find greater Balaks than among the masses of the Jews only half a century ago, who willingly gave up their entire hearts and souls to the wild outpourings of their crafty Balaams? Even at the present time, with shame be it said, we have our Balaks among us who love to revel in their superstitions, who love to be kept under not only by wily priests, but even by crafty laymen; and, much worse than this, we have also our share of Balaams, professed leaders and prophets, who love to keep their Balaks in darkness, who

aim only at sinking their admirers deeper and deeper into the slough of ignorance, and into the abyss of their own follies.

We speak of Israel in preference to other religious denominations, because the welfare of Israel concerns us most. It can certainly be argued that there are Balaks and Balaams among all sects, whatever their peculiar teachings may be. Priestcraft with its demoralizing effects is seen in other churches much more vividly than in ours. But, admitting this to be so, what right have we to complain of our neighbors so long as the evil exists, even in a minor degree, in our own camp? Heaven knows we have had until late years a very liberal share of Balaks and Balaams, and not a few are still among us. Yet has it been and is now with us even as it was with our ancestors in the days of the original Balak and Balaam. The evil machinations are by a wise dispensation of Providence averted, and in their place are substituted pure and godly principles. Where darkness was wished for on the one hand by the ignorant, and darkness was purposely intended to be given by the crafty and ambitious on the other hand, there light shone forth and brilliantly illumined the scene. Where the jargon of incantation was attempted, there the heavenly strains of prophetic inspiration were heard; where the malediction was pronounced, there the blessing followed.

Turning our attention from Israel collectively to Israel as individuals, we again ask if we have not a fair share of Balaams in our own camp? Take for instance the two conflicting schools of Judaism at the present time. What a variety of absurdities and inconsistencies we see practised by the partisans of these schools. On the one side we have men, whose mental ability no one will question, strangely maintaining that this or that ridiculous custom or ceremony is a principle of religion, the word of God, and is therefore binding upon us forever; and yet, to the utter astonishment of right-thinking minds, these same zealots purposely wander away from what they deem the right path, and turn into so many by-ways and lanes as almost to bring the odium of shame upon the name of Jew. Nor do we find that the other class is materially superior on this head; for while noisy pretensions are made to purify the word of God from all the dross with which it is enveloped, the word of God is itself but little regarded as the line of duty. In both instances the struggle between rectitude and covetousness is going on; the sense of right battling with the desire for private gain; the Balaam of old again personified. Thanks to God, however, the Balaams of the one side are fast dying out and becoming lost to Israel and to the world, and the Balaams of the other side are counter-balanced by the thousands of pious and well-meaning Jews who strive

to live in accordance with the views they hold and the principles they maintain. Yet, so long as the evil exists at all, it is incumbent on us to wage a holy warfare against it and to use every legitimate means at our command to effectually eradicate it. And foremost among our weapons must be education. It is only the ignorant who are superstitious, and only the superstitious who can be led away and blinded by the pretensions of the impostor. To diffuse knowledge, therefore, is our first duty; and here we do not mean only secular knowledge, but that which is of equal importance, the knowledge of our religion and its requirements. Jewish history and literature must form prominent features in the education of our youth, if we would have them, when grown to man's estate, intelligent and conscientious Jews, capable of thinking for themselves and sincere in their convictions. Again, we must have in our ministry men of undoubted honesty and integrity. It is not sufficient that our leaders be learned; they must also be truthful and god-fearing. No pandering to the wishes of wealthy ignorance should ever characterize their words or deeds, but fearlessly must they proclaim the truth, even though, at times, it be not acceptable. With an upright clergy and an intelligent laity, we need never fear the machinations of our enemies; for, though there should arise ever so many Balaks who seek our destruction, and ever so many Balaams who would be ready to curse us, yet will our camp present such an appearance as to force from the lips of the would-be curser, the exclamation of old, "How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob! thy tabernacles, O Israel!"

THE BITER BIT.

AN inhabitant of Jerusalem, coming to Athens on some particular business, entered the house of a merchant, with a view of procuring a lodging. The master of the house, being rather merry with wine, and wishing to have a little sport, told him, that by a recent law, they must not entertain a stranger, unless he first made three large strides towards the street. "How shall I know," rejoined the Hebrew, "what sort of strides is in fashion amongst you? Show me, and I shall know how to imitate you." The Athenian made one long stride, which brought him to the middle of his shop—the next brought him to its threshold—and the third carried him into the street. Our traveller no sooner perceived it, than he shut the street door upon the Athenian.—"What," cried the latter, "do you shut me out of my house?"—"Thou hast no reason to complain," replied the Hebrew, "I only do that to thee which thou didst intend to do unto me."—Remember, that he who attempts to circumvent another, has no right to complain of being himself circumvented.

MEDRASH ECHOCH.

THE ISLAND OF JEWELS.

BY CHARLOTTE MONTEFIORE.

It was a fine summer's day—an English summer's day, not oppressively hot—when it is a delight to breathe the warm pleasant air, doubly pleasant if it comes loaded with the fragrance of new-mown hay, or the perfume of some neighboring hawthorn blossom, as it came to me through my open cottage window. “Well,” said I, in answer to the inviting breeze, “I will go out, and leave off pondering on that dark entangled web, human life, and with beautiful, joyous nature around me, forget man's troubled existence.” I raised my head from its drooping position, closed my books, locked my desk, and sallied out. But, like my own shadow, thoughts of sadness followed me into the bright sunshine of my garden, and I could not escape from the latter any more than from the former. The birds warbled in vain to me, the flowers I loved so well sent me consoling words in their language of sweet odors; but they spoke in vain. Man's destiny appeared to me only the more wretched by comparison with the fairy scene in which he performs his little part. And yet no great misfortune had befallen me—death had not thrown his withering shadow upon my home—no ardent hope had been suddenly blighted—but I was suffering from a load of little cares and disappointments; efforts strenuously made for what I thought laudable objects had been unsuccessful; long cherished plans had come to naught; I had seen, that morning too, poverty which I could not relieve, heart-burning for which I could find no balm. Every one seemed to me perhaps a reflection of myself, unfit for the situation he was placed in, wearing out his little span of life in discontented murmurings, and among this miserable crew I felt myself a most miserable, useless being.

Having walked three times round my garden, without coming to any more agreeable conclusion, I opened the wicker gate, and, brushing ruthlessly through the clematis which overarches it, strewing the path with a shower of its snowy flowers, I walked rapidly away from the garden—away from the shady lanes I liked best to saunter in—away from the village—and, above all, away from the infant school, for the sound of children's careless laughter would have caused my tears to flow. I walked on towards the sea, but many old friends were sunning themselves on the beach, and I felt sure that William would torment me to take a sail—old Jim would insist upon my looking through his

telescope at that white speck yonder—and Tom, my devoted naturalist, would fill my hands with curious weeds, just torn from their rocky homes to grace my herbarium—and I fled from all those intrusions upon my solitude by a narrow zigzag path up to a lonely part of the downs, which, from its uninviting aspect, I had never visited before.

Throwing myself down there upon the short, warm grass, I gazed upon the wide expanse of ocean—upon the broken cliffs, with their sharp cutting shadows and brilliant lights—and, unlike the flowers and the birds, the little waves murmured in a plaintive voice of sadness, care, and death. Their influence was soothing, and looking into that ocean was like looking into the glistening eye of some dear friend—out of its mysterious depths came sympathy and comfort. And as I gazed in a more tranquil mood I became fascinated, as it were, by one pale green strip of water, which looked like a floating ribbon gently waving in the blue sea. And the ribbon became larger and less transparent, until it seemed no longer of the same element as the surrounding water. The longer I looked at it the more it seemed to increase in size and density; its surface was broken into various forms, marked by lights and shadows and diverse colors; now hills and woods appeared upon it, and long rivulets wound their silver threads through the wondrous scene. But as it grew into a large island a mist arose upon the sea and formed a band around it, which concealed its margin, but left the interior clear and distinct; indeed, the sun's rays seemed to centre there, and the atmosphere, pure and transparent as that of a southern clime, allowed me to see its smallest details.

And now emerged from the mist on the eastern side of the island moving, living forms. I half expected them to be some strange sea-nymphs and mermaids, and was somewhat disappointed on finding only the likenesses of my old well-known brother and sister man and woman. I soon became, however, interested in them, and anxious to learn whence they came and whither they were bound; for they all moved in one direction—from east to west. Some appeared to enjoy their journey, and rather danced than walked along; others, on the contrary, looked weary, as if the way was long and tiring; and a few seemed so weak and tottering that it was painful for them to proceed, but yet they moved on at the same pace as the strong and the hearty. Many cast wistful glances back to the east, but none ever returned, none even ever paused or rested for one moment; and I thought I heard a rustling wind behind the travellers, urging them on. All proceeded in the same direction, but by different paths; some were toiling up steep hills, others moving pleasantly in flowery meadows; one traveller entered the deep gloom of a forest, while another walked through a sunny garden.

But the east wind blew upon them all alike, and murmured, "On, on!" and the hills were ascended, and the dark forests crossed, and alas! the meadows and gardens also, and other paths, some rugged and some pleasant, were trodden by these restless islanders.

Differing from each other in almost every respect, these fellow-travellers had one point of resemblance, which seemed to indicate they had some common mission to perform—each carried in his hand a small casket of rock crystal, at the bottom of which a few lines were engraven. I remarked that on the eastern side the caskets seemed nearly spotless, but that as their owners advanced they became soiled, and many even were much defaced with stains; but I perceived also that some became enriched with precious stones—these arranged themselves into letters and formed words. On one casket—its owner had just emerged from an ugly ravine—I read in ruby letters "Faith;" on another, written in deepest sapphire, "Charity." And when the casket was adorned with many of these brilliant words it shone so brightly that it shed a beautiful lustre around.

"Is it to beautify these precious caskets that these beings are journeying here?" thought I. "Ah, no, that cannot be; for many never look at the gem they almost unconsciously carry, and only busy themselves with gathering the blossoms they find on their way. There is one fair young traveller decking herself with garlands of flowers, heedless of the stains the rose-leaf and the violet make upon her casket; there is another picking luscious fruit, equally regardless of the juice which falls upon his casket and leaves a blemish there. And there is another, and, I suppose, a wiser traveller, for he smiles with contempt at those two careless beings, and even tells them that all they have amassed is frail, perishable, and profitless. His arms were filled with gold and silver, and on his back he carried a load of precious sweet-scented wood, and I admired his industry, his patience, and his self-denial, which enabled him to leave untouched the beautiful flowers and tempting fruit he passed by, and to toil on for the lasting gold. "Doubtless," thought I, "these travellers are obeying the orders of some king and bringing him the treasures of the island. The flowers, the fruit, and the gold are to be taken to some distant shore, but the former will certainly wither and decay before they reach their new home; truly wise is the man who carries the latter load—his burden is heavy, but his treasure is lasting, and his toil will not have been vain." And as this man advanced towards the western limit a sunbeam burst through the mist, and, resting on the shore of the island, looked to me like a golden bridge uniting this with some unseen land. Then, to my astonishment and grief, I saw the load of palm and cedar branches fall from his back,

the gold and silver escaped from his trembling grasp, and the waves seemed to roll them into the interior of the island again. Bereft of all he had so anxiously amassed, the poor man stepped upon the sunbeam with the unheeded casket in his hand, and shrouded in the closing mist his form was soon lost to me.

Perplexed and dissatisfied at what I had seen, I bewailed the hard fate of these poor travellers, who labored for naught, and who seemed so ignorant during their journey of what must happen at its termination, and my interest increased by pity. I watched three new-comers in the island with curious attention. One I heard called Learsi, the second Felicia, and the third Yresim. When I first saw them they were all three walking in a beautiful garden quite at the eastern side of the island; they all looked blithe and joyous, and in that lovely spot they could hardly have been otherwise. The trees seemed only just to have burst into leaf, of so fresh and tender a green was their foliage; and the plants, which had been sown by no niggard hand, were covered with opening buds, rather than full-blown flowers. But what I thought more beautiful even than the blushing buds and the light young leaves were the travellers' caskets—their crystal was nearly spotless, and they were so admirable in their purity that I was never tired of gazing at them. Happiness beamed upon the travellers' faces, and they talked to each other of the beauty of the garden, and of the kindness of the monarch who had sent them to such a pleasant abode. But I felt only intense compassion for these poor ignorant beings; for I saw that the garden was not large, and beyond it were waste lands and barren moors.

Yresim was the first to leave the garden: the flowers became scarcer upon his path, the trees few and dwarfed, until they disappeared, and Yresim found himself upon the unsheltered moor. Surprised and sorrowful, Yresim turned a tearful eye to the pleasant scene he had quitted, where his former companions were still revelling among sweet-scented bowers; but soon he brushed away the unmanly tear, and reading the words engraved on his casket, which seemed to act as a talisman upon his spirits, walked unrepiningly on. As he proceeded the climate appeared to change, a cold wind swept over the desolate moor, and Yresim folded his cloak around him, but it had been torn by some brambles on the road, and it did not seem to shield him from that chilling blast; he shivered with cold, and his face looked pale and pinched. The path became, too, more and more rugged. Yresim's feet were often cut by sharp stones, and he limped as if in pain.

At last, overcome by cold and suffering, the lonely traveller seemed to me to be measuring with his eye the distance that separated him

from the western limit of the island, and he sighed repeatedly when he saw how long it still was; and then he turned to his casket, but its crystal was dimmed by those heavy sighs, and he tried now in vain to decipher the words which were written in it. And then an expression of anguish came over him, and he looked to the right and to the left at the more fortunate travellers, whose paths, unlike his, were pleasant and cheerful, with a look of envy, almost of hate. "Ah, why can I not follow them?" he murmured; "why are they allowed to bask in the sunshine and I forced to strive against this biting wind? Where is thy justice, great King? where thy mercy?"

Yresim now found himself at the foot of a steep hill, and my heart bled for the poor weary traveller, with such a barrier to cross, and not even the pleasant words in his casket to cheer him on his way.

He began the ascent with trembling limbs and downcast eyes, and his pallor seemed to increase with every step, and his cloak to become more tattered and useless. Suddenly a rustling sound attracted his attention, and, looking up, he saw at a little distance from him, but in the same rugged, difficult path which he was so painfully treading, a fellow-traveller. The latter bore the same signs as Yresim of cold, want, and fatigue; but yet, strangely enough, I thought he did not look unhappy. He was diligently employed picking up stones. These I soon perceived to be precious gems, which arranged themselves into glittering words upon his casket, and I read on it "Resignation" and "Fortitude." And these words reflected such a beautiful light upon the traveller's thin pale face that I felt more admiration than compassion for him.

His example was not lost upon poor Yresim, and he, too, began searching for these blessed stones, for some time, however, without success. Having observed that the traveller repeatedly consulted the words in his casket, he turned to his, and wiped away the moisture from the crystal, which became clear and transparent again. Yresim then read with avidity the words which had so long been hidden from him, and as he read and pondered on their meaning I thought his face became more hopeful, and soon I saw some precious stones glittering in his hands, and he placed them on his casket, and I read there in emerald letters, "Trust," "Faith," and "Courage."

The hill was still high and steep, but Yresim murmured no more, and in the most rugged spots he generally found some gem or other, so that by the time he had reached the summit his casket was richly adorned. And now he has gained the platform, and he looks back on the way he had toiled up with an expression of satisfaction, nay, almost of pleasure; then, turning to the radiant west, repeats a short but fervent thanksgiving.

The descent was easy—though here and there were brambles—and, on the whole, the path was smooth and pleasant; but Yresim was now near the end of his journey, and the island, with its pleasant spots and dreary wastes, must soon be left forever.

I perceived that the western shore was very different from the eastern. Here there were no beautiful gardens, with variegated flowers glowing in the sunshine, but quiet, shady groves instead; and through the branches of the dark trees Yresim gazed into the deep blue heavens. And now he is so near the shore that he hears the waves beating against it and feels the ocean's damp breath upon his brow, and his casket shines brighter than ever, as, with it clasped in his uplifted hands, he mounts the golden arch, and—but I strained my eyes in vain, I could follow him no more.

I then tried to discover his two early companions. They had both left the garden where I had first seen them. Learsi was walking in a deep valley, which led to a dark forest; and Felicia was crossing a sunny meadow, fragrant with flowers from every clime. Here the bluebell and primrose grew under the shade of the pomegranate, the white flowers of the myrtle received a slight blush from the scarlet poppy beside them, and the wood anemone and celandine mingled their fresh field perfume with the richer odor of tropical plants.

Felicia looked bright and happy as when I last had seen her; robes of the softest material hung in ample folds round her graceful form, and her waving hair, on which sunbeams seemed to be ever gleaming, formed a fitting frame of gold for her fair dimpled face, the very type of joyous beauty.

The absent are often brought as vividly to mind by contrast as by resemblance; and when I saw this beautiful being gliding along the flowery meadow, the pale attenuated form of Yresim appeared before me, wrapping his tattered cloak about his shivering limbs, and almost involuntarily I repeated his cry of despair—"O King, where is thy justice?"

Felicia, in the meantime, was adorning herself with flowers, rainbow garlands were twined around her white garments, and a wreath of dark violets enhanced the brightness of her hair, and before these had time to fade she had culled fresh ones from that paradise of flowers. As I continued watching her, however, I thought I could discover symptoms of weariness, or rather discontent; she would sometimes throw away her fairest wreaths—trampling them under foot, and would eagerly choose other flowers, of rarer growth, perhaps, or richer scent, but these likewise were soon exchanged for new ones, which seemed, in their turn, to please but for a very short time. But at last, although she continued

to gather and arrange the flowers which grew so profusely around her, all pleasure and zest in the occupation appeared gone; listlessly she picked those fragrant blossoms and listlessly scattered them again.

She now entered a grove of orange trees, and as she walked through that golden shade I thought a degree of joyousness seemed to return to her. The rich clustering fruit, the mossy carpet she was treading on, and the canopy of green branches, upon which birds of wonderful plumage, and insects which must have been winged gems, were darting about like meteors in a northern sky, formed a novel scene which appeared to interest and please her; the long absent smile parted her lips again, and her eyes shone with something of their former lustre. But why does she start and turn pale, and bend her head forward as though she were listening to some ill-boding sound? I can only hear the murmur of rippling water. But as that sound grows louder her alarm seems also to increase; she looks back and tries to retrace her steps, but the pitiless east wind whispers hoarsely, "Onwards," and with blanched face and trembling limbs she proceeds. But as she walks on, the oranges wither, and dead leaves fall noiselessly but sadly to the ground. In a few moments she has passed the now mournful grove, but she has not entered the bright sunshine again; heavy clouds darken the sky, and a thick mist has arisen, veiling the landscape within its impalpable curtain.

Felicia looked neither at the clouds nor at the mist, for there, at a few yards before her, was the cold, dark wave, and each unwilling, tottering step she took brought her nearer to it. The poor faded flowers fell one by one from the form they had adorned, and under garlands and wreaths appeared Felicia's till then unheeded casket; for the first time she now examined it, but the stains of flowers rendered it almost impossible to decipher any of the words engraven in it. Alas! alas! where can she look to for consolation, for help? Above are the angry heavens—behind, the scenes she may not return to—before her the fatal water, reflecting the dark clouds, and bounded by the mysterious mist. Tears, hot, scalding tears, fell from that disconsolate one; and I heard, though indistinctly, from her pale quivering lips, words of sorrow, fear, and remorse. And now her feet touched the dreaded brink, and soon the silent wave encircled her, and a fearful struggle ensued between that fragile being and the ever-deepening waters. Every moment she sank deeper and deeper, and at last I could only perceive a white speck upon the dull gray water.

But the mist gradually cleared away, and I discovered at no great distance the opposite bank; thus, it was not the great boundless ocean, after all, but only one of the rivers of the island; and Felicia, the same, yet how unlike, appeared mounting with difficulty the slippery bank.

The work of years had been accomplished in that short space of time, for youth, mirth, and beauty had departed from her. Felicia's eyes were bent upon her casket, which had regained much of its original purity—the water of the river, or her tears, perhaps, had washed off many of its stains, but it was adorned with no precious stones, and as the traveller gazed sorrowfully at it, she whispered faintly, "Not one single jewel have I found during my long pilgrimage." But at that moment something shone upon the bank, like fallen tears among the weeds; Felicia stooped, however, took up the sparkling drops, and placed them on her casket, where they formed the word "Humility."

Whilst thus employed, she met Lears, her old companion in the spring garden. Toil and grief had left their ineffaceable marks upon him, but there was beauty still in the pale, lofty brow, all furrowed as it was, and in the bright, unquenched fire of his eye. An exquisite light shone upon his face, and seemed to throw a halo of glory and purity around him. This beautiful light emanated from his casket, which was covered with jewels; among them, but larger and brighter than any, shining like stars taken from heaven's own mine, appeared the words "Charity" and "Brotherly Love."

Felicia seemed attracted by their dazzling beauty, and begged Lears to tell her how and where he had found such matchless gems. "Matchless they are by no means," replied Lears, "there are many larger and finer in the island; and if you search for them, following the written directions of our King, you will doubtless find them. But, tell me, where have you been since we parted, and what have you acquired to take back to the Monarch who has sent us?" Felicia hung her head as she pointed to her poorly adorned casket, and then related to him the scenes that she had witnessed.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Lears, when she had finished, "we are strangely blind, and our eyes must be rudely opened by the cold blast on the moor, by the fearful waters of the river, or by the sharp fingers of thorns and brambles, or we see not the jewels around us."

"What becomes, then," said Felicia, "of those whose path is ever among flowers?"

"Where is that path?" replied Lears; "no traveller in the jewelled isle ever has found it yet, methinks."

"Ay," returned Felicia, with a sigh, "we are sent indeed upon a hard, dismal journey."

"Hard and dismal truly we might call it, notwithstanding its beautiful eastern garden, its many sweet-scented glades, and its glorious views, were not priceless jewels the reward of our toil and pain. Do not let us malign this island where are found the talismans without which the gates of our distant, radiant home will never open to us."

"But you have not told me where you found those precious gems," said Felicia, "and I am all impatience to learn."

"I had wandered through many varied scenes," began Learsi, "when I found myself in the middle of a large, gloomy forest; my thoughts were as dark as the atmosphere around me, which received no light from the sun, but was only fitfully illumined by the fire-fly and glow-worm. Whilst I was thinking how sad and dismal was my path, I heard half-stifled sobs of some poor travellers, who seemed still more affected than I was by that strange darkness. And I felt intense pity for my fellow-pilgrims, and tried with all my might to clear away the close entangled brambles, so that they might proceed at least without pain, if without pleasure; and though the work was hard, and made my hands bleed, and the good I effected was not great, I fancied I heard fewer groans, and I certainly felt less miserable myself. And now I made the invaluable discovery of an axe, strong and sharp, with which I cut away the hanging branches in all directions.

"My followers had certainly now a much clearer path before them; and as I rested for a moment from my labors, I listened for words of thanks and praise from them, but I was only greeted with ironical cheers and cries of, 'If I had your axe, and your strength, I should not be contented with lopping a few miserable boughs, but whole trees should lie prostrate, and you should all breathe the fresh air, and see the pure light of day.'

"Angry and disheartened, I was half inclined to throw away my axe and give up such thankless work, but, fortunately for me, I received a wholesome rebuke from a poor little glow-worm which had been rudely thrust away by one of my fellow-travellers, with the angry exclamation of 'Begone, foolish insect, what use is your dim lamp; it only makes our darkness more dreary by reminding us of the light we have lost.' But the glow-worm returned to its path, and continued to give its feeble light—mocked and laughed at by some, thanked by a few, and useful in its little way to all.

"Shamed by the poor little glow-worm's example, I went on hacking away with all my strength at the thick ivy-grown branches, and at last I actually succeeded in making a gap through which a ray of light descended like a messenger of hope, and it shone upon a heap of those gems," continued he, pointing to the word "Love" on his casket, "and I took up some and placed them there to carry to our King.

"When at last I came out of that deep forest I felt very happy, but I resolved, wherever I might be, to work for my poor fellow-travellers; and I always found something to do—now throwing away sharp stones from a rugged path, now planting upon some unsheltered common a

little seedling, which, if watered with heaven's dew, may grow into a goodly tree, and give shade and pleasure to some future pilgrim.

"We cannot," continued Learsi, "disperse the clouds that often throw their dark shadow over us, nor have we power to stay the whirlwind, the icy blast, and the raging torrent, but we may do much to adorn our island and to smooth our fellow-travellers' way; and in doing so we shall be doubly blest,—we shall find the jewels for which our King has sent us hither, and, when we meet our fellow-travellers beyond the ocean, we shall meet in love those for whom we spent love and care on our journey here."

"Would that I might also work for my fellow-travellers," exclaimed Felicia; "but what can I do? I can only benefit them as a warning not to waste their time and energies in culling flowers which, at best, must wither and die. How can these hands, which have been only used to weave garlands, wield an axe, or even uproot one of those strong brambles?" and she raised her small, thin hands before Learsi.

"We are not all called upon to cut down trees, nor to tear up brambles," he replied; "our strength, our opportunities, our very paths are different, and different also must be our labor; but never will an earnest will remain unsatisfied. When you were walking in that luxuriant meadow, might you not have gathered some of its flowers, not to adorn yourself, but to transplant to some less favored spot, where they would have cheered the lonely traveller with their beauty and fragrance? Then you would not have felt the weariness of satiety, nor would your casket have been stained by the profusion of blossoms which you heaped upon it."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Felicia, "what might I not have done? Would that I could return, and make a better use of those scattered flowers!"

"To return is impossible," said Learsi, "but the withered blossoms need not be wholly lost; let them live in your memory, and they will not have bloomed or died in vain."

Though the travellers continued to walk and converse together, I could not hear their further discourse; but I perceived that Felicia listened with almost reverential attention to the words of her companion, and often tried to imitate his actions. Sometimes she would pick up weeds which were trailing on the path; sometimes she lent her little strength to his greater power to remove a heavy mass of stone, and repeatedly would she copy upon a leaf, or trace upon the sand, the words engraved in her casket, in order, I imagined, that any poor traveller whose casket, like hers had once been, was dim and soiled, might find some comfort in his path and directions for the discovery of jewels.

But now there are tears in Felicia's eyes, and Learsi, too, looks sad, and they seem to be bidding each other adieu. The sound of Felicia's voice died away before it reached me, but I understood the import of those unheard words; I saw anguish written on that pale face; and I felt that the greatest of all trials was now rending that poor heart; she must part from her guide and protector, and without love or sympathy toil on alone to the end of her journey.

"Grieve not so deeply," urged Learsi, "but let us be more diligent than ever in the search of jewels, for the way is short, and we shall soon hear the ocean's roar; and, dear Felicia," he added, "once crossed the golden arch, we shall meet again in a land far more blest than this island; for has not our King told us that at His right hand are pleasures for evermore? Remember," he continued, as she bowed her head with the grief that would not be subdued, "remember that sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And as Learsi disappeared my eyes seemed to become dim, I could distinguish nothing distinctly, and I tried in vain to follow Felicia's shadowy form. I could, however, still discern her casket glittering through the hazy atmosphere; and every now and then a new gem gleamed upon it, like the stars in the twilight hour, which greet us one by one with their radiant glances.

At last, however, I lost sight even of the casket. The hills and trees seemed to melt into air, the travellers became cloudlets, and the land began to undulate like the surrounding water. In another moment the Island of Jewels had vanished, but it left a track of gold and fire, as though a band of rubies was glittering under the transparent ocean. The sun was setting in all its fantastic glory, a monarch wrapped in his purple mantle, illuminating earth and sky with lights of every hue, which shone a bright farewell, and then expired as he departed.

The fresh breeze and sober gray which succeeded all those magical tints warned me that it was also time for me to depart, and to return to the realities and duties of home. Unlike the bright hour at which I had left my room, now all wore the dark, monotonous livery of evening; the gay flowers of my garden were almost concealed under the deep shadows of their foliage; and my white cottage, peeping out through its dark screen of trees, looked like the ghost of its former self rising from its cypress churchyard. But, fortunately, I was also changed since the morning, and my heart was now full of peace and content, and yet I returned to the very same vexations and disappointments which had saddened me a few hours ago: care and sorrow had not vanished from the face of the world since noon, poverty and sickness were still around me; what made me, then, feel so blithe and cheerful now?

Was it that the Island of Jewels had taught me an old but too often forgotten lesson, that we are not sent here to bask in the sunshine of happiness, no, nor even to seek it, but to toil after and win those precious gems, Faith, Love, Charity, Truth, Courage, and Fortitude, which can hardly be discovered in the noonday of prosperity, but which gleam upon us from the dark night of sickness and of sorrow? I no longer thought myself like a poor flower planted in an adverse soil, which might have flourished in a more genial one, for I felt that wherever these jewels might be found, there was a post of honor; that a glorious task was before me, which required all my energy and strength; and that mercy and righteousness rule our destiny here, though we are often too blind to see, or too ignorant to recognize, the heavenly messengers sent to lead us to our God.

RABBI JOSHUA'S APPLICATION OF THE LION AND THE CRANE.

A SHORT time after Trajan had mounted the throne of the Roman Empire, the Israelites obtained his permission to rebuild the Holy Temple at Jerusalem. The Samaritans no sooner heard of it, than, with their usual malignity, they represented to the Emperor the danger of permitting the Jews to assemble again in their former metropolis, where, being once more united, they would soon shake off their allegiance. Trajan, unwilling to revoke the grant, yet fearful of the consequences, was at a loss how to proceed, when one of his counselors suggested to him a very easy method of getting rid of his embarrassment. "Order them," said this artful adviser, "to build the intended Temple on a different spot; or to make it five cubits higher or lower than its former dimension; and you may be sure their strict adherence to the letter of the law will not permit them to avail themselves of your favor." The Emperor issued his order accordingly. This threw the people into the greatest consternation. They assembled tumultuously in the valley of Rimmon; and whilst some expressed their disappointment in lamentation and tears, there were many who madly wanted to oppose the Emperor's orders by force of arms. The elders, seeing the people in such a ferment, requested Rabbi Joshua whose wisdom and eloquence were well known, to appease them. The Rabbi obeyed their call, and in addressing the multitude, made use of the well-known apologue of the Lion and the Crane.

"The lion," said the orator, "whilst devouring his prey, accidentally got a bone in his throat. After many vain endeavors to disgorge it, he caused a great reward to be proclaimed amongst his numerous subjects for him who should relieve his mighty majesty from the excruciating pain. Few animals ventured to undertake the operation. At last the crane offered his service. It was joyfully accepted. The feathered physician put his long neck in the lion's throat, took hold of the bone with his long bill, extracted it, to the astonishment of all the by-standers, and then demanded the promised reward. 'A reward indeed!' said the lion, contemptuously; 'is it not sufficient reward for thee to have permitted thy ugly neck to escape my sacred and mighty jaws? and askest thou now for a still further reward?' The crane thought this argument, if not convincing, very powerful; he went his way, and was happy indeed to have escaped so imminent a danger. The application of this fable," added the eloquent Joshua "is easy enough. Remember, dear brethren, you are under foreign subjection; recollect your past sufferings, and think yourselves happy in the comparative ease you at present enjoy: at all events, do not provoke, by vain and useless resistance, the mighty power of the Emperor." The people were instructed, and went home peaceably.

THE CRUELTY OF HADRIAN.

A poor Israelite happening to pass, Hadrian greeted him with great humility and respect. "Who art thou?" demanded the Emperor. The man answered that he was a poor Jew. "How dare a miserable Jew have the impertinence to salute the Emperor?" exclaimed the tyrant; and ordered his head to be struck off. Another Jew, hearing of this act of cruelty, and being obliged to pass the same way, thought it best not to notice the Emperor. But Hadrian, perceiving him, called him, and demanded who he was? "An unfortunate Jew," was the answer. "And dare a miserable Jew have the insolence to pass the Emperor without saluting him," exclaimed the tyrant; and ordered his head to be struck off. "Great king," said one of the courtiers, who happened to be present, "your conduct appears to me very strange. One person you doom to death for saluting you, and the other for not saluting you!" "Hold thy peace," said the tyrant: "Hadrian doth not want to be taught how to distress his enemies."

MEDRASH ECHOE.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF KING DAVID.

BY DR. J. L. LEVISON.

(Continued from page 185.)

WE are not left to speculate on the free grace and mercy of God to the truly penitent, for these are rendered obvious in the life of David. That when sinners who, like him, suffer from the pangs of a wounded conscience, and experience that moral nausea we call חשוכה, that this is the only essential condition to insure forgiveness.

How, we ask, could man, who possesses so many antagonistic faculties, have been taught to regulate them? By what other method could he have been schooled, so as to learn his relative and positive duties? He might certainly have been created perfect, without possessing moral liberty to choose between the different motives suggested by various faculties under excitement; but then he would not have had either merit or demerit. And as all other animals act by mere instincts, he would have been, in such case, a mere automaton. Now, however, he may acquire the power of self-improvement by reflecting on the consequences of his actions, and so change the course of his conduct, and thus retrace his erratic wanderings from the path of duty. For the sinner, whose spiritual perceptions are not altogether blunted, discovers that the way he has selected, under the influence of passions, is rugged; and that sorrow and regret then become his constant companions. But he possesses the power, when weary, and conscious that he has voluntarily sullied the soul's lustre, that by his own volition he may, if his remorse is sincere, recover a more normal condition of mind. But during the period of this mental sickness, and the convalescent state, he may shed tears of bitterness. These precious drops will have the effect of washing away the impurities which have accumulated under the influence of his previous abasement.* And therefore when a man thus learns the painfulness and dissatisfaction of sin, and the calmness and purity of mind from using, instead of abusing, his natural powers, he is

* We may remark that the glands which secrete the tears are situated round the eyelids, and the material function of this fluid is to wash away any foreign matter from the eye-balls, so as not to obstruct clearness of vision. But we think that truly repentant tears wash away the impurities of the soul; and although they are not always the sign of true repentance, yet there cannot be positive remorse for moral turpitude without this simple and certain evidence of the sincerity of such a state of mind.

likely, ever after (if his repentance be sincere), to remain steadfast in his obedience to God's laws (natural and revealed), until he receive the summons to depart to

פס. "That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

After these prefatory remarks, we may be in a position to investigate the life and writings of the great Hebrew poet, with some definite object, and some practical advantage.

And what a fertile theme this inquiry will prove! How rich in materials for the most profound reflection, and for the greatest source of consolation, not only for men in general, but for Israelites in particular. For we learn from the career of this great man certain theological problems, in which is the most obvious and indubitable evidence that God, who fashioned our bodies and minds, judges the actions of all in a more merciful spirit than man is apt to do his fellow-man. We find, for example, that the Lord placed us in this beautiful world to test our virtue and endurance; that if we choose "the good and the life" we have already, in this our earthly pilgrimage, a foretaste of that unalloyed bliss in the abode of the blessed; but that if we prefer evil, we reap disappointment and sorrow.

The moral, so to speak, from the life and writings of David furnish the salutary truth, that all who endeavor to do their duty in their respective stations, and earnestly seek for knowledge, by fervent prayer, how best to attain this, that the presiding genii of their home on earth are peace and holiness, with the delightful conviction of an eternal reward in a world where evil cannot exist, and where changes and vicissitudes are unknown.

These anticipated inferences are not merely gratuitous; for it seems to our judgment that if, during youth, when the passions are strong and the reflective powers immatured, it is the stormy period of existence, when the lessons of truth, bequeathed to us by the divine law-giver Moses, are ill-appreciated; but as these conditions often induce a mental sickness, then there is experienced the actual state of degradation from a sense of oppression and dissatisfaction, arising from the painful conviction

"Of time misspent, and labor lost,
And fair occasions gone forever by." .

Then religion comes with its consolations, the teaching of the נביא, and the sublime Psalms of David, come to us like "gentle showers to the parched earth," and bid us not despair; and we feel reassured that if we return to the Lord our sins will be blotted out.

It is not our intention to trace minutely the origin of David from his infancy, or even to enter into all the varied incidents of his active

and instructive career. It will suffice us to say that he was the eighth son of Jesse, a landed proprietor, who with his family lived in a primitive and natural state, by cultivating the paternal patrimony. And yet they had the true *amor patriæ*, as in times of war some of these sons left the plough for the spear, and in good faith fought for their home, for their king, and for their country.

David was, as we have said, the youngest son of Jesse, and when we are first introduced to him, though he was distinguished by the prophet Samuel, yet he did not seem to presume upon it, and thus so far prepossesses us in his favor, from this sure indication of the natural superiority of his mind.

It will be remembered that he was attending the flocks of his father when summoned by Samuel, and like all the great men in those days, this occupation formed for him the best preparatory school wherein to mature his connate mental capacity. For we may presume that his employment gave him much leisure, and that he then occupied himself in exercising his intellectual and poetical powers, in studying the beauties of nature, and the marvellous laws by which they were influenced and sustained, evidence of which is furnished in his chequered career. As a relaxation from the labor of thought, he must have played much on the harp to have obtained his skill and perfection. Thus, with much varied knowledge, with a quiet and gradual cultivation of his poetic powers, and with a naturally fine musical taste, he was gradually training himself to be ultimately the author of those "Hymns to the Creator's praise," with which his name is cherished by the whole civilized world.

But we shall find, as we proceed, other and equally strong evidence, even in his prosaic acts, that he possessed a strong innate sentiment of veneration, with such intellectual excellence, that even when a shepherd there is not a doubt that he invariably ascribed all honor and glory to the Creator, the God who had wrought such marvels for Israel.

In proof of his modesty and the superiority of his capacity, even as a youth, we find that when Samuel went to his father's house, and all Jesse's sons were introduced to the prophet, he declared that none of them were the objects of his mission. A messenger was dispatched for David, and when he came Samuel was struck not only with his manly beauty, but with the intelligence and strength of character, as manifested by his expression. David was then anointed as the future king of Israel. But this unlooked-for and unanticipated honor did not in the least interfere with or affect his simplicity of character; for he returned, in his capacity of shepherd, to attend his flocks.

It should be noted that this incipient king was not selected for his bodily stature, as in the case of Saul, but for the greatness of his mind. A mere commonplace person would have given some indications of pride and conceit, to think he was chosen by the greatest existing authority in Israel for some elevated position, even if he had not been told what rank it might be. Trifles show the man; and thus, if this incident, acting on the poetic temperament of a youth, did not unsettle his mind, it could only have been because his mind was too healthy to neglect present duties, and too truly noble to be betrayed into acts of mere senseless egotism.

.. (To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN LADDER OF CHARITY.

FROM MAIMONIDES, AFTER THE TALMUD.

THERE are eight degrees or steps, says Maimonides, in the duty of charity.

The first and lowest degree is to give,—but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the *hand*, but not of the *heart*.

The second is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

The third is to give cheerfully and proportionately, but not until we are solicited.

The fourth is to give cheerfully, proportionately, and even unsolicited; but to put it in the poor man's hand; thereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

The fifth is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors, who used to tie up money in the hind-corners of their cloaks, so that the poor might take it unperceived.

The sixth which rises still higher, is to know the objects of our bounty, but remain unknown to them. Such was the conduct of those of our ancestors who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings, taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown.

The seventh is still more meritorious; namely, to bestow charity in such a way, that the benefactor may not know the relieved objects, nor they the name of their benefactor. As was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the Temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the *Chamber of Silenec* or *Inostentation* wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous

hearts suggested ; and from which the most respectable poor families were maintained with equal secrecy.

Lastly, the eighth and the most meritorious of all is to anticipate charity, by preventing poverty ; namely, to assist the reduced brother either by a considerable gift, or a loan of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood ; and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding up his hand for charity. And to this Scripture alludes, when it says, "And if thy brother be waxen poor and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt *support* him : *yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner* ; that he may live with thee." Levit. xxv. 35. This is the highest step and the summit of charity's Golden Ladder.

THE DEATH-BED OF HILLEL.

"**EVEN** this day shall I part from you," said Hillel to his faithful disciples assembled at his bed-side. "I shall have to bid you farewell very soon."

Thus he spoke and wept. He could not continue ; for loud sobs interrupted his words.

"Our teacher, why weepest thou ? Art thou afraid to appear before the Judge of all the earth ? Hast thou not studied the law day and night ? Didst thou not talk thereof when thou didst sit in thy house, and when thou didst walk by the way, and when thou didst lie down, and when thou didst rise up ? Were not the Sabbaths and festivals of the Lord ever sacred unto thee ? Did thy mouth ever touch a particle of food which the Lord hath forbidden ?"

And Hillel answered them, "Ah, my beloved friends ! on the death-bed, even our best actions appear not to us in the same advantageous light as in our lifetime. True, I have diligently studied the word of God, but my mind took delight in this pursuit. True, the days of the Lord were holy unto me ; but should not our whole life be devoted unto God ? should not every moment of our existence be consecrated to our Creator ? And shall I account it a meritorious thing that no forbidden food ever passed my lips, when I had been taught to loathe it from infancy, and consequently never felt the slightest craving to partake thereof ? Ah, my friends ! if those be all the pious actions I have done in life, how shall I be able to stand before my Judge ?" Thus spake the dying sage.

And now the door opened, and there entered a woman with several

children, and she threw herself at the foot of the bed crying piteously, and exclaimed, "Rabbi, thou must not die! Oh! who will take care of my poor children? For ten years thou hast provided for me and mine. And thou hast cared, too, for the souls of my little ones; for since the death of my husband thou hast thyself instructed my children. Oh, remain with us, Rabbi! remain with us! I entreat thee in the name of the hundred widows and orphans whom thou hast fed and clad, do not leave us!"

And Hillel looked at her smilingly, and pointed upwards, for there dwells the Help of the widow, and the Father of the orphans, whose messenger he had merely been.

And scarcely had the mother left the apartment with her little children, when two venerable old men sought admission, to look for the last time upon the face of him who had burdened them with benefits, and to whom, indeed, they owed all they possessed. And they related to the disciples of the dying sage, how they had once lost their whole property by the fraud of a wicked man, how they had stood on the brink of ruin, but how Hillel had taken compassion on their misfortunes, how he had found out the man who had deceived them, and had by gentle persuasion so worked upon him that he had caused him to repent and to restore to them what he had gotten deceitfully. And then they related how Hillel had followed up his kind actions with kind words, how he had aided them with his wise counsel, so that they had at length prospered in life. And now they had again come to see this godly man, before he was called away to take his place among the angels on high.

Hillel heard this, and his countenance was lighted up with a smile of satisfaction, and he said, "Did I do all this? Then I shall not lack trusty advocates before the throne of God. He has asked us to love his children, and truly I *have* loved them, because I loved God."

So spake Hillel. And his spirit returned to God who gave it.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A foe to God was never true friend to man.—*Young*.

Education is the chief defence of nations.—*Burke*.

Death gives us sleep, eternal youth, and immortality.—*Richter*.

Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—*Shakespeare*.

All is to be feared when all is to be lost.—*Byron*.

Friendship is a cadence of divine melody melting through the heart.

—*Mildmay*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MEN OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC; OR, THE PRESENT LEADERS OF FRANCE. Philadelphia: *Porter & Coates*.

THE sketches of which this book is composed appeared some short time since in the *London Daily News*, and excited much attention and comment; for, apart from the interest which is felt in the progress of the French Republic and the men who rule her destinies, these essays are so admirably written and evince such accurate knowledge of the subjects treated, that they form, indeed, very concise histories not only of the present leaders of France, but of the general state of the country both in politics and literature. Among the twenty-six sketches of the notabilities who have been most prominent in French affairs, those of M. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon, M. Gambetta, Alexandre Dumas, Henri Rochefort, Edmond About, Erckmann-Chatrian, Jules Simon, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo, will be read with eagerness. Of these great men, many new and interesting anecdotes are told, which go far towards exhibiting their true characters. The authorship of this work is not yet disclosed, though the prevailing opinion in England is that it is the work of an eminent statesman of that country. Whoever it may be, it is certain the writer has produced a delightful book, which cannot fail to add profit to pleasure by increasing our knowledge of French history at the present time, while it helps to while away the warm hours of a summer's day.

THE ANCIENT HEBREWS; with an Introductory Essay concerning the World before the Flood. By ABRAHAM MILLS, A.M. New York, Chicago: *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

The history of the Hebrew race is fraught with the deepest interest to all minds unbiassed by intolerance or blind fanaticism. Hence every work of merit treating on the subject has claims on public attention, and especially on the living representatives of that race. Unfortunately, however, many of the histories of the Jews, and nearly all of the works written on Old Testament characters and narratives by Christian writers, bear such a sectarian stamp upon them as to render them unacceptable to the very class of the community to whom they otherwise would prove of value. In the work before us we are pleased to state that from a cursory examination it seems to be less objectionable, both in tone and purpose, than many of its predecessors. There is, of

course, the Christian theology in some parts, but this is not so marked as to unfit the work for general reading. The author's aim, as expressed in his preface, is "to give a simple and unambitious narrative of all that transpired in connection with the history of the Hebrews" from the call of Abraham to the final destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The book is divided into nine chapters, treating respectively on the Patriarchs, the Legislator, the Judges, the Kings, Kings of Israel, Kings of Judah, the Captivity and Restoration, the Asmoneans, and the Dynasty of Herod.

MORFORD'S SHORT TRIP GUIDE TO EUROPE. BY HENRY MORFORD.
New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

This edition of Mr. Morford's Guide to Europe is the sixth which has appeared, a fact which in itself speaks well for its utility. It comprises tours in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, etc., with hints for Russia, Sweden, and the East; a collection of Traveller's Phrases in French and German, and Skeleton Tours in America. With especial reference to the great Exposition now in full operation at the Austrian capital, Mr. Morford has paid considerable attention to that part of his book which treats on Vienna and its surroundings. The visitor can therefore depend in this respect, as in all others, to find the Short Trip Guide to Europe a most reliable and valuable travelling companion.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. By J. DORMAN STEELE,
Ph.D. New York and Chicago: *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

Some time ago we had occasion to notice the excellence of Prof. Steele's series of the Natural Sciences, the present addition to which is in every way worthy of its predecessors. In preparing this little hand-book on physiology, the author has very properly included as much of the subjects of anatomy and hygiene as are necessary to the full understanding of the science under discussion. It is evident that the work has not been prepared for the use of medical students, but "for the instruction of youth in the principles which underlie the preservation of health and the formation of correct physical habits." Among many valuable features in the book, we notice especially that to the description of each organ is appended an account of its most common diseases, and their mode of treatment. This will prove of no little service to the pupil, who is also much aided by the Practical Questions, by the Hints about the Sick-room, Antidotes for Poisons, and Suggestions as to what to do "till the Doctor comes!"

HOW TO PAINT. By F. B. GARDNER. New York: *S. R. Wells*.

This little book appears to be a complete compendium of the art of painting, and is designed as much for the use of the tradesman, mechanic, merchant, and farmer as for the professional painter. It contains a plain and common-sense statement of the methods employed by painters to produce satisfactory results in plain and fancy painting of every description, including gilding, bronzing, staining, graining, marbling, varnishing, polishing, kalsomining, paper-hanging, etc., and altogether aims at making every man his own painter—a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished, in the interests of art and good taste. Still, this booklet of Mr. Gardner has its use, and will doubtless be appreciated by those interested in the subjects treated.

BRIEF NOTES.

It gives us pleasure to announce that we have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, by which their excellent monthly magazine can be obtained, in connection with *THE NEW ERA*, for a price much less than what the two ordered separately would cost. The annual subscription to *THE NEW ERA* is two dollars, and to *Lippincott's*, four dollars. By sending us orders, however, for the works conjointly, we are enabled to offer them at the yearly subscription of \$4.50, or about a trifle more than the actual cost of one. So great an advantage will be readily perceived by those who know the merits of the two journals, and those who do not are cordially invited to make the trial, we feeling confident that such trial will result as much to their interest and profit as to ours.

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, proprietors of the well-known and justly celebrated Riverside Press of Cambridge, Mass., announce in our advertising pages a new edition of the complete works of Lord Macaulay. The Essays are reprinted from the edition of Mr. Whipple, with his critical and biographical notice of the author, and in an appendix to one of the volumes are several essays which are found in no other collection. The History is reprinted from the author's revised text, and many valuable letters and notes are added, which render this edition far superior to any other. The usual elegant style of printing, paper, and binding, which is characteristic of all of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's publications, is here quite observable, and altogether we have no hesitation in recommending this new edition to public favor.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have issued a very pretty guide-book of the summer excursion routes, which they are now offering

the public by their line. These routes extend in almost all directions, and embrace the most beautiful scenery and most popular and interesting summer resorts in the United States. Apart from the excellent accommodation afforded passengers on this line—a matter upon which it is not our present purpose to dilate—we call attention to the book on account of the very nice manner in which it is got up. Profusely illustrated, well printed on tinted paper, and withal given away gratuitously to whoever will take the trouble of sending for it, it is certainly the best and *cheapest* book of the kind ever published.

—Rev. Dr. Jastrow, of Philadelphia, has taken another step forward in the publication of his new prayer-book, which, if not altogether free from faults, is at least so far in advance of the old ritual as to merit the approbation of all honest and intelligent reformers. The Hebrew and German edition, which was originally arranged by Rev. Dr. Benjamin Szold, of Baltimore, has been carefully revised by Drs. Jastrow and Hochheimer, but the English edition is the sole work of Dr. Jastrow, and as such, reflects much credit on him. At another time we may be able to criticise the book more fully; at present we can only say that from a cursory examination it seems to harmonize with Jewish principles, and will doubtless find many warm advocates and supporters.

—That the novels of Charles Dickens will live as long as the English language lasts, is being daily demonstrated by the large public demand which renders edition after edition necessary. In the United States, where the writings of the great novelist are as popular as in England, almost all the leading publishers have issued them, so that in purchasing a set, one has now every variety and style from which to select. From the cheap, common edition which ruins the sight and renders spectacles indispensable, to the handsome revised edition of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, there are many gradations.

The latest issue of these works is from the house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, who are imitating as closely as possible the new household edition now in course of publication in England by Chapman & Hall. Seven volumes have already appeared, comprising the following novels: David Copperfield, Dombey & Son, Bleak House, Oliver Twist, Martin Chuzzlewit, Nicholas, Nickleby and Old Curiosity Shop.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—AUGUST, 1873.—NO. 7.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(THIRD ARTICLE.)

ALL men are certainly not equally good ; even the best cannot be expected to be unexceptionably good at all times and under all circumstances. They never will, because they never can, be so. Sufficient reasons for this have been shown to exist in the preceding articles ; but if it be true that the rising generation will degenerate into “brute beasts” under a non-Catholic system of moral and social training (I leave the subject of *religious* education untouched), and if it be equally true that a Catholic *education* alone is capable of so rearing youth that when attaining the age of manhood or womanhood they must become so good as actually to constitute the pride of the land of their birth or of their adoption, then, *à fortiori*, in those countries and communities where exclusively Catholic education obtains, and has existed uninterruptedly during a long series of ages, men and women must be, if not perfect, at least better—more virtuous, more humane—(I will say nothing at present about superior enlightenment or intelligence) than those who have been educated under *any* system *not* exclusively Catholic. Crime and vice and inhumanity must, under the first-named system, necessarily be in *inverse* ratio to the amount, extent, and intensity of Catholic education received. Is this theory borne out by fact ? Let us see.

I shall take a cursory view of crime and vice generally as they exist and exhibit themselves in communities “thoroughly indoctrinated” and trained under an exclusively Catholic system of education, which we are told is alone capable of producing citizens that are “the pride of the country and the glory of the church,” and without which

system of education there is no "safeguard for society," and I shall place that system in juxtaposition with the condition of society where, during some three hundred years, youth has been and continues to be trained and educated in "godless" schools here and elsewhere, and must necessarily have degenerated and continue to degenerate into brute beasts.

I need but allude to the bands of Bandoleros with which Spain is and ever has been infested; to the Banditti of Italy, which about two centuries ago amounted at one time in the aggregate to the almost incredible number of eighteen thousand cruel, bloodthirsty robbers and murderers;* to that Corsican institution known as the Vendetta, which made it a duty incumbent upon every member of a family to wash out in the blood of any member of another family the stain of a real or imaginary offence or insult. It was an institution respected, honored, and transmitted as an heirloom from father to son. But I shall confine myself to a statement of crime in the aggregate, as published by authority, the data being furnished by official documents.

The proportion of murders in different countries in Europe in the year 1870 was as follows: In England 1 in every 178,000, in Holland 1 in every 198,000, in Russia 1 in every 100,000, in Austria, 1 in every 77,000, in Spain 1 in every 4,113, in Naples 1 in every 2,750, but in the Roman States 1 in every 750. Thus it appears that there are committed, right at the very headquarters of the Catholic educational system, almost 250 murders to 1 in England, and to less than 1 in Holland. Of Italy it is said, in 1871: "Lawlessness prevails here as it prevails nowhere else in Europe. In 1863 crimes of blood were reported by the Minister of the Interior to be 29,637. In 1869-70 the figures had swelled to 55,825. In the eight years previous to 1870, not fewer than 176,608 sanguinary offences had been committed. In one year, 1863, in 110 deaths one was by the dagger."

It will not do to apologize for the commission of these crimes by asserting that they were committed by the Garibaldi agents.† What even if they were? They were committed by men that had without perhaps a single exception been "thoroughly indoctrinated," and if educated, they had been so in exclusively Catholic schools, and so were the "six thousand males and females of the scum of Italy, who entered with the Piedmontese army into Rome;"† and if at this day "vice in

* One of the band was always a priest, who when any of the robbers were wounded and in *articulo mortis*, donned his clerical vestments, received the confession of his comrades, granted them absolution, administered extreme unction, and gave them Christian burial.

† "A Catholic Subscriber" in *Herald* of March 24, 1871.

its most glaring form stalks hand in hand with deeds of violence," the votaries of that vice, the actors in those deeds of violence, are men and women reared—certainly *not* in the "godless" schools of this or any other country. In a certain other country, with a population of between five and six millions, it appears from Parliamentary returns that, in the year 1862, one person in every 865 of the population had been committed for trial on a charge of murder; that the total number committed was 6,666. "Exclusive," continues the report, "of the immense number of murders committed during the year, the *solicitations to murder* had increased elevenfold as compared with the preceding year." Nor are the large number of fugitives from justice included in the report. In this city of New York, in 1870, 76,000 persons were admitted into the prisons and reformatories, and since that time the number has steadily increased. It is stated that at a low estimate two-thirds of these had been Catholic-educated. But even reducing the proportion to one-half, where is the greater, the exclusive protection afforded to the community by an exclusively Catholic education?

It is demanded that Protestant children be deprotestantized; that they be educated not as they are in our "godless" schools, where their minds become imbued with the "American heathenish superstition and politico-animal religionism,"* but as they are in Spain, Portugal, etc.; that they be thoroughly indoctrinated as they are in those "God-fearing" countries, in order that in future generations the state may find a safeguard and men be prevented from "degenerating into brute beasts." Abstaining from all controversy on this point, eschewing all argument, I shall, in conformity with my present plan, state a few facts from the immense number that crowd upon my memory. I shall take the facts at random as they come. There is such a wide field—the whole world—that I need not stop or deliberate for selection. The first that occurs to my memory is the following:

"A terrible riot in the coal-regions around Maunch Creek. Four men killed last evening, including Mr. Smith of the firm of Hull, Corlies & Co., of this city. Mr. Smith, who was killed, had incurred the hatred of the Irish miners by his opposition to their secret organization. . . . He was called out of his bed and shot on the threshold of his

* In an address delivered by Dr. Talmadge on the 24th of April, 1873, the Rev. gentleman stated that the whole spirit of the Catholic church had been against the common-schools, and that Archbishop Hughes had said that "the common-schools were nurseries of rationalism, licentiousness, and atheism." Supposing that his speech was correctly reported, I can see no reason to think that the Rev. Dr. could have been guilty of exaggeration or misrepresentation.

own dwelling by the assassins, before the eyes of his own wife. A Welshman was recently found dead in the mines, having been shot. Mr. Ulrich, storekeeper, was also fired at by the rioters, and wounded."—*New York Herald* of 7th Nov., 1863.

From Pennsylvania, in the U. S., across the Atlantic to Lisbon, from 1863 back to 1755.

The second earthquake by which Lisbon was destroyed occurred on the 1st of November, 1755 (that city had suffered a similar calamity two centuries before). Without any warning or indication, within two minutes, a city containing a population of upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants is changed into a heap of ruins. The wharves, with the custom-house and all the warehouses, sink into the earth, which closes on them, engulfing one thousand millions' worth of property and several hundred persons. Under the ruins of the city are buried nearly three-fourths of the population. The earthquake is accompanied by a conflagration at one end of the city, and by an incursion of the sea at the other end. Amidst a violent hurricane, the most dreadful peals of thunder, the almost uninterrupted flashes of lightning piercing through the darkness, which like a pall hangs over the devoted city; amidst the shrieks and groans of tens of thousands of human beings—Christian men, women, and children, crushed, mutilated, burning—amidst this accumulation of horrors, crowds of the lower orders, that had survived the calamity, spread themselves over the ruins, enter the houses that had remained standing, rob, plunder, outrage the women, murder all who resist or are in their way, search among the ruins, not to save life but to satisfy their greed for money. (*Historia de Lisboa*, 1772.) Not one of these were brute beasts, nor *could* they be, *because* they had not been educated in our "godless" schools, but, on the contrary, "thoroughly indoctrinated," albeit perhaps unable to read or write—as if a knowledge of reading or writing could have been a check upon their actions!

From Portugal to Manila. During the earthquake in 1863 eight hundred and six persons were taken from under the ruins of four hundred and seventy private houses. Of this number, 450 were wounded and 356 dead. The country people, who flocked in crowds to the scene of the calamity, prior to their making any effort to relieve the sufferers, struck a bargain with each individual, separately, whom they could distinguish by sight or hearing. Those who were badly crushed and not likely to survive, after being extricated, had to pay the sum fixed upon by their "deliverers," whilst others, who had only one or more limbs broken, and whose recovery was probable, had to pay double the amount, or more, according to their means or well-known position;—the

poor were left to perish by those "thoroughly indoctrinated" haters of the "American heathenish superstition and politico-animal religionism." Who would dare to assert that *they* were "brute beasts?"

Now back to Italy. "Thieving on a most extended and preconcerted scale has just been practised against the property of the bereaved and denuded denizens in the neighborhood of Vesuvius who had been driven from their homes by the recent outbreak."—(*Letter from Naples.*)

Thus much for crimes and cruelties on a larger scale.

"Eleven persons have been murdered by Italian brigands in the province of Naples. A gentleman who endeavored to develop the agricultural resources of Ireland has been shot and wounded by assassins in the presence of a number of workmen, who refused to go to his aid; and we learn by the cable that the foreigners who are still resident in China remain excited and undecided as to their future course, in the face of reports of a contemplated assassination of all foreigners. What is the cause of and whence the impulse to these criminal outbreaks among the Latins and Mongolians—defective education or ethnological deficiency?"—*Extract from the New York Herald of 2d November, 1870.*

The above was written nearly three years ago, yet not only have the foreigners not been assassinated, but in Japan all the converts to Christianity have been liberated. Compare this conduct of the heathen Japanese with that of the Inquisition of Spain and Portugal in the days of its power. It is not ethnological deficiency nor the Latin race. That *race* of the *olden* times was not notorious for assassination. As to "defective" education being the impulse to these criminal outbreaks, I can only say—read on.

After the decree had gone forth for the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, many crossed over into Africa. During the voyage the sailors amused themselves by tying ropes to some of the exiles, throwing them overboard, and allowing the water to reach the lips. They were told that they had either to make a profession of faith, invoke the aid of the Mother of God, or be drowned. Many chose the latter alternative, and were cast loose with imprecations, and sank to rise no more. Others, more timid, made the required confession and invocation. They were then baptized by the chaplain or priest, and cast off likewise. The historian who relates the fact comments upon it in the following words:—

"Mas les valió a esos hijos de Satanás morir Cristianos que no vivir Judíos" (It was better for these children of Satan to die Christians than live Jews). That historian was not a "brute beast" edu-

cated and trained in *our* "godless" schools, but *evidently* "thoroughly indoctrinated," "the pride of his country and the glory of his church."

After the death of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, one of his two brothers, by name Gonzalez, put himself at the head of a party, and even went so far as to set his sovereign at defiance. The court of Spain sent Pedro de la Gazea, with the title of president, and invested with absolute powers, to quell the disturbance and restore order. On his arrival at Panama he addressed a letter to Pizarro, which is not generally known; but though a masterpiece of eloquence and argument, too long to be given here *in extenso*. I shall therefore limit myself to an extract from that letter bearing upon the subject under consideration. It is necessary to premise that shortly before his departure from Spain, the event had occurred to which de la Gazea alluded, and he does so in the following terms:—

"We have recently beheld," says the President, "an example of *loyalty and duty between two brothers*. Both were Spaniards, but one of them resided at Rome. Report had reached the latter that his brother in Saxony had fallen into heresy. He was so deeply grieved and shocked at such an act of infidelity and of dishonor to his family, that he determined to apply a prompt remedy. He left Italy and departed for Germany, with the determination to leave no means untried to bring his brother back to the bosom of the church, or, if he could not prevail upon him to do so, to take his life. His intention was carried out as he had anticipated. After having employed in vain, during fifteen or twenty days, every means of persuasion, argument, and entreaty, in the exercise of his laudable zeal, he stabbed his wretched brother to the heart. *His arm was not withheld by the cry of nature, neither was he prevented by the fear for his own life, in a country every inhabitant of which might have considered himself bound to revenge that brother's death.* Now," continues the writer, "remember, Pizarro, you too have a brother. He too is a man of spirit, and justly jealous of the honor of his family. I ask you whether *he* can do less than wipe out the stain of dishonor upon his family *by becoming the instrument of your chastisement?* Remember that Spaniard had a duty to perform, and he performed it."

"A duty!" Undoubtedly so. The Bartholomew massacre, the Drago-
nades, the Crusades, were acts of duty on a large, a magnificent scale. I search, however, in vain in the volume of history for an instance of a person not "thoroughly indoctrinated" murdering his brother for having changed his religion, nor can I find a case wherein a minister of religion not "thoroughly indoctrinated" applauds a deliberate act of fratricide, and holds up the deed as an example for imitation. Yet this

Pedro de la Gazea was a priest and a member of the Inquisition. He is represented by his biographer as "a most worthy man ;" as "uncorruptible, upright, courageous, mild, affable, subtle, insinuating ; and guided in his actions by *the most disinterested principles and sense of duty*," to which need not be added that he was "thoroughly indoctrinated."

In terms more laudatory by far than that great and "*veracious*" (!) historian, Eusebius, speaks of Constantine the Great, *after* that monster of iniquity had become a convert. "I am amazed," says his biographer, "when I contemplate the singular piety and goodness of that emperor . . . I look up to heaven, and in my mind behold his blessed soul living in God's presence, and there crowned with a blessed and unfading wreath of immortality." And this was after that pious emperor had, between the years 310 and 326, murdered his wife, his son, his nephew, his wife's father, the husbands of both his sister's, and his former friend, the *pagan* priest, Sopater, because he refused to give him that absolution for his crimes which was cheerfully granted him at his conversion. How truly observes Lucretius, "*Religio preperit scelerosa atque impia facta.*"

It is undeniable that in those communities where exclusively Catholic education has obtained, there is not only an indifference to human life, but a recklessness in bloodshed as thorough as if no command had been given by God from heaven, "Thou shalt not kill." Though deeds of blood are committed in other communities, it is equally undeniable that in the former they are not only very much more numerous, but attended with exceptional cruelty and ferocity, which we are taught to be characteristic of the "brute beast" of the forest.

Thus, for instance, at Valencia (Spain), a band of men enter a country house by a hole in the roof, at night-time, and bind and gag the proprietor, his wife, and oldest son. The five other children are then brought into the presence of their helpless parents, and the ruffians tear their tongues and eyes out. They then cut the feet off the father and son, and hang the bodies head downwards, by means of ropes fastened to the tendons of the legs. With their struggling victims still writhing in their agony, the wretches coolly prepare some breakfast, and sit down to partake of it.

"In a village in Poland, on the Russian frontier, four peasants enter a tavern, refuse to pay for the liquor they had drank, murder the wife of the innkeeper and all their children, and set fire to the house. The proprietor, who is in an adjoining field, rushes to the scene of conflagration ; the miscreants seize him and throw him into the flames." These were certainly not of the Latin, but of the Slavonic race, yet, like the former, "thoroughly indoctrinated."

"A Jewish family, consisting of husband, wife, and four children, have recently been brutally murdered in a village in Austria. The head of the family, who was an innkeeper, was found near the door of his room with his head completely battered in; his wife was discovered strangled in her bed, with a quantity of human hair entangled round her fingers, which leads to the supposition that she must have struggled hard with her murderer. The four children met with a fate somewhat similar to their father. Up to the present time four peasants have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the horrible crime, as a quantity of clothes saturated with blood was discovered secreted in the house of the accused parties." None of these miscreants were of the Mongolian, Celtic, or Latin race. How is it that the same cause should produce the same effect, however different the circumstances, the nationalities, the climate; however remote from each other the localities; however great the intervals of time or of ages?

"At the Easter festival of the year 1514, a crusade against the Turks is preached in Hungary. In the course of twenty days, sixty thousand crusaders, mostly slaves or serfs, are armed and ready to march. Their masters, the nobles, oppose the movement, for every crusader became a freeman. Two of the inferior order of the clergy exhort the people to perseverance. George Doschka, sprung from the lowest order of the people, but whose valor and whose talents had raised him to the rank of nobility, places himself at the head of the serfs. The just hatred long entertained by them against their oppressors bursts forth in all its fierceness. A war between the parties ensues, distinguished by cruelties almost unparalleled. After four months the serfs are entirely defeated in battle. Doschka is taken prisoner. His brother, whose life he had implored to be spared, is immediately beheaded before his face. An iron throne is constructed; this is made red hot, and loaded with chains; he is forced into it; a sceptre of glowing iron is placed in his hand, and a burning crown upon his head. Nine of his companions, who had been kept without food till they had become ravenous with hunger, are now brought out, and with swords and lances driven up to the place of torture, where it is yelled aloud to them that they might save their lives *if they will consent to eat of the flesh of their leader*. Three of them prefer death; the other six attempt the horrible meal before the life of Doschka is extinct." The actors in the above drama had not been "godlessly" educated.

During the War of Independence in the Netherlands, carried on by that pious bloodhound, the Duke of Alva, in the name

and on behalf of his equally pious master, "His Most Catholic Majesty," Philip the Second of Spain, the city of Zutphen having surrendered at discretion, the Spanish commander ordered all the magistrates, all the Protestant ministers, and fifteen hundred of the principal inhabitants of the place to be executed, and the city to be given over to the tender mercies of the soldiers—Alva's soldiers! and these fighting for the faith! They seized upon the inhabitants, held them over a slow fire, mutilated them. Some they suspended by their feet and seared their bodies with red-hot irons; they violated their wives and daughters in the presence of their husbands and fathers, whose throats they then cut. They then suspended the women by one foot and hacked the bodies to pieces; and lastly, tied the living brothers to the mutilated corpses of their sisters, threw them upon the expiring bodies of their parents, and burnt them.* It is useless to say that both Alva and his army had been "thoroughly indoctrinated."

Acts as monstrous are related as having been committed against the Waldenses and Albigenses, and in other parts of Holland, in Ireland, and by the crusaders in the Holy Land, etc.; and even so late as the year 1815, in the south of France, "murder and incendiarism" was the order of the day.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S TRUTH AND MAN'S TRUTH.

BY CHARLOTTE MONTEFIORE.

THE whole universe is illumined by God's truth-revolving spheres; the skies, the earth, human life, and human destiny are made bright and beautiful by the Creator's eternal faithfulness. We look up to Nature as to a friend, because her great Master has made her works works of truth. We feel that her sunshine and her loveliness, that her power and sublimity are all true, that she charms by no false smiles, allures by no false colors, puts forth no assumption that she cannot carry out, and no power that she cannot vindicate—and so we love and confide in nature, repose upon her breast as upon a mother's, and listen to her lessons as to a safe and holy teacher.

Our religious faith reposes upon God's immutable truth; the immortal and spiritual being derives his moral glory from his inmost conviction of the truth of the Divinity, the Divinity that is above,

* *Staatskundige Geschiedenis der Spaansche Oorlogen in de Nederlanden.*

around, and within him, It is the anchor of the hopes that are shared by all mankind, the deep, unfathomable hopes we all entertain of the existence of a Supreme Being, of an overruling Providence, and of the immortality of man.

Judaism is built upon the verity of God's Word. Since the Law was proclaimed amidst the thunders of Sinai, and the loving covenant sealed between the Almighty Father and the released bondsmen of Egypt, centuries have passed away. Since the light of that moral revelation dawned upon the wilderness, what changes and revolutions has time not effected! Since then nations have risen into greatness and sunk into oblivion; empires have been established and have declined; creeds after creeds have erected altars on which they have shrined their deities, and creeds, and altars, and deities have been alike overthrown; whole races have been exterminated from off the face of the earth; whilst yet, amidst the havocs and the wrecks of time, Judaism exists, for it is founded upon an imperishable basis, God's infinite truth. We who are still the byword, the proverb, the scorn and astonishment of the nations among whom our scattered race abide, and who in many lands have yet to bear a heavy burden of contumely and degradation, we may well feel that we have no safe shelter but beneath the wide-spreading wings of Eternal Faithfulness. We know that, in spite of the tribulations that sadden our career, in spite of the dense clouds that shroud our horizon, that the glorious destiny predicted for Israel will yet be realized. God's Word hath declared it, and in that Word we may fully confide.

There are epochs in each man's life when the deep waves of anguish overwhelm us, and at such moments, tempest-tossed upon a wild sea of grief, we might be led to question God's love and mercy, but that His truth, immutable and firm, rises above the depths of our despair and we cling to it, even as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the plank that bears him through surging tides and battling waves in safety to the shore. Who has not felt, when trouble after trouble has come upon us, when harassing cares and anxieties have rapidly succeeded each other, perplexing and haunting us with the dread of yet greater and impending evils, who has not felt that earth's burdens would be too great to bear had we not God as a stronghold and a refuge? did we not know that all His promises to those who suffer in meekness and in patience will be fulfilled? did we not feel assured that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy? And in this full conviction of God's truth the weary mind and heart are soothed and strengthened. Who also, whilst watching the ebbing life of the long-loved and loving, have not felt their own life grow cold within them, and the pulses

of their hearts stayed by the freezing grasp of a withering despair; and then at the thrilling remembrance that the departing are not lost, but returning to the God of truth, who also has not felt their whole being awake again to life, to hope, even to a solemn joy, a hallowed rejoicing that the dear one will be safe and free at last? Thus we may say with the Psalmist, in the agony of our bereavement and in the conflict of our trials, "Thy mercy, O God, is above the heavens; thy truth reacheth unto the clouds."

In contemplating and adoring the Eternal Faithfulness, upon which we build, as on a rock, our hopes both in time and in eternity, we are led to ask ourselves, Is man's truth in harmony with nature's truth and with God's truth? Do we render back to the Almighty some portion of the truth with which He blesses us? Do we give our fellow-creatures some measure of that truth that God bestows upon His children? This divine attribute of the Supreme Being has been clearly and fully revealed to us, has been conspicuously displayed in all God's works, that it may become the great example of our lives, the authority whose guiding influence we acknowledge and whose dictates we obey. As crystal waters reflect the orb of day, so should the human mind, transparent as pellucid streams, reflect God's truth; and as the sun dispels surrounding fog and mist, so should God's truth, the light of His moral universe, dissipate the mental and the moral clouds that would otherwise shroud us in darkness. Without truth there can be no spiritual affinity between man and his Creator; it is the link that binds most indissolubly together the child of earth to the Almighty Father; and this affinity is religion, is worship, is prayer, is holiness and virtue. Truth is the groundwork of all piety, the pedestal upon which all virtue has to be raised. It is building upon sand when we build upon any other foundation, it is placing ourselves at the mercy of every adverse wind, of every conflict and change. Without truth our minds become barometers, recording not our own principles and state, but the variations in the moral atmosphere around us, a continual shifting up and down, with little reference to the inner being's real thoughts or opinions.

As this is a world of probation and of discipline, in which we have to contend in order to conquer, in which we are assailed by temptations in order to gain strength and nobleness by resistance, so our rectitude is exposed to trial that it may be not the truth only of innocence and inexperience, but of dignity and principle, which knows what it embraces and what it relinquishes. We shall find it an arduous, though the noblest of tasks, to preserve, throughout our career, an unsullied integrity. The mind that through an active and ambitious

manhood, and through the weakness and weariness of age, has maintained a pure rectitude and a lofty independence, that mind has drawn near to the Divine Creator, has won for itself the most godlike quality—the quality that God displays to us as His most glorious attribute.

When, in the presence of nature or beneath the influence of God's Word, we survey the majesty and beauty of truth, we can hardly understand how it is not the vital principle of our existence, the great law of our lives; but when, from the house of prayer, from the retirement of our thoughts, from the solitude or calm of green fields and meadows that smile up into God's heavens, we go back into the world to mingle in its warfare and its vanities, that which a little moment before we owned as supreme is forgotten, and our soul, so happy erstwhile in its freedom, submits itself once more to a tyrannical master. Unable to attain our worldly views or purposes without a deviation from truth, we assume a character and we play a part, or we put in the background and cover up the principles and the feelings that might, if discovered, mar our success.

The ambition of some individuals is to be looked up to as saints, is to play a conspicuous part in the religious world; and so the outward garb of sanctity is assumed, the public forms and rites of their creed are strictly performed, whilst the mind and heart are left in ignorance of its spirit, and the world perhaps applauds, whilst God is mocked by a hypocritical worship.

Wealth, with its pomp and luxuries, is the good coveted by others, and, in their endeavor to equal or outstrip in the race the competitors by whom they are surrounded, they have recourse to intrigue and to dissimulation. The warehouse, the wharf, the lawyer's office, the shop, the merchant's counting-house, how often are they the witnesses of crooked transactions and ignoble deceptions?

Others are eager to gain fame and distinction, and no matter how, so that the purpose is achieved, and the wreath, the trumpet praise, obtained; and in this struggle after earth's lofty honors, the bar, the senate, the pulpit even, send forth plausible, talented, and flattering but false arguments, pleadings, and doctrines, by which the golden meed is won, but the mind's rectitude is tarnished and its independence lost.

Others have no dearer object than to sail smoothly down the stream of life, to run upon no rocks, or to meet no counter-current, so they choose a well-known course, where they can navigate their bark in ease, and glide along "with pleasure at the helm and youth at the prow;" whilst yet, perhaps, conscience not all asleep, a sense of

duty not quite dormant, is urging them to another path. How many convictions true and noble are thrust back into silence and darkness, because they are not expedient or safe, or worldly wise or worldly useful! And the life that might have been made honorable and great through maintaining and exposing these very convictions becomes but a well-acted falsehood. O world!—not God's earth, but man's world,—what cowards and what renegades you make of us; beneath your influence and your ministry what a masquerade do we make of human life, going to the very grave with a false reputation and a false character, dressed up to the very last in a contemptible disguise!

We, who are the disciples of a religion that places us in the immediate presence of an All-seeing God, beneath the unslumbering eye of infinite truth, we should, of all people, be the most faithful and zealous adherents of truth; yet unhappily, most unhappily, circumstances over which we had no control, have impaired that deep fidelity, that perfect rectitude, which should have been Israel's noblest inheritance—a bequest passing unsullied and undiminished from father to son.

The persecution of centuries, the compulsion and violence, the fierce bigotry and enmity, by which we were assailed, have unfortunately too often entailed upon us a love of mystery, a dexterity in trickery, and a pleasure in intrigue. We were hunted down, tracked like wild beasts from home to home, despoiled of our possessions, deprived of our prerogatives: our best, or indeed our only chance of safety was to wear a mask, was to conceal our religion, our name, and our fortune beneath an impenetrable mystery. We were compelled to worship God in the strictest seclusion, to offer up our united prayers in chambers where no windows opening to God's blue skies might betray our secret purpose, and to whisper, instead of singing with gladful voices, the choral anthems of praise and love, so that no sound of Hebrew psalm and melody might reach the outer air. We wore, so as not to attract attention, poor and faded garments in public, lived in mean-looking houses, and only when in the privacy of home could we assume the appearance and indulge in the luxury befitting our station. We adopted the ignoble callings that were thrown open to us, whilst we carried on beneath some disguise the vocation more suited to our tastes or talents, but which was interdicted by intolerance and by oppressive laws. We led, therefore, almost simultaneously, two lives, one false, one real; but they necessarily mingled, the impure sully the pure, the fictitious degrading the true. What at first was most painful or irksome, and felt and resented as a barbarous indignity,

became less and less odious, as it developed by exercise fatal propensities and talents. A vice that grows, even though by necessity, familiar to us, soon ceases to be regarded as a vice ; we learn to look upon it in another light and give it some other name. An evil, therefore, born and taken root amongst a people, who shall say to what extent it shall not spread, or when it will be exterminated ?

In those dark and wretched ages money occasionally obtained for us the prerogatives which should only have been accorded to virtue, and money, naturally, became a first object ; an idol that we enshrined in our hearts, and to which we paid an unworthy homage. The urgent necessity for wealth wherewith to satisfy the rapacity of kings and governments and the cupidity of a sordid priesthood, wherewith to purchase a temporary shelter and protection, has long since passed away. But the disposition, the taste, the love, that necessity awoke, and kept whetted so keenly, has not passed away : feelings are hereditary, and our affection and our reverence linger round the idol which still remains on its pedestal. The love of money, the fear and dread of poverty, that exists among us, are the chief causes that lead us in the present day to deception and falsehood. They take away our independence, and without independence there can be no truth. The man whose dearest interests are his worldly interests, whose highest aim in life is to increase his store of worldly good, dare not act boldly, dare not speak out bravely, dare not give expression to his inmost thought, or utterance to his deepest convictions. Truth might stand in the way of his success, might prove obnoxious in some influential quarter, might offend the patron on whose interest his advance depends, and so it is repressed and concealed, resigning its place to subservience or flattery, or to a discreet reserve which ever answers best the purpose of his personal aggrandizement. We must learn to value less earth's vanities and earth's grandeurs. We must learn to honor our fellow-creatures for what they are, not for what they have. We must learn to see through their fine clothes or their coarse garments, and put neither their poverty nor their wealth, but their inner worth, in the scale when we weigh their merits. Till we do this we shall never put forth truth ourselves, or see it realized in others.

The rich do wrong, very wrong, to blazon forth their wealth, as if it brought them all the happiness that its prospect holds out. They act a falsehood by so doing, and a most pernicious one, to a large class of their brethren. They know by experience that the power of money is, after all, but a limited one, and that there are blessings innumerable which wealth cannot purchase. They know that bitter tears are shed in gorgeous mansions ; that the dullest moments are spent

on velvet sofas, and wearied hours by the side of sculptured hearths, and that heavy, aching hearts are borne along in the gilded carriages that roll so pompously past us. There is little, much too little, intercourse between the different classes of society, but that little would be of some avail were it carried on in truth; but as it is, the rich man spreads an untruth when he goes amongst or calls his poorer brethren to him. He affects an air of such superiority and grandeur that the poor man can but believe that wealth exalts us above the common evils of humanity, and he must, as a necessary consequence, yearn to procure the good that thus appears to confer such privileges, and bestow such immunities. Could the poor man but see into the disquietudes of the moneyed man's life he might learn to be content with a simple existence, and seek the true and lasting, instead of running after shadows and grasping at bubbles. Could we all, the affluent and the poor, but learn to estimate money at its real value, we should not any of us be in such a terrible hurry to get rich; and it is this eager haste, this trembling anxiety to secure the prize, that induces us to be little scrupulous about the ways and means we employ. We must climb the ladder of fortune as fast or faster than our neighbors, and in the steep ascent who shall say what false steps are not taken, what slips are not made? but when the summit is gained, few among us care to know or to remember what sacrifices of honesty and independence have been made, what dereliction of principle it has cost, and what stain it has left upon our integrity.

(To be continued.)

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF KING DAVID.

BY DR. J. L. LEVISON.

(Continued from page 298.)

WE next hear of David when the mental indisposition of Saul rendered him gloomy and melancholy, and he was invited by the king for his great skill in music, on the suggestion of an officer of the court.

He must, therefore, have acquired a reputation for an exquisite perception of melody, and probably for improvising on subjects capable of exciting a lively interest in his hearers, by singing his own extempore compositions, and accompanying himself on the harp. And so great must have been his execution, that whenever he played, the mind of Saul was calmed and refreshed.*

* This view is not speculative, for in comparatively modern times the Bards united with a love of music also a taste for poetry, and when called to play to their chiefs,

We may therefore presume that David had cultivated the sister arts (music and poetry), and that they influenced his mind at all periods of his life, even before he composed his imperishable psalms; and that he had not only the soul of a poet, but with his venerative sentiment tended to inspire him with the highest themes for human contemplation,—man and his relation to God.

When he visited the court of Saul, he may not then have devoted himself to those higher flights of his muse for which he was subsequently celebrated; but have confined his compositions to the ode and epic forms, in which the deeds of Saul were sung, and his magnanimity eulogized. We come to this conclusion from the fact that the king was vain and jealous, and these depressing passions have a tendency to render the individual disposed to extremes of excitement, sometimes boisterous, and at many periods nervous, discontented, and melancholy.*

The first intimation which David gave of his warlike powers took place when Goliath, a giant-like Philistine, challenged any one from the hosts of Israel to decide the war by a single combat. His enormous strength and great agility in the use of his ponderous arms struck every one with dread, so that we may suppose that this boaster became more insolent and contumacious. In his first challenge Goliath said: "Why are you come to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye are the servants of Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me: if he is able to fight with me and kill me, then we will be your servants: but if I prevail against him and kill him, then you shall be our servants and serve us." And when there was not any champion to respond for Israel, he used more taunting language: "I defy the armies of Saul—give me a man that we may fight together."

they eulogized their prowess on the battle-field, or else recited their loves, their joys, and griefs, as induced by domestic or national events. So that they were in requisition to rouse the warriors to energetic action, to soothe the melancholy of survivors, and to excite mirthfulness and joyousness at the festive board.

* Our reason for supposing that David adopted the epic form for his first poetical efforts, is based on a knowledge of the human mind and its periods of development. And a writer in one of the *Cyclopædias* confirms this view of the subject. He says: "From what we know of the operations of our minds, and the analogy which subsists between the growth of the individual and national intellect, it appears most natural that the *epic* should be the earliest species of poetry. A child, borne into a crowd of circumstances, all claiming his attention and exciting his interest, busies himself with the external world long before it ever occurs to him to examine what is going on within himself. Nay, more than this, his imagination, the idealizing faculty, takes the models of its exertions entirely from the external world. His dreams, his reveries, his waking fancies are active and epical, as any one who has watched children must acknowledge; but the time when he begins to notice his own thoughts and feelings (the lyrical age) does not come till later.

When Saul and his army heard the taunting manner in which this challenge was made, "they were greatly dismayed;" and we may therefore comprehend their surprise when David proposed meeting Goliath on his own terms. His proffered services were treated with some contemptuous pity, that such a youth should have the temerity to offer to do what the veterans in the army dared not.

This proposal of David was, however, told to Saul, and he sent for him—told him that he was not able to go and fight the Philistine, who was a warrior of renown, and he an inexperienced youth. But he told the king of some of his deeds of daring, how he rescued a lamb seized by a lion and slew him, and defiantly added, that he would treat this uncircumcised boaster in a similar manner, "For he hath defied the armies of the living God." This noble conduct and true piety of the young warrior struck the king, so that he bade him go, adding, "May the Lord be with you."

David must have had, besides the mental qualities we have mentioned, an iron frame and the most invincible courage; but his reason for undertaking to battle for his people originated in a strong faith that he would be permitted to punish an insolent and boasting idolater.

The scene itself must have been most exciting to both armies. We shall attempt some description of it as realized by our own mind. Midway between the hosts of the Philistines and the Israelites might be seen a neutral space on which stood a man of colossal size and stalwart frame, covered with armor, and holding in one hand a ponderous sword, and in the other a massive shield, repeating with stentorian voice his defiant challenge; and we perceive advancing towards him a handsome young man of middle stature, unarmed and unpretending, yet with perfect calmness and presence of mind to show he is no commonplace personage; and when he takes up the gauntlet, and offers to meet in mortal combat with this insolent, boasting enemy of his king and country, he is treated with contempt by the sturdy Goliath, as if it would be beneath his dignity to fight with such a stripling, when there were experienced warriors in the camp of Saul. David, as he stood undaunted and unabashed, still manifested a becoming modesty, by telling the Philistine that he did not trust to his own prowess. And taking a few pebbles from a brook, he placed one in his shepherd's sling, and nerved by his strong faith, he hurled this simple missile with such supernatural force, and with such an unerring aim, that it not only cracked the frontal bone, but penetrated into the brain itself, and Goliath fell to the earth like a felled ox, to the great consternation of his own people, and amidst the shouts and exultations of the hosts of Israel!

To give ocular evidence that Goliath was actually killed, David took his sword, cut off his head, and carried both, with the shield of the dead warrior, to lay as trophies at the feet of Saul. Still we find him not presuming on his great effort or arrogating any merit or praise for the act, which changed the fortunes of the day, and rendered his people victorious, instead of becoming vanquished by the Philistines and then prisoners of war.

After this great event, David was put into command, and he led the army of Saul in pursuit of the Philistines, whom they routed and destroyed everywhere, as they were so greatly dismayed at the destruction of their champion. The very name of David inspired them with terror, but the youthful commander did not relax from using every effort to turn their fear to advantage; he fought himself most bravely, and his courage and energy became sympathetic, so that his followers performed prodigies of valor, and for the time rid the land of their marauding neighbors. When the Israelites returned victorious, the women, in admiration of the dauntless courage of the young soldier, chanted forth his praise, declaring, "that though Saul had slain his thousands, David had slain his tens of thousands," and this very eulogium became a predisposing cause of the king's jealousy, and for the inveterate hatred he cherished against him. Many instances of savage conduct and unjust persecution occurred, which so embittered the life of the noble youth—this model of a patriot—that he had to fly from the imminent danger by which he was threatened by the mad king.

Had the latter been in a sane condition of mind, his conduct would not have been an exhibition of such undisguised, culpable ingratitude and injustice. But the very success of David rankled the jealous nature of Saul, and his inveterate enmity towards him is not only an additional proof of his mental alienation, but also a very strong evidence of the natural inferiority of his mind. And so intense was his malignity against David, that though he had had symptoms of insanity previously, the circumstances which caused his praises to be regarded as inferior to David rendered him a confirmed maniac. And what is curious to the student of psychology, there was manifested withal great cunning and duplicity, and a plausibility which might deceive persons unacquainted with the different phases of this most lamentable of all human maladies. Strange that the narrator should correctly term the affection "*an evil spirit*;" and we believe that most forms of insanity are the result of abuses of the animal propensities.

(To be continued.)

BABETTE.

BY PHILIP BART.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was fully four days before the Intendant made his presence known either by sign or word. Occasional brief notes would be received by the Baroness, simply relating to some few wants, necessary for building purposes, and requisitions for food. The roads to the river-side, though not absolutely impassable, still precluded anything like easy locomotion. The Baroness from time to time vaguely hinted that she was going to superintend the work, and even a carriage would be ordered out, but somehow or other she seemed to think better of it, on hearing of the difficulties of the route, and remained at home. The weather even was not propitious, for though the rain had partially ceased, the skies remained threatening and overcast. In fact, there was work enough for an active person at home. Petitioners of every kind, from well-to-do farmers to the humblest peasants, besieged the residence. Demands were made for every conceivable thing, which had been lost or destroyed by the inundation. Letters innumerable had to be written. The government sent long communications to the Baroness, requiring information on a thousand and one questions, and the grand Lady and her secretary Babette were kept busy with pen and ink, and no doubt despatched a great deal of business in a very prompt manner, but got very weary and tired of it. Melanie, too, set hard at work, doing the ornamental portions of the work, such as sealing the letters, with great superfluity of wax, and consequent burning of her delicate fingers.

At last, on the morning of the fifth day, just as the ladies were groaning over an excess of work, a huge pile of letters having been handed them, which the servant had placed on the breakfast-table, the gallop of a horse was heard approaching the house.

"Some more letters, I suppose," said the Baroness, "as if we had not enough of them already to answer. Why on earth the government don't send down a commissioner of their own, and a half-dozen clerks, to attend to this matter, I cannot imagine. I shall this very day write a sharp note about it. Here have we been for this last week working as if our lives depended on it, and the thanks we shall receive for it, from high quarters, will be some windy compliments.

and nothing else. I have my own people to attend to, and that is sufficient to engross all our time. The fact is, my being somewhat conspicuous in this section of His Majesty's domains has, I suppose, put it into the noddle of the august party who manages these questions of relief, that I must be the only man in the neighborhood. However, I got a note last night that lifts a load off my mind; the Intendant deigns to leave the river-side to-day, and will present himself to us. See who that is coming, Babette."

Babette went to the window, withdrew the heavy curtain, made no motion of surprise, and said, "It is the Intendant."

"Well then, young ladies, he must breakfast with us—and give an account of himself."

Presently a servant entered and announced the gentleman, and received instructions to bid him enter. "The gentleman declines, and says that, splashed with mud from head to foot, he is not presentable."

"Babette, will you go out and bid him come in. Just say to him, that this disinclination of his to appear before us not in full dress is supremely ridiculous. Tell him breakfast is just served, and that we all expect him, all of us; and that it is not the custom in this country for a lady who has a person in her employ, no matter what may be his position, to sue for his presence,"—the Baroness was losing her temper—"just tell him, we bid him come;" and here, by one of those sudden caprices of which the woman was capable, she added: "Babette, say something kind to him; you may tell him how much we appreciate his services, and all that kind of thing, and bid him not make a dunce of himself. So much work has irritated me. I suppose the mass of letters we have received to-day has put me out of humor. There, go, and don't tremble so, or Melanie will see you."

There stood the Intendant in the Baroness's office, by no means an elegant object. A good deal of hard work seemed to have told on him. Perhaps the man had not shaved nor changed his clothes for a week; but still there was something strong and salient in his appearance, as he leant against the mantlepiece, a trifle haggard, it is true, with his clothes hanging limp and rather ragged on his slight but well-knit frame. As Babette entered he changed his position, and moved towards her. It would have been more fitting, perhaps more in accordance with the stereotyped expressions used towards heroines, if we should have represented Babette as casting her eyes meekly on the ground. Quite on the contrary, she looked at him, if not keenly, at least searchingly. His were the first words.

"Mademoiselle Babette," he said, extending his hand, "I owe you quite an apology for a certain amount of rudeness I must have been

guilty of when I last saw you. Manners and customs are so different. With us, men seek the posts of danger, and women who venture where men only ought to go are thought sometimes to be out of place. I must confess, that seeing you—when you first came to the scene of the inundation—when that soldier carried you across the stream—almost made me angry. Whether to take care of you, or the woman in the river, for some time was debated in my mind, and it took more effort on my part than you may imagine.”

“Then you did see me?” said Babette, taking his hand, “and I am so sorry to have been *de trop*. But—” and now she hung down her head, and said in an anxious voice, “if you only knew how much I had to ask you. That drowning woman whom you saved, could not have had greater anxieties than mine. I must tell you all—even if you despise me after it. I must tell you the abject, terrible humiliations I have suffered. You went to my country, to the village I was born in; you must have seen my poor uncle, then?”

“Who, David? your good uncle David? why, Mademoiselle Babette, I spent three whole days with him, and your aunt. Dear, honest old people, true types of that grand patriarchal race of ours which are fast passing away!”

“And did they speak of me?”

“At first, I must confess, the uncle did so guardedly, until he knew we were of the same race. Then he opened his heart to me, and the name of a certain officer here, he told me, had been coupled with your own. I, Mademoiselle Babette, before I left, had made a careful inquiry into this matter, because”—and here he again took Babette’s hand—“because, though I had seen you but twice or thrice, there was felt by me more than a passing interest in you. Your character required no vindication on my part. Your uncle blessed me when I parted, and bid me give you all his love. God bless the old man! he took me to where the quiet graves of my forefathers lay so peacefully—for, Mademoiselle, my visit to this land was almost a pilgrimage. There, cease those tears. Let me add—for I know more of your troubles than you imagine—I have even dared to do what I must have your forgiveness about. I have presumed to talk to the captain about you, and from him I heard the true history of all this trouble; and from having been somewhat of a fearful character to you—though he swears to me he wanted you to marry him—he is now quite passive, and desires your friendship.”

“And you never believed a word of it?” asked Babette, “of all these terrible lies, bruited, I know not how, among my people? It is fearful for me to talk to you thus calmly as I do now, but I have

wanted to die a thousand times, and have had no hope on earth. See, I trust implicitly in you, my hand is in yours. Will you promise me one thing? Life is weary to me now, or at least will be. I am out of place here. The Baroness is all kindness to me, but I cannot live over again my life here. The residence, with all its elegance—these fine clothes I wear—are hateful to me. My place is with my uncle; there I may find that peace and quiet which I want. The Baroness thinks much of you, and in the place you will occupy on her domain, you will in time be able to exert great influence over her. Prevail on her to let me go home. She has been a mother to me, and I love her dearly; but yet I never can be happy here. I am wilful, capricious, and might, surrounded as I am with every comfort and elegance of life, suddenly run away, if I was thwarted. I suppose it is in the race to develop at times this same instinct, as do birds or animals, of flying to the spot where they were born. I know I am incoherent, but I have been so unhappy—am even now making myself pitiable by begging you, sir, to intercede for me; and am trampling down all maidenly pride. But”—here she paused—“our interview has lasted long enough; we will have an opportunity of seeing one another again. The Baroness bids me ask you to breakfast. Pray, will you come?” Then Babette resumed what was uppermost in her mind. “Thank God for your good opinion of me. You see, I never met one of my race yet who was—who was—”

“What, Mademoiselle Babette?” said her listener, still retaining the hand which she had unconsciously given him.

“My equal in education, who knew something of that higher yet more holy world,” she answered simply; then she stopped, and her face was suffused with blushes.

“Only that?” he asked, looking her wistfully in the face.

“I cannot, must not say more. You say—I scarcely understood you rightly—that your people came from my poor village in the Red country. Some day I may set you right as to genealogies. I have them all at my fingers’ ends.”

“Yes, it was a father of mine who came from there, scarce forty years ago, and we are somewhat related; let that account for the interest I have dared to take in you.”

“Is it possible!” Here Babette clapped her hands.

“Only a fifth or sixth cousin, according to your aunt, but your uncle denies it. Queer, if I should claim Ezra as an uncle, would it not?”

“Ezra! and you know about him, and Moses—did you meet him?” asked the girl anxiously.

“Yes, mademoiselle—a sorry scamp. I am supposed to be a good

judge of a horse, but I must say I never was so outwitted by any human being in my life as I was by him. However, if a good sound thrashing is to be placed to my credit, I think Moses got a payment in full, with interest."

"But breakfast, sir; I had forgotten all about it. The Baroness begs me to say that you are to come, booted and spurred, muddy as you are. She will brook no refusal, and is rather out of temper at your refusal."

"What kind of a lady is your mistress?"

"The best, the kindest in the world—somewhat exacting, but as far as her Intendant goes, inclined much in his favor."

"Have you ever said a kind word for this Intendant?"

"I do not know, sir; I do not think he has ever been abused in my presence."

"Is it the custom of high-born ladies in this country to invite their stewards to breakfast with them?"

"No, sir; no one is more exclusive than the Baroness, but she makes an exception in your case."

"Why should she?"

"I do not know why."

"Do you ask me to breakfast with her? Will you be present?"

"I will; but what difference does that make? You must have ridden far this morning, and must be hungry."

"Hungry as a wolf, and cross and surly besides," was the reply, though the speaker's looks belied him.

"Why?" asked Babette.

"Because—I half repent me of a promise made which I must respect—to think that I have agreed to serve your mistress for an unlimited time."

"And will you not keep your promise?" asked Babette, anxiously.

"Just as solemnly as Jacob labored for Laban;" said the gentleman; "but Jacob's toil was not without its reward."

Babette was silent now—as her heart beat quickly, convulsively within her.

"Rachel was his final reward," said her companion in a low voice, "and if I serve this great lady, will Babette be mine?" and here he bent down his head, as he almost whispered the words in her ear.

The girl, strange to say, did not avert her face, only now she seemed as if convulsed with emotion, and looked half amazed, half fearful. That she loved him dearly she was conscious of—that he had even cared for her—had more than given her passing thought, surprised—astonished her. There was a moment of hesitancy on her part,

as he said, "Babette, it might have been love at first sight. I know not. I have tried to analyze it, but cannot. I have never seen any woman as lovely as you are, that embodies as fully all my ideas of perfection. There is no difference of origin between us. It is the merest chance that has given me fortune. Perhaps, if I had been born in the village—poor little hamlet—and grown to man's estate, I might have been your suitor. Do you think now that I would have ever consented to have remained in this out-of-the-way place, this pompons old residence, with this grand lady, in the position of a mine-inspector, if I had not had ultimate views of my own? I wanted to know you better. In point of birth and education we are the same. There, I promise to ask the Baroness to let you leave her and go to the village again—only it must be with me. We shall make a little episode of it. See, dear Babette, you shall see the uncle and aunt once more; and then I shall come and sue for you. This place may be hateful to you, and I respect your feelings, and it is better that you should go to them. You do not reply to me? Have I been too abrupt? Will you not trust your life in my keeping? I cannot live forever in this country. The old uncle and aunt shall follow us to America. I would not separate you from them."

The girl hesitated no longer; she loved deeply, passionately, and he folded her within his arms.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE sequel is a short one. Shortly afterwards Babette left, notwithstanding the numerous obstructions placed in the way by the Baroness, for the Red country. The Intendant worked manfully at his lead-mines, and they were successful far beyond the Baroness's expectations. Leaves of absence, somewhat more frequent than the grand lady liked to allow, had to be granted. Matters worked on charmingly, until within a month or so of the expiration of the time of service, when the Baroness one day said to her Intendant, "What is this I hear of your intended departure for America? Nonsense, man, you are too useful to me. It is all arranged; see here, the court people have thought well enough of my work, at the time of the inundation, to be exceedingly civil to me, and, desirous of giving expression to their well wishes, have intimated to me that they would only be too glad to show it in some tangible way. As most of the real work was done by you, and I have written them fully about it, the state minister asks whether you would not like to wear a certain little black ribbon edged with red, with a little decoration to it, as a reward for your services; or, if not

that, wants to know what you would like. Take the decoration ; it would be so nice for me to have the right to order about a man with decoration."

"Your pardon, madam, I want none of these baubles !"

"How, you despise them ?"

"Not precisely ; but I am bred not to believe in them. The reward I want is that you relieve me from work here."

"Impossible."

"I can forfeit my wages any time."

"It is not a question of wages between us, I hope. You have increased my income wonderfully, and I could not spare you, now that Babette has gone, and that Melanie has married the captain. I feel absolutely alone here, and Babette—what a queer whim, to leave me and immure herself in her miserable village, and to write me but once a month. In fact, my dear sir, it has been a bitter disappointment to me, after all."

"How, gracious lady ? I have trained your people to such perfection that there are half a dozen of them in the smelting-house who can do the work now quite as well as I can, and my salary is just so much loss to you."

"Much you think about salary, when you have not drawn a single penny, so far. Then again, I have to complain that one never sees you at the Residence, without the most ceremonious invitation is given to you. Melanie and the Captain both declare that you are the most egregious aristocrat they ever met with ; nevertheless, some how or other, my dear Intendant," said the Baroness, "we can't help but admire your self-independence, though we sometimes wince at a certain authoritative way you have. I have wanted to open my heart to you for some time. See, I am a spoilt woman ; is it forty-eight or fifty I am ?—but had my son lived, he would have been, or I would have wanted him to have been, pretty much as you are—and, being a spoilt woman, which I suppose your astuteness has already discovered, it would most break my heart to let you go. The disappointment lies in this : I rarely make mistakes in my judgment of character. My *protégés* always do me credit. There was Babette ; here is yourself. Why on earth did you not marry her ? It was dreadfully stupid on your part. She was a proud girl, but I dare say would have had you, had you only tried long enough ; and you might have lived with me all your lives ; but, though you are too polite to say so, you look as if you meant to say, it was none of my business. Say it sir, if you like."

"My dear lady, the more I have been with you, the more I have reason to admire the strong traits of your character. If I wanted to

serve any one in this world, it would be yourself. The services, if any, I have rendered you, have been more than repaid by the implicit confidence you have placed in me. Returning to the reward the minister wishes to confer on me, the Captain was yesterday made the recipient of it, as he was quite as deserving of the decoration as I was, and his wife is delighted, as must be his mother-in-law. As to my not having drawn my salary, it is because you know I have no use for it. I have made no concealment that my means are ample, and that working for you has rather been for my pleasure than for my profit. There are two points answered. Now as to the third, about Mademoiselle Babette; and, strange to say, that must enter into my plea for wanting to quit you."

"How, how! I do not understand," said the Baroness.

"Only this, that you must give me up instantly. I have made arrangements to be at her village a week from now—intend to marry her there and then, and will leave by the end of this month for the United States."

The Baroness seemed to lose her breath at this announcement. "What, is it possible? Was it to the Red country you went when you were always off on leave of absence? And I did not know it? I am delighted! Was it a courtship regularly *en règle*? You are then almost my son. I must kiss you. Silly child, to absent herself from me. But it was right—and I never suspected it—but longed so that it might happen. Here, I don't often speak about such things, but through my husband's veins ran a full tide of Jewish blood. Though he raised me through his talents to the position I now hold—I, high born—was so poor when I married him, that I most was starving. When the period of prosperity came, I, through the absurd prejudices of the times we lived in, once twitted him with his origin. He was a good, loving, able, talented man, but, heaven help me! such was the sensitiveness of his character, the delicacy of his organization, a system overworked by toil and care, that the single remark of mine, once spoken unwittingly, without thinking on my part, seemed as if to have made a lasting impression upon him. He forgave me, but I never forgave myself. In horror at the cruel words I had used, which had inflicted such a horrible wound, when he died I saw in myself almost his murderess. My life has been somewhat an expiation of my crime. There now, I must love you well, as much as I do Babette, to have told you all that. There, you may kiss me. But, if I do grant you two months, you have only given me your plans for one month; that will be long enough to stay in the Red country; the second month you shall both of you spend with me. You agree? At the

same time, you will be here, you see, and will be able to give the last finishing touch to the improvements you have started here. You see how the business part of my character always comes uppermost. Take your leave of absence—it is granted. I can't give up this habit of domineering; so that when Babette and yourself come here, you may expect to be ordered about as of old. Does Melanie and her husband know about it?"

"Certainly; they have been of the greatest aid and assistance to us in all this matter. The Captain and his wife go with me, to assist at the ceremony."

"Outwitted again. Decidedly, I am getting old. One thing I am determined about is, that the Captain shall resign and shall take your place here. Mind, you are to give him all your agricultural ideas. Here, take this ring; it is the one I love best, and give it to Babette."

* * * * *

The story-teller's slender strip of cloth is finished, and the shuttle is now put aside. During the weaving of it there came to the workman terrible illness—almost unto death. Many of the gaudy bits of thread, the richer tints, by lying so long untouched, got stained, dusted, and tangled. But all does not end in the making of the fabric; much may be expected from the grace and fashion with which the stuff is worn. Bare facts themselves stand for little; their principal worth lies in their application.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.—*Cicero*.

Fortune does not change men; it only unmasks them.—*Madame Riccoboni*.

Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice, and poverty.—*Voltaire*.

To worship rightly is to love each other, each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.—*Whittier*.

The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.—*Gibbon*.

Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.—*Mason*.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that has not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.—*Rabbi Ben Azai*.

SELF-CONTROL.

BIOGRAPHICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

IF we trace crime to its origin and secret lurking-place, we shall find, that like the mightiest rivers which ooze at first from mountain clefts or bubble forth out of insignificant fissures, gaining strength as they flow onward, and becoming impregnated with the various qualities of the soils through which they permeate; so crime has its first beginning in some trifling and minute defection in the rock of life—the principle of self-control; and that as it increases in distance from its source, so it grows in enormity and takes up the qualities of the several strata of sins through which it passes, till it becomes, in a concrete form, the wicked life, the devastating cataract, that swallows up and destroys body and soul.

Every page of the Bible teaches this experience.

What was the first sin that brought death into the world but a breach of self-control? Our first parents failed in their primary religious duty—obedience. Tempted by that which appealed to the appetites, they yielded and partook of the fruit which seemed so pleasant to the eyes; and thus blinded by appearances, they found out, when too late, how cruelly the tempter had deceived them.

And when their eyes were opened to their moral shame, and they strove to hide themselves from God and from the consequences of their transgression, they then heard their doom, that Eden, the peaceful and happy abode of their former innocence, was closed forever against them. Even in their own days they were made to experience the heaviest blow that could befall them, in seeing their own sin reproduced in the unnatural crime of their fratricidal son.

For what led Cain to imbrue his hands in his gentle brother's blood but want of self-control? In the unbridled heat of passion the blow was given; and Abel's blood cried out of the ground to God—the avenger of the innocent and oppressed.

What was it but lack of self-control that lost to Esau, the best beloved of his doting father, the richest of all gifts? To gratify his hunger, he parted with his birthright for a mess of pottage, selling it to one who valued it not so much for earthly and material reasons—but as conferring the power of blessing others. For recollect, in defence of Jacob—that he gained not a worldly patrimony by the purchase of the blessing, but an exile that banished him from the home

of his childhood and from the presence of his dearly beloved and loving mother. He must have witnessed, daily and hourly, how unfitted was his violent brother to be the custodian of that blessing which regards self-control as the foundation of religion, the key-stone of morality, and the main-spring of the happiness of man.

What was it but the want of self-control that brought such heavy trials upon Joseph—that led him to depict his future superiority over his brothers, and that raised the demon of hatred in the hearts of those brothers, almost driving them on to earn the curse of Cain? They could not wait till the childish errors of a noble and loving heart should be brought under the constraint of a powerful intellect.

Mark how this one sin led to others—the cruel deception of an overfond parent, whom they bowed down with sorrow and whose heart they almost broke, by falsehood as mean as it was cruel.

Think of that household in the day of famine, when brother reproached brother, when, conscience-smitten, they saw day by day their aged father mourn the irreparable loss of one beloved for his own and his mother's sake, when they saw their own wives and little ones pine in hunger, and still were afraid to go down to Egypt; when they looked upon each other significantly, when recriminations took the place of sympathy, and the dread consequences of their sin stood before their eyes.

If the Almighty God in His inscrutable providence, brought about a happy issue to their crime—it was despite themselves; and when Joseph, conscious of his own early errors, forgave them, they never forgave themselves; but felt the humiliating position in which they were placed, and could never bring themselves to regard Joseph—the loving brother—in any other light than as the patron, who forgave, though he did not forget the wrong they had done him.

And think, on the other hand, how by an act of self-control, Joseph under the providence of God, though at first placed among malefactors, yet ultimately reached a glorious position of power and renown, a position which enabled him to be the preserver of his family, and the benefactor of the millions of Egypt.

Reflect but a moment; if Joseph had given way to the wiles of the faithless wife and wicked woman—what would have been, in so far as human experience can foresee, the fate of Egypt?—what the fate of the family of Joseph?—and what would have become of Israel's mission? But Joseph had learned the value of self-control, and God has preserved his history to teach the world how that virtue may constitute the noblest attribute of a man's character, and how the act of self-control in one man may, and does directly and indirectly, influence the well-being of the world at large.

Nor let us stop here. What was it but the want of self-control, shown only once and on the most trying occasion, that shut out the meekest and the greatest of men—Moses—from that land which he so ardently yearned to enter. In a moment of anger, which was perhaps just, he spoke harshly to his people, and smote the rock which was to bring forth water; and for this act of temper he forfeited the right to enter the promised land. Here God teaches us the highest lesson, that whatever the provocation may be, the exhibition of a want of self-control must be punished. A palliation once admitted, where should we stop? Who would not and could not find palliations for sin, in a passion-ridden world? See, the All-Merciful God was not moved to accept all the tears, supplications, and regrets of one whose prayer saved millions; and why? To teach an enduring lesson to mankind—that self-control as a principle must be enforced, though the suffering of a Moses sanctify it.

Let us follow this reasoning by still further illustrations. What use to Samson was his physical prowess? Wanting self-control, he became the hapless victim of a designing woman, the cruel sport of the Philistines, and the destroyer of his own life. Passion made him waste energies, that might, if rightly exerted, have saved a whole nation, and made his name beloved among the heroes of the earth.

What brought wretchedness and misery to the heart and home of David, but want of self-control? He who had in his youth torn in twain the bear and the lion, laid low the terrible and blaspheming Goliath, and slain in battle his tens of thousands, fell in his maturity an unhappy victim before grievous sin, that was visited on him, his household, and his kingdom. The consequences of his sin followed him everywhere as a spectre, met him in his own palace among his own children; and the evil was reproduced in the hatred which set brother against brother, and which plunged his kingdom in civil war.

Then, look at his royal son—the wisest of men; see how his wisdom turned into folly, because he wanted self-control.

And what shall we do—we who have not the piety of a Joseph to correct early errors, nor the virtues of a Moses to limit us to a single sin, nor the noble deeds of a David to palliate, if not atone for, our transgressions;—we who copy every day, in kind, the few failings of these mighty men, and scarcely try to imitate, much less approach, the performance of acts that so richly adorned these giants of old.

Shall we not gather up all our weapons to do battle against the evil in our heart? There is no passion which *cannot* be checked if attacked in time—no passion which *can* be checked if once permitted full sway.

It is a dwarf at first, weak and powerless; in a moment it may be crushed. But once yield to it, and it will become a giant, strong and mighty, which will overcome you and mar your happiness.

Oh, wait not for the evil to grow! Conquer it while young. Keep the thought of your Creator ever before your eyes; for this is the grand secret of self-control.

So, may each conquer a world of his own, and by this bloodless victory gain an everlasting crown of glory in a life to come.

THE LITTLE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A CHAPTER FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A MAN possessed two dogs, a spaniel and a mastiff. The latter was most useful to his master in protecting his property. Being very strong he was able to resist the attempts of strange dogs or other depredators to attack his master's poultry, and when strangers approached he always gave an alarm by barking at them, for, confident in his own strength, he was not afraid of being hurt. The spaniel was only a few months old, and being consequently neither big nor strong, he was unable to serve his master in this manner. But still the man was equally fond of both dogs; he always fed them well, and used every means to make them happy.

The little dog noticed this, and said to the mastiff, "Oh! how I wish that I might be able to help to guard our master's property like you; you are of so much assistance to him that you well earn the reward he gives you; but what can I do for all his kindness? I always feel as if I were undeserving of it; for I am so little and so weak, that though I have many good intentions I am unable to carry them out."

The mastiff replied, "It is true that you are unable to serve our kind master in exactly the same manner as I can, though it is through no fault of yours; and you see he takes that into consideration; but if you are really anxious to be of some use to him in return, you must watch for opportunities, and you will find many ways of making yourself quite as useful as I am."

The little dog was glad to have this encouragement, and determined to lose no opportunity. The same day the master, accompanied by the little dog, was reclining in a summer-house in his garden, and being fatigued he fell asleep. The building was old and dilapidated, and a high wind having arisen, pieces of plaster were thrown down from the roof, which appeared likely to fall in altogether if the gale

continued. The little spaniel saw the danger of his master's position, and eager to embrace an opportunity of assisting him, caught hold of his coat between his teeth, pulled with all his strength, and immediately awoke him. At a glance the man saw the dangerous state of the place, and rushed out only just in time to escape serious injury from the fall of a heavy rafter that dropped on the spot where he had been reclining. He was thankful for his escape, and pleased with his little rescuer, whom he ever continued to treat with the same kindness he had always previously bestowed on him, and which the dog was able now to enjoy, as he felt that he had done something to merit such favor. He continued to be more than ever on the alert for opportunities of serving his master, and found that although so little, he was yet able every day to do numerous acts which made him as much valued and as serviceable as any older, larger, or stronger dog could be.

The comparative capabilities of the little spaniel and the big mastiff to serve their master are relatively very similar to the comparative capabilities of the poor and rich to serve their Master, the Almighty, by acts of Charity to their fellow-creatures. The rich man has abundant means at his command by which he can readily, and without an effort, enjoy the delightful felicity of making others happy, of lightening cares and relieving distress. The poor man says, "Oh! would that I possessed money, that I might be of some use to my All-merciful Master, who is continually showering down benefits on all His servants, that I might earn the reward of those who are able to perform acts of Charity to all men. I would then show that I am as charitable as they are, perhaps more so; and that it is only from want of means that I am unable at the present time to show my desire to do good."

But let us not say this; let us rather be on the alert to seek for opportunities of performing acts of Charity, and we shall every day find such occasions. We should remember that Charity does not only consist in giving money, that there are innumerable acts of benevolence and self-devotion in the power of *every one*, whether poor or rich, that do not require money for their performance; that oftentimes a kind word will heal a wound which hundreds of pounds would have left uncured, and a friendly act will create feelings of priceless happiness. All that is requisite is love to our neighbors and a determination to do them kindness; and *these* acts of Charity are frequently more acceptable, as they are less wounding to the pride of the recipients than the bestowal of money. Let us endeavor to assist our fellow-creatures *whenever* we see opportunities, in the best way that lies in our power, whether by sacrifice of self, by kind acts, or by kind words and sympathy, and we may feel assured that our charitable deeds will then be sufficient to merit the blessing of the Almighty.

THE NEW ERA.

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DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(THIRD ARTICLE, CONCLUDED.)

PRIOR to the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, the population in the French part of the Island of St. Domingo consisted of 480,000 negroes, 24,000 mulattoes, and only 30,000 white persons, or some sixteen colored to one white. In the year 1791, when the colored population rose in insurrection, it was attended with "atrocities and cruelties" which the historian of that revolution qualifies as unparalleled. "Neither age nor sex was spared. Preceded by a standard which was formed of a white infant impaled on a pike, the insurgents traversed the country, slaughtering all that came in their way. Scenes of horror were represented, which the imagination cannot adequately conceive nor pen describe. All the white and even the mulatto children whose fathers had not joined in the revolt, were murdered without exception, frequently before the eyes or clinging to the bosom of their mothers, who, after the most demoniacal tortures, breathed their last in the arms of those savage monsters. At Petit Goave the mulattoes, after the proclamation of amnesty, took twenty-four white prisoners, and broke them alive every one. They even murdered their white parents, who had on many of them bestowed a liberal education, and afterwards subjected their bodies to every species of insult and indignity."

Now, let not the *African race* be charged with initiating these cruelties. The 480,000 negroes had remained entirely passive till forced into these enormities by the mulattoes, for many thousands "had chosen

to continue as they were and participate in the fortunes of their masters." *The mulattoes were the instigators and the chief perpetrators of those atrocities.* Now, all these, black and white, had been "thoroughly indoctrinated," and were neither entirely of the latter nor the negro race, but a mixture of both.

At the period when the insurrection and subsequent massacre took place, slavery existed as an institution in the British, Dutch, and Danish colonies, and in the United States. In the French and Spanish colonies the population, both black and white, were exclusively Catholic. In the other colonies named both were Protestant. How is it that similar atrocities have rarely, if ever, occurred in the Protestant slave states?

Has exclusively Catholic education ever exercised upon the female mind an influence more favorable to the development of those gentle emotions by which the sex has been endowed by the Creator to contribute towards that civilization which, apart from all other influences, exercises such a power for good over the sterner race? Let the reader imagine himself to be at the Royal Theatre at Madrid. He will witness the performance of a tragedy so affecting that the female part of the audience is dissolved in tears. The next morning let him proceed to the principal square in the metropolis. He will there witness the rejoicings and festivals in honor of the nuptials of King Charles II. with the Princess Louisa of Orleans, a niece to Louis XIV. of France. He will see on that occasion twenty-two human beings burnt alive, and upwards of sixty scorched. The sovereigns and the whole court are present. Amongst the victims is a young girl of exquisite beauty; she is only seventeen years old, and is about to be sacrificed to the revenge of one who had attempted to betray her confidence, but against whose wiles her virtue had been proof. He had denounced her to the Inquisition as a Jewess, which she was not. Being on the side of the magnificent balcony where the queen is seated, she prostrates herself before her youthful sovereign, imploring her to intercede in her behalf. "Great Queen," she exclaims, "will not your royal presence be of some service to me in my miserable strait? Consider my youth! Am I to die innocent? Or even though I were—what I am not—a Jewess, should I die a cruel death for professing a religion imbibed from my earliest infancy?" The queen feels the deepest commiseration for the young creature, but turns away her eyes. She dare not speak a word in behalf of a person that had "no right to be of any religion but the Catholic." The young queen, who is of the same age as her innocent sister, has just recovered from a swoon at the horrible sight. She implores permission to retire. She is told that this is a solemn religious sacrifice offered in her honor;

that to shed tears at the sufferings of these heretics is a sin to be expiated only by penance. She retires, but the terrible scene is constantly before her. Her life is become one of horror, and at the early age of twenty-seven she dies childless. She had been a French woman, born and bred in a country where, even under the reign of a Louis XIV., the Dragonades had been introduced and the Edict of Nantes had been revoked, but where *autos-de-fé* were unknown. Not so the noble daughters of Spain. Tier rises above tier filled with the *élite* of Spanish beauty and birth.

Among the twenty-two victims is one bent double by age, and by the sufferings undergone previously by torture. His name is José Antonio del Peral. He had been a priest, and had relapsed into Judaism. Twice he had recanted and been forgiven, but had sinned for the third time. He is bound to the stake; a cry arises among the spectators; it comes from the females: "Afeitalo! Afeitalo!" Shave him, shave him! This is a demand upon the executioners to saturate his long flowing beard with pitch or tar, and apply a match to it, so as to burn his face before the fire is set to the fagots at his feet. The order is joyfully obeyed, and a shout of delight is raised among those women. That man, whose tortures made them smile and shout, had been the author of the tragedy that had opened the fount of human sympathy and drawn tears from their eyes but a few hours before. Nature had made them women, but they had been changed—into what? Tigresses? Brute beasts? Impossible! They had been "thoroughly indoctrinated," and become "the pride of their country and the glory of the Church."

When intelligence of the St. Bartholomew massacre was received at Rome, the greatest rejoicings were made. His Holiness proceeded to St. Peter's Church in grand procession, with all the cardinals, to offer up solemn thanksgivings to God. A jubilee was also published, and a salute fired from the Castle of St. Angelo. To the person who brought the news the Cardinal de Lorraine gave 1,000 crowns. Like rejoicings were also made all over France. To perpetuate the memory of this event, three splendid paintings were placed in the Vatican, and ranged amongst the numerous scriptural and legendary subjects.

Sixtus V. pronounced a panegyric upon the murderer of Henry III. before the assembly of cardinals. In that oration he compared him to Judith and Eleazar. The earth that had been saturated with his blood was preserved with religious care, as a sacred relic, and his effigy adorned the altars in the churches. As his mother was approaching Paris, the monks exhorted the population to meet her in procession. Was she not the mother of holy Clement?

Where or when has exclusively Catholic education exercised an influence on society, on the human mind, *superior* to any non-Catholic—to the most godless education of even the most atrocious period of the godless first French revolution? Nowhere! Look around, and what do you behold, even here, in the midst of enlightenment and powerfully counteracting influences? A wife murdering her husband and the children she has borne him, and the wife of a neighbor, in order to marry the murdered woman's husband; a mother teaching her little son how to systematically mix poison in his father's food; a daughter beating her aged parent, shutting her up in a barn and leaving her to die with hunger and cold; a son killing his mother, sisters, and brothers, that he may take possession of the little property left by his father; a lodger murdering the man that had sheltered him, and then opening a restaurant and feeding his guests upon the flesh of his victim; a fiend in human shape engaging poor servant-girls, and on the road to their "places" murdering them for their humble and scanty wearing apparel; young boys enticing others younger than themselves into a wood, and strangling them for the few pennies in their possession. Here, another man kills his wife because she entreats him to spare a little of the food which he has appropriated to his own use, to be divided amongst their eight hungry children; there, a brother murders in their sleep a brother, sister, and their children, even to the infant in the cradle, which he has set on fire in order to obtain possession of the little property left by his father. Coarse, brutalized wives by their drunkenness and obscenity provoking not less brutalized husbands to fury, and husbands crushing with a sledge-hammer the skulls of wives, and pulverizing their ribs with their boot-heels, are practices almost within bow-shot of the sanctum of the *Freeman's Journal*—under the very shadow of the Cathedral; but they are too common, indeed, mere every-day occurrences and scarcely entitled to special notice. Yet we are told that in order to prevent men and women from degenerating into brute beasts, the "rising generation must be de-Protestantized," and "exclusively-Catholic educated" and "thoroughly indoctrinated!"

In Sweden, youth are educated in what, by the advocates of Catholic education, are called "godless" schools. M. Paul Du Chaillou, just returned from that country, in his address delivered at the Geographical Society, on Tuesday the 16th of April, 1872, makes the following statement, both as regards the schools and the "godless" population of that country reared in those schools. After pronouncing an eulogium on the latter, he said "he believed the morality of the people could not be excelled. As for honesty, the houses or the banks needed no

doors nor bars. The people believed especially in the schools, and had the greatest respect for the travelling clergy, who went round the country among the peasants." An eulogium similar to this, but expressed in more glowing terms, was pronounced upwards of a century since, on the *Protestant population and clergy* of Switzerland, by the *Catholic Abbe De la Porte*, though giving expression to his utter detestation of Calvinism, Lutheranism, and every kind of heresy.

Of the state of crime in New York we have already furnished some statistics,—the best that were obtainable. Take another city containing a similarly mixed population; for instance, Augsburg in Germany. In that city, of 946 malefactors committed in the course of ten years, there were 763 Catholic-educated and 184 not so educated, or more than five of the former to one of the latter. Rabman, President of the Special Tribunal of Eloquence, in his *Coup d'œil sur l'Etat*, etc., states that the number of malefactors in the Catholic and Protestant cantons (Switzerland) is in proportion of four if not six to one. The celebrated philanthropist, Howard, observed that the prisons of Italy were incessantly crowded; while he affirms that the prisons of Berne are almost always empty; that in those of Lausanne he did not find any prisoner, and only one at Schaffhausen. Another writer shows, from carefully prepared statistic tables, that taking the Catholic population of the world against the Protestant as five to four, the proportion of malefactors stands as 11.40 Catholic to 1.00 Protestant.

Now, here is a problem for solution by the philosopher, the political economist, and the theologian. How is it that since the days of Constantine (the Great!) neither the religion of Rome nor its ministers have been enabled to put a stop to crime, nor even to prevent its increase? How is it that, in proportion to population, the number of malefactors professing the religion of Rome, that number is 11.40 whilst it should only be 1.50, or that, in the same proportion, the number of Protestant malefactors, which might be supposed to amount to 9.12, amounts to only 1.00?

The recent deliberate parricide in this city proves sufficiently, if proof were wanting, that Catholic education is by no means a safeguard against the commission of the most heinous of crimes—the deliberate murder of a father by his son, and he even a minor!

So many murders have been proved in our courts of justice to be the result of insanity, that this, too, may be shown to be the action of an insane youth; and why not? Were the actions of tens and scores of millions of "civilized" and "enlightened" and "intelligent" beings to serve as a criterion whereby to judge of their sanity, more than two-thirds of the human race would prove insane. Look at the millions of Chinese,

Japanese, Indians, and other civilized and enlightened millions; behold them on their knees before gods made by their sculptors, or carpenters, or painters, or even by their cooks—gods made out of little bits of paste or dough. Verily, this is insanity! the height of madness! intelligence infinitely below that of brute beasts.

Enough has for the present been stated to show that exclusively Catholic education—that thorough indoctrination from the sovereign to the boor, and whether of the Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonian, Mongolian, or Negro race—is, to say the least, no guarantee against the moral and social transformation of men into brute beasts. Whether it be the means of rearing youth so as to become the pride of the country—however dazzling be the glory it may shed around the Church—will furnish matter for subsequent inquiry.

GOD'S TRUTH AND MAN'S TRUTH.

BY CHARLOTTE MONTEFIORE.

(Concluded from Page 319.)

BUT it is time to rouse ourselves from this artificial state, to wake up from these illusions, shake off these fictions; for, however much our deeds may contradict it, and our course deny it, life is indeed real, and God is indeed truth. We may for a time be successful actors; we may assume a religious badge to which we have no real claim; we may earn a reputation that is not deserved; we may wear the wreath that should bind another's brow; we may openly sanction that which our hearts condemn; we may take unfair advantages of our weaker brethren; we may make capital profits and laugh at the purchaser: we may do all this, and yet life is real, for the hour must come when all this acting must cease, when our fictitious parts are played, and we see that they have been played in vain. Time, sickness, grief, and death will find us out, in spite of all disguise; they are life's great realities, from which we cannot hide ourselves, and which strip us bare of all self-illusions and all deceptions. Time discovers us beneath wigs, and flowing locks, and painted cheeks, beneath the affected airs and graces of youth. There is no staying the dial that marks our onward course to age and the grave; grief is arrested by no walls, no retinue of domestics; it opens the latch of the cottage door and enters in at the palace portal, where the armed sentinel vainly keeps guard. Silently, but solemnly, it holds up to our view the mirror of truth, through which, perhaps, we had not gazed for years. The happy and prosper-

ous may keep it out of sight ; but sorrow and adversity rend the veil, and once more we stand face to face with truth. Should Time even deal gently with us and grief be spared, still Death, mysterious Death, must come, sooner or later, to perform, and that less gently and less gradually, their task and ministry. When we stand upon the threshold of Eternity, we shall feel, that though we enacted a false part on earth's passing scenes, yet life was real. At that supreme hour all our counterfeit virtues will stand before us as forgeries, and the false words, the false deeds, that have dishonored our lives with their meretricious colors and their hollow sounds, will rise up, phantom-like, to haunt and accuse us. We shall then feel, what perhaps we knew, but never felt before, that nothing false may stand in the presence of God ; that we must all appear without disguise or semblance, what and as we really are, before the tribunal-seat of judgment. What, then, to us man's golden opinions—what, then, the full coffers—what, then, the costly luxuries—what, then, the subservience of the multitude—what, then, the patron's favor—what, then, the rich man's smile or the world's adulation—what, then, any of the possessions for which we bartered our rectitude, compromised our honesty, and sold our independence ? A true heart, a true mind, a true holiness, a true charity, a true life, erring and frail perhaps, yet true, would then outweigh in our estimation all earth's treasures ; for these and these alone may be offered by man to the Almighty Father, or will be accepted by the God of Eternal Truth. Before it is too late, before the final summons comes, let us feel that life is real ; that we were not intended to be actors, but real and earnest beings, performing a real and earnest part ; beings who feel the sublimity of truth, the utter vanity and degradation of all deception.

It is indeed time for us to break through the bondage that has placed us under the yoke of falsehood, for, gild it as we may, we are in many respects still slaves, more to be pitied than the bondsmen of Egypt, for they wore the galling chain around their bodies, whilst we drag its iron weight around our minds. Here in this dear land of liberty, our free England, no violence, or compulsion, or interdict, enslaves us more. Here—where all men are free to follow the dictates of their conscience—here our worship may represent our belief, our words may be the echo of our thoughts, and our actions the outward manifestation of our inner principles. Virtually and morally free, we need never more desecrate our minds and hearts by guile or by falsehood ; we need never more be guilty of such a despicable meanness towards our fellow-man, of such a cowardly weakness to ourselves and such a blasphemy to God, as acting a false part and living a false life. This happy

change in our social position not only allows us to throw off the mask we once were compelled to wear, but it opens a wide sphere of duty to us, calls upon us to search for truth, to explore her paths, and sound her depths. She has a harvest prepared for us all, but we must all go forth as gleaners in her fields or laborers in her mines, and gather her treasures for ourselves.

If we care at all for our intellectual and spiritual progress, this must be our first task ; we must no longer be content with the opinions and decisions of others, but investigate ourselves what interests us most closely and dearly. This work of examination regards most especially our religious faith ; it can only be real and noble when it is the deliberate conviction and the innate sentiment of our mind. Another man's creed forced upon us or blindly adopted can be of no avail. It is not enough to be a Jew, because our father was a Jew before us, but Judaism, to be anything, must be a truth to the individual, a living, glorious truth, to whose fulfilment he can conscientiously devote his life. We each must read the Bible for ourselves, and for ourselves recognize its revelation and accept its precepts. Our brother's faith, however great and true, cannot carry any one but himself to heaven. It is not the faith, either, that singly will be judged of by God, or proclaimed either right or wrong, but the earnestness and sincerity of the believer, the truth with which he has embraced and the purity with which he has practised his religion. When our faith has been earnestly sought for and received, then it inspires us with a holy zeal that achieves wonders for ourselves and for mankind ; but when we only adopt the popular faith because it is the faith of the multitude, or that in which we were born, then it works no miracles for ourselves or our brethren ; then it leaves us as it found us, apathetic and indifferent, or scoffers and infidels at heart. No scientific lore, no profound and abstruse learning, no college education, are required in the fulfilment of this, man's most sacred task ; nothing is wanted but the love of God, which is the love of truth. Simple laborers, toiling mechanics, poor artisans, toiling wives and mothers may engage in the work, along with the erudite scholar, the proficient, the skilled or moneyed man, the woman of fashion and the gifted matron. Let it not be said that there is too much ignorance amongst our working class for them to search for and find truth for themselves. It would be a lamentable confession, a most deplorable evil, crying loudly for redress, if correct. But happily, it is not the case ; we have but to acquire for ourselves, to give, and to honor independence in others, and there will be no deficiency of mental power and accurate judgment amongst any of us. God has endowed all men with the faculty of reflection, and with a

free will ; He therefore has given them, at the same time, the capability to think and investigate, and the power to carry out their opinions and manifest them to the world.

A lofty spirit, a brave heart, and a stanch mind,—these are requisite in our search after truth, for she inhabits perilous haunts, now dwelling in deep caverns, now upon mountain heights, now in close citadels, now in lone primeval solitudes, and now in the tumultuous world: Sometimes huge dark figures stand menacingly before these homes, and with fierce mien and gestures wave us back. Grim superstition, intolerance, and bigotry are the enemies of truth, and seek to arrest our onward progress. They attack us with the subtle arms of sophistry and doubt, and kindle fierce flames around our path. Sometimes, instead of gaunt opponents offering us battle, our steps are waylaid by sirens, who with music and song seek to beguile us from our lofty enterprise. Pleasure, fame, and wealth, crowned with flowers and glittering in sunshine, tempt us from our purpose, and, beneath the influence of their smiles, truth is too often forgotten or betrayed.

We have, therefore, to combat, to struggle, to resist, and to watch. We have to acquire a spirit of self-denial and self-abnegation ; we have to nerve ourselves so that we may tread rough paths and cross dreary tracts, so that we may wear the martyr's robe and sustain the martyr's conflict. In this search after truth, and in this adoption of truth, we shall have to bear at times the contempt and the disapprobation of the world, at times its ridicule and laughter. We shall have at times to renounce wealth or distinction ; we shall have to oppose and uproot, and we shall have to plant and build up.

We may have to relinquish what once we loved and revered ; we may have to give up the shelter of old and time-honored sanctuaries, to take shelter only in our own integrity and in God's truth. For, in being true to ourselves, to our fellow-man, and to the Almighty God, we shall be exposed to many trials and many griefs. We may be sorely tempted at times to put on a disguise again to pursue the winding easy path instead of the straight and rough one ; to follow the multitude, instead of treading a lonely path ; to purchase cheaply the world's benefits, instead of striving to win an immortal but a hidden treasure. Yet let us not fail : we have borne much and made many sacrifices, toiled and labored in the attainment of transient good and failing honor ; shall we hesitate, when the object is an imperishable one, when it confers upon us man's loftiest prerogative, an assimilation and an affinity to the Eternal Father ?

For the sake of all that is great and good, for the sake of the divine in our human nature, for the sake of Judaism, the pure and noble

revelation sullied and brought low through our sin and degradation, for the sake of the Almighty Father whose love is round us still, and who would redeem His children, let us become the disciples of truth, of God's own glorious and infinite truth. Let us uphold her cause, speak her brave words, and perform her enduring deeds. Let us earnestly and solemnly resolve to devote our intellectual and moral powers to the acquisition of truth ; let us deem no labor, no effort, and no sacrifice too considerable.

In selecting a profession, let us see if its practice is compatible with our truth, and should it, upon a careful examination, not prove so, let it be relinquished, however lucrative, or worldly honorable, or wordly noble it seems. Before entering into any engagement, political or commercial, let us see if it might impair our rectitude or weaken our mind's independence ; and if there is any chance of such a result, let it be renounced, however brilliant, or plausible, or advantageous its acceptance appears. Before pledging ourselves in anywise, let us see that the pledge may be given with a perfect integrity. Let no words of a false friendship pass between man and man, no oily phrases, no sycophant flattery, no hypocritical deference, beneath which, as under a safe shelter, enmity, envy, and distrust may lurk. Let not the marriage altar be profaned by the false vows of a false love. Let not the young girl, for all the wealth and grandeur, and all the pomp of earth, barter her truth and freedom. Never let her young mind and heart be polluted by the putting on the semblance of an affection and devotion that do not exist. Let her remember that if in this, the most important act of her life, she is untrue, in all probability her career will be one of deception and guile. Untrue in this, her holiest relation in life, she will be untrue in others, and no after tears and after regret shall ever altogether wash away the dark stain left upon her soul's integrity.

Let the education we give our children be based upon real principles and real feeling. Let our little ones be cradled in truth, and reared in an atmosphere of truth, so that it may become their natural element, in which they alone can breathe freely. Let there be no deceit between mother and child. There should be nothing through which a child can see so transparently as its mother's heart and mind. Let it see that the smile that lights up her face is the reflection of the sunshine of her heart, and that the soft, gentle voice is the outward expression of kind and harmonious feelings. Let it see that the benevolence talked of abroad is followed up at home by acts of patient forbearance and self-denial. Let it see that, amidst the warfare of conflicting opinions and arguments, it is indeed truth that is sought and

battled for ; not dominion, or intolerance, or party spirit that is waging war under a false name and a false pretence. We would say to all parents, in contradiction to Shakespeare's Hamlet, " Assume no virtue if you have it not ; " but strive, but struggle, but pray for the attainment of those qualities you wish your children to emulate. You will but be nobler in their eyes for the effort they see you make to obtain the mastery over faults and passions that the clear-sighted eye of youth will discern, even though you attempt to deny their existence, or put forth virtues to which you have no real claim. Your earnest striving after a higher moral perfection, your open acknowledgment of errors, your contrition for shortcomings, will inspire them with a deeper, purer love of the good, the noble, and the holy, than all your shams and illusions, and all your assumptions of virtues that you do not in reality possess. Above all, let your children see that all your religious practices are the result of an earnest faith, that your private and your public worship are one and the same thing, springing from the same source, directed to the same end, the true love and true service of the Almighty Father.

Let us one and all—rich and poor, men of all professions, women of all grades, fathers and mothers, youth and age—remember that the God who never slumbers—that the God who reads the human heart in all its mysteries, and in all its workings—from whose presence, no disguise, nor night, nor darkness shall hide us—that the God before whose throne we must all appear and render up an account of the life given us—that this God is a God of truth ; that the light of His creation, that the splendor of His firmament, that the music of His spheres, that the ministry of His angels, that the rapture and the beatitude of heaven is truth, and that nothing but truth shall abide in the glory of His presence. Let us remember this through our joyous and untrammelled childhood, through our eager and restless manhood, and through our stricken and feeble age. Let us remember it through all our pursuits and vocations, through all our joys and sorrows, through all our difficulties and temptations. Let it be the solemn thought of our lives, at once our guardian and our monitor. Let it be so present to our minds that we may make it our most earnest endeavor, our earliest and latest task, to be true men and true women, men and women who, through all the warfare and all the revelry of the world, hear the voice of conscience, " the still small voice of God," and who, through glitter and pomp, or through penury and abjectness, see the beauty and the divinity of truth.

A few even of such faithful adherents and such noble champions of truth would work out great and salutary reforms. A few true hearts

and minds amongst us would effect what no number without truth could do. A few true hearts and minds would suffice to restore a lustre to Judaism, a dignity to our name, and an honor to our community, of which they have long been deprived. Even as the evil of deception spreads little by little, until like a poisonous weed it covers and deteriorates the whole soil around it, and destroys all that grows beneath its baneful shade; so also, happily, where truth is planted and firmly takes root even in a small space, it grows deeper and stronger and gradually extends further and further, until, like a mountain pine, lofty and powerful, its great branches spread wide and far around, and it remains sole possessor of the ground it conquered but slowly. We need wait for none to join us in our great undertaking; it is a work that can be done single-handed, and that each man in some measure must do for himself. Clubs associations, combined forces are not necessary; we may both commence and carry on our holy enterprise alone. But it may give us hope and courage, may animate us with a stronger zeal and a livelier expectation, to know that our single efforts in the great cause will be attended with more than our own individual benefit; they will surely win over to good and to happiness some other human heart, and direct some other human step. Each man's truth is a beacon to his fellow-pilgrims; its light not only illumines his own mind, but, shining through it, like the lamp that burns through the casement of the solitary lighthouse, it may save many a life from shipwreck.

Let us each in our several spheres of society make truth our own, beginning not to-morrow but to-day; beginning with prayer and faith, beginning with an upright will and solemn intent; and the God who beholds and watches over us will bless our efforts, will make us see more and more clearly His will, hear more and more distinctly His voice, understand more and more fully His law, until in love, in peace, and holiness we shall manifest in ourselves, and see realized in others, God's Eternal Truth.

RABBINICAL APHORISMS.

He who treats thee pertinaciously will ultimately discard and hate thee.

There is no greater riches than health, no greater pleasure than a cheerful heart.

He who tolerates the society of the liar is worse than he; for his words are unquestioned by the godless, but the God-fearing will ponder on them.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF KING DAVID.

BY DR. J. L. LEVISON.

(Continued from page 322.)

WHEN Saul acted contrary to the instructions of Samuel, and then in his remorse aggravated the previous errors by his perverse conduct, he seems to have been in an incipient state of mental indisposition; but many of his actions, even prior to his systematic plan to kill David, already indicated a more chronic form of his malady. On one or two occasions, for example, whilst David was playing on the harp to soothe Saul's melancholy, he, having a spear in his hand, threw it with such deadly rancor, evidently intending to pin the young musician to the wall! This was, indeed, "the spirit of evil," which was engendered within by the virulent poison curdling in his veins, and which poison itself originated from the irritating influence of the "green-eyed monster," jealousy. So that there is, indeed, great truth in the statement, "*that the spirit of the Lord hath departed from Saul*," as he had "chosen the evil;" and so literally was the latter true, else he would not have continued to seek the life of the very man whose courage and faith had saved his own honor and the preservation of his kingdom.

David had, indeed, many trials and hairbreadth escapes, so savagely vindictive was the king against him.*

There is, then, only one excuse which can be made for the black ingratitude of the king—that he was laboring under that form of insanity which modern writers speak of as "melancholia," which at times tends to depress the mental energies so as to induce suicidal tendencies, and on other occasions manifesting what these same authorities call "mania," when the sufferer, if unrestrained, may experience a deadly hatred against some innocent person, and when once possessed with the idea, he will pursue his bent with savage vengeance until he succeeds to utterly destroy his fancied enemy. This vindictive state may be the result of something purely imaginary;

* Dean Swift has said, "*That you may know a genius by this sign, that the fools and knaves are always against him.*" And as the sweet singer of Israel was eminently one of these gifted kind of beings, we ought not to be surprised that many of the courtiers added fuel to the fire of the king's disease, being themselves jealous of David's true and inherent greatness, which contrasted so very much with their superficiality and sensuality; hence, instead of soothing Saul's animosity, they used every means to keep up the irritation.

but if there exists any indistinct and shadowy cause floating in the disturbed brain, then such a madman will not only feel it a justification to rid the world of any ideal offender, but will fancy that the punishment could only be properly performed by himself; and then lashing up his passions until they become furious, he will take any opportunity to perpetrate his purpose, and, if thwarted, will be almost consumed by his burning and implacable revengeful feeling.

In the first Book of Samuel, we have ample proof of these different phases of both forms of the malady, and much to confirm that Saul had labored under the last-mentioned form of the disease, at the period when specially noticed. For instance, after David has become his son-in-law, he sought his life even in his own house, and David was only saved from death by the devotedness and affection of his wife.

But though David was much harassed and placed in imminent danger, yet there were gleams of hope amidst the pervading gloom, and so many escapes from death as to furnish him with many subjects for his muse, and to inspire a more active condition of his piety and faith. In particular, the friendship and love which Jonathan showed him, in admiration of his nobility and worth, and which David reciprocated, is, indeed, a touching episode in the narrative.

We are told (1 Sam. xviii. 3), "That Jonathan made a covenant with David, *because he loved him as his own soul.*" There is not on record any instance of more romantic interest than this friendship, formed by "the heir apparent" with one whom he was conscious would occupy the throne of Israel instead of himself; and yet he loved him.

Such a friendship as that manifested by Jonathan—such true generosity and unselfishness on his part, could only exist in a mind actuated by a profound sense of religion, and that magnanimity of soul, which conjointly made him submit as a matter of stern duty to what he must have regarded as a dispensation of the will of God; nor was David undeserving of his love and confidence.

To such minds there is ever present the pious thought that whatever God wills must be right, even if His finite creatures may not comprehend the "why" or the "wherefore."

The noble and generous Jonathan stripped himself of his robe and other garments, and gave them with his sword and girdle to David. This act took place after his friend had killed Goliath, and when, instead of returning to the Court, or to his "father's house," Saul appointed him commander of the army. Now as Jonathan was a good and courageous soldier, how great must have been his moral magnanimity that he did not experience the slightest jealousy of his

youthful rival, although this very appointment would be a part of the means of consummating what he felt assured would be his ultimate destiny, to supersede his hereditary right of succeeding to the crown of his father.

There is much to be learned from the friendship of Jonathan and David, particularly as to what constitutes the genuine from the spurious kind. Thus we learn the important fact, that true friendship must be based on the higher moral sentiments, and sanctified by a profound sense of religion. That such a friendship can, therefore, only exist between two persons whose mental constitution is similar even though it may not be identical. In such a friendship there is little likelihood that the sentiment will change, or that its purity will be sullied by caprice, or its brightness tarnished by any overweening selfishness. The intrinsic value of this kind may be known by a comparison with its counterfeit. In the latter the sacred principle is neither understood nor appreciated. For in the pseudo-kind the individuals form what they miscall friendship, and mistake some temporary and indefinable caprice, or some supposed mutual worldly interest for it. For what are commercial friendships based on, if not from anticipated advantages? But when these advantages are no longer apparent, or, what is to the same effect, when the interested views which primarily united the parties cease to exist, then, like all associations based on the mere feelings, such a friendship soon becomes evanescent, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and something akin to enmity supersedes it. And what, we ask, are the cementing means of ordinary friendship but mere avarice or pride, the probability of each party deriving a benefit by the compact? On the other hand, that noble and heaven-born kind, which is not changed by any casualties, which remains whether there is sunshine or storm, is the only species deserving the name. In the friendship of Jonathan and David these views are verified. It commenced in the admiration of the prince for the brilliant talent and moral worth of David; and from a kindred feeling between them from similarity of mind, and these conjointly evoked a mutual attachment without any alloy of jealousy, pride, or vanity. This was indeed a sacred compact; and the more Saul persecuted David, the stronger was the love and friendship of the noble prince, and his anxiety for the safety of his friend.

And indeed we may remark, in conclusion, that if the love of Jonathan for David was disinterested, it was a most important incident, humanly speaking, for the safety of his existence, as the ire of Saul towards him assumed a monomaniac form, which phase of his malady is strikingly shown in the event to which we shall direct attention.

David fled from his vindictive persecutor, and went on a temporary visit to the priest Abimelech, where he was seen by Doeg the Edomite, the chief herdsman of the king, and he reported the circumstance to his master, and greatly distorted the incidents which occurred on that occasion. Saul sent to Nob for Abimelech and the other priests to appear before him, and intemperately charged them with conspiring against him by aiding David, and although Abimelech exculpated himself for doing a kindly service to the king's son-in-law, and repudiated the charge of open or covert disloyalty, yet the irascible and maddened monarch pronounced in the most arbitrary manner the sentence of death on him and the other priests not implicated in the unsupported charge of treason. But none of the Israelites at court would carry the sentence into effect by spilling the blood of the Lord's anointed. Then Saul turned to Doeg, and this morose and savage heathen, having no such compunctious feeling, murdered in cold blood eighty-five of these defenceless and innocent men!

And as a proof of the aggravated form the disease had assumed, Saul was not satisfied with the fearful vengeance he had unjustly inflicted, but he still raved, and determined to glut more effectively his vindictive revenge by ordering that all the inhabitants of the city of Nob should be butchered, and the place itself be utterly destroyed; and this desecration was literally performed, including all the sons of Abimelech save Abiathar, who alone escaped from this general and most unhallowed slaughter.*

David fled to Achis, king of Gath, who recognized him with no very friendly feeling; and we are told that, fearing that this Achis would condemn him to die, he simulated insanity, and that so well as to be the means of preserving his life.

The incident is thus graphically described: "That he disguised his reason before their eyes, and played the madman at their hands, and scribbled on the doors of the gate, and let the spittle run down his beard!" (1 Sam. xxi. 4.)

We may presume from this description that David, a graceful musician and poet, was also a great observer, and that he had noticed these indications of insanity when he was with Saul.† His imitation of

* The crime committed by Abimelech consisted in furnishing David with bread, and the sword of Goliath, which, by the right of conquest, was indeed his lawful property. Therefore, on reading the savage conduct of Saul, and the fearful sacrifice of human life at his peremptory order, it is but charitable to regard the act as one of confirmed insanity; and all the details would satisfy even a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* of the present day, that the king's malady made him an irresponsible agent.

† It is a common symptom in *mania* that there is a great secretion of saliva, and under any great paroxysm it becomes frothy and almost of the consistence of mucus.

the malady must have been so natural that we read, "Then said Achis to his servant, So this man is mad; wherefore, then, will you bring him to me?" (v. 15.) "Have I a lack of madmen that ye bring this man to play his pranks? Shall this madman come into my house?" (v. 16.)

The reason we have deemed this incident worth preserving is, to indicate the constancy of nature, and that similar imitations have been made in other and more recent periods, and also to avoid being slaughtered. David, finding himself in danger as a recognized enemy, pretended to be affected with madness, and saved his life by this stratagem.

A similar incident is to be found in Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Lear*, when *Edgar* simulates a poor madman from Bedlam, and is decked in rags, and, whenever he is likely to be recognized, goes on muttering, "Poor Tom's a-cold! poor Tom's a-cold!" and thus escaped detection.

As our object is to exhibit "the lights and shadows" of the mental character of David, we must now take another side of the picture, in order to show the inherent nobility of his conduct. For example, when Saul, his unrelenting and deadly enemy, was in his power, and he could have destroyed him without any danger to himself, he abstained from doing so, although such an act would have been regarded in that age as justifiable retaliation. But not only did his humane sentiments triumph, but his strong religious convictions, which conjointly restrained him from perpetrating the deed, as Saul was God's anointed. These considerations must have influenced him, for his courage was great, and he would not have manifested any compunction in destroying any number of enemies on the battle-field.*

We do not intend, however, to enter into many details of this portion of his history, although there are many instances therein furnished worthy of calm reflection, and which afford a moral lesson for human conduct. Much could be said on his many hairbreadth escapes, in which his life was endangered, and also on the misery his friends suffered for their attachment to him.

There are also many comments which could be made on his early marriages, and the light they reflect on the polygamic customs of his age, but we desist, from a desire to add a few more remarks on the mutual friendship of Jonathan and David, and the closing scene of that noble-hearted prince and his ill-fated father.

* When we come to treat of his beautiful psalms we shall have ample confirmatory proof that his religious impressions sustained him under this and other adverse calamities and temptations.

The magnanimity of David was never shown with more intensity than on the occasion when he heard of the death of the king and his beloved friend, not even when he spared the life of the former and made a sacred compact with the latter. For when a messenger arrived with the crown and bracelet of Saul, and told him that he had dispatched him, David rent his garments (as did all those that were with him), and he wept and fasted until night threw its gloomy mantle over the face of nature, and its sombre hues so harmonized with his sorrowing mind at the grief he experienced for the fate of the two greatest men in Israel ! *

Rending the clothes is a significant symbol to represent death, when the soul and body are severed asunder. Or this custom may indicate the fact that we grieve because the beings we mourn for had been in a perfect state, but had now become marred and disfigured.

But in David's act there was not a mere mechanical custom of woe. There was a deep sense of melancholy, a state of mourning of the soul ! For he wept and fasted, and uttered his lamentations in the most pathetic strains, saturated with the bitterness of real sorrow ! Thus :—

“ O beauty of Israel ! upon the high places slain. How are the mighty fallen !
Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkalon !
That the daughters of the Philistines may not be glad,
That the daughters of the uncircumcised may not rejoice.”

Then follows a malediction on the place where the sad event took place :—

“ O mountains of Gilboa ! may no dew nor rain be upon you,
Nor fields of offerings !
For the shield of the mighty was stained—the shield of Saul,
As though it had not been anointed with oil.”

After speaking in high praise of the dauntless valor of Saul and his noble, generous son, the poet continues :

“ Saul and Jonathan, the beloved and dear in their lives,
Were even in their death not divided !
More than eagles were they swift : more than lions
Were they strong ! O daughters of Israel ! weep for Saul.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !
Jonathan on thy high places slain.”

* David ordered the immediate death of the regicide.

And the concluding stanzas are not only beautiful, but they form a most fitting epitaph to be inscribed to the memory of one so true, so devoted, so disinterested :—

“I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan ;
Very dear hast thou been to me ! Wonderful was thy
Love for me, passing the love of women !
How are the mighty fallen !”

David is subsequently annoyed by a division in the camp of Israel, but he was crowned king of Judah at Hebron ; whilst Abner, who combined the twofold office of prime minister and general of the army, proclaimed Isboseth (a son of Saul) king of Israel. This division of the nation led to a civil war, which was ultimately put an end to by Abner going over to David.

We mention this latter incident to show how feuds are engendered. It appears that, during the civil war, Abner in a conflict with the partisans of David happened to kill a brother of Joab ; and when afterwards a reconciliation took place between the king and Abner, who dismissed the latter with a friendly manner, and he retired from this audience with perfect indemnity for the past, he was recalled by a message from Joab, and was suddenly murdered in a most treacherous manner. This malignant and deliberately cold-blooded act of Joab was never forgotten or forgiven by David.*

We are warranted to make the latter statement by the fact that David, after declaring himself guiltless of the blood of the great man (Abner), pronounced a malediction on the perpetrators of this deed of evil thus :—“May it rest on the head of Joab and on all his father’s house, and may there not fail from the house of Joab one that hath issue, or that is a leper, or that leaneth on a crutch, or that falleth by the sword, or that lacketh bread.”

For the sad manner in which Abner’s death was accomplished David rent his clothes, and so did all the people who were with the king, and they formed a mournful procession to carry him to his last resting-place, David being the chief mourner.

With all the great courage, energy, and decision of character of David, he indicated the greatest sensibility. Thus we find that he lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner, and his grief was so sympathetic that all the people wept in symphony. He then may

* On the death-bed of King David he remembered this treacherous act of Joab, and his conduct to Absalom, so that he gave an injunction to Solomon “not to suffer his gray head to go down in peace to the grave,” probably impressed with the fact that such actions as those perpetrated by Joab should be stamped with eternal infamy.

be said to have delivered "a funeral oration" (the first on record), citing the merits of the deceased, and the manner of his death, and drew again copious tears from the assembled thousands.

When the melancholy ceremony had concluded, the king was urged to eat, but he vowed to continue fasting until the sun went down,* giving as a reason that finished eulogium on the deceased, "Know ye not that a prince and a great man hath fallen this day in Israel?"

(To be continued.)

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

WE picture to ourselves a world of blessed beauty and deathless joy, which, when this world of ours, with all its cares, its hopes, its sorrows, and its tears, shall have passed away from us forever, shall open in a flood of glowing light to our glorified awakening—a world which awaits us, as we humbly hope, when the dark grave shall have closed over us, and the sods of our last earthly home shall have parted us from all the pangs with which our hearts have throbbed. When life's cares weigh heavily upon our breasts; when our hopes grow very dim; and a stormy or a blighted Past chills our Present, and casts its shadow far into our Future, it is then that our souls are fain to see a light through the mist of tears, and rise exultant with the hope that the trial and the struggle will not last forever; and that, one day, there will dawn for us a Festival of Joy, in which we shall never weep again,—a Sabbath of Rest, in which we shall be weary nevermore.

But, since no revelation of the beauty of the world which we await has descended to the world in which we live; since the highest flight of intellect cannot escape the chains of association with the material world, we necessarily clothe our dreams of the life of future hope with the familiar attributes of the life of present being. Faith spiritualized, it is true, portrays the fancied beauties of the world to be, in the lights and colors of the world we know: though those colors are heightened, those lights intensified. And no marvel is this; for,

* Modern Israelites endeavor to observe the precedents of their ancestors, and on fast days do not eat in this hemisphere even when the sun goes down, for the twilight continues for a length of time; but they wait until it is absolutely night. In Judea there is not any twilight; for the instant the sun sinks below the horizon there is an immediate transition from day to night—a phenomenon we have often observed in both the North and South Atlantic, and in Southern Africa.

in the lavish mercy which penetrates and illuminates Creation, this feeble world of ours has been hallowed with the presence of a beauty so sublime, that, even in itself, it seems to realize the glories, joys, and charms, which, in our Master Prophet's words, are the days of heaven upon earth!

Not alone in the immeasurable loveliness of Nature; not alone in the treasures which glitter in the skies, flutter in the breeze, rise on the crest of the waves, or sleep in their depths, and cluster in a galaxy of glory, on the teeming breast of the generous earth; not alone in the intense, almost dream-like beauty of the physical world, in all its triumphs of light and life; in all its flow and flood of sound, color, and perfume; in all its grace of passive form and active motion. There is a greater beauty than in all these stores of loveliness—a beauty more solemn and more bright, which dwells on earth, and yet may serve to clothe our hopeful visions of heaven. It is said that there are gems which absorb light from the skies and conceal it till evoked by the burnisher, when it bursts from the polished surface in a flood of rich radiation. So, also, the rays drawn from heaven lie deep-buried in our hearts, ready for us to bring them forth, and send their glow throughout the earth, to hallow it, and to bring upon it the “days of heaven.”

Yes, rays of light lie in our hearts. We carry with us a fount of blessing, and have only to unlock its source to bid it freely flow. Formed, as we are, in the “image of our Maker,” we, although at the immeasurable distance which separates the feeble creature from the Omnipotent Creator, bear within us and can give forth from us the glory of a delegated power, by which we ourselves and others may be rendered good and happy. He is all love, all mercy, all compassion, all forbearance. And we, dust as we are, may be loving, merciful, compassionate, and forbearing. From Him all bounties flow; yet we are hallowed with a reflected light, which streams from Him, and, like angels, who of old bore messages to man, and the words of heaven to earth, we may bear His bounties to our fellow beings, and bring to earth the days of heaven.

And this is a lesson we have to learn from Him who, through the “faithful of His house,” told us all that was needful for the mission of our lives, and its due accomplishment. When, in the later days of the wanderings of our ancestors, the first taint of their former bondage had passed away, and their emancipated minds were prepared to receive a spiritual creed, He who had before proclaimed Himself to them by His awful power, His signal deeds, at length declared Himself by an appeal, not to their thrilled senses, but to their aroused hearts.

He asserted the majestic attribute of His unity, and then announced the method and measure in which He would be served. *Love* me, He said, with all your heart, with all your soul, and all your might! This was the sacrifice, this the service, this the worship which He demanded. Human intellect can devise no purer, holier, more transcendent creed. It is the creed of love, the creed of heaven upon earth!

In all our ways, then, we must be led by the gracious guidance borne to us on the wings of these words. We must not merely serve Him for the awe induced in us by His power to save and slay; nor for the worldly blessings which His bounty has provided for us, and promised to us. No, not even for the reward which we await, and the promise which we infer. Virtue must be no incident, no compromise, no barter. Not from fear; not for worldly advantage; not even for hope of heavenly recompense alone; but, as has before been truly said, *for love* of Him! Love, complete, absolute; untarnished by selfish motives, unalloyed by outward influence! And loving Him thus, and, therefore, serving Him, we may safely trust to Him for an accomplishment, according to His wisdom, of the worldly recompense declared in words, and the heavenly recompense deduced by thought.

Now it is this creed of love which is so rich in meaning, so ample in its development, from which the lesson we would convey is derivable. It is by a love of God, properly understood and rightly felt, that we, in our fulfilment of it, can learn how to carry out the mission of conveying to mankind the bounties of our Father. It is in this mode that we can be the messengers of His mercy and His love. Thus each of us, in his humble way, can be a reflex, however pale, not the less certain, of that Divine "Sun of Righteousness" which illuminates mankind. Thus, then, can we kindle in our hearts a glow of holiness, and bring on earth days like the days we hope to meet in heaven.

Yes, we can render earth an almost heavenly home, and earthly life a state of blessing. The way lies before us, ready to be trodden; a way which is no wild chimera of a fantastic philosophy, no empty phantom of a poet's dream, no impracticable dogma of a visionary faith. We, the Children of Israel, are not bidden to perform impossible feats, to sacrifice our manhood and our affections, our human tendencies and natural feelings on the altar of our Faith. We are not enjoined to yield to the claims of a fanciful virtue the tender home-charities by which life is rendered happy and complete. We are not told to strive against the very nature of our being. We may be good

men, and yet our hearts may beat with manly courage, our cheeks flush with honest passion, our minds be filled with human aspirations. We need not turn the left cheek when stricken on the right, nor impoverish ourselves to enrich the poor, nor let the guilty go free because we are not righteous enough to punish, nor leave the holy charms of family delights to follow the standard of fanatical self-denial. But what we have to do is this. True to the teachings of our faith, we have to take our nature as it is; with all its aims, its passions, its impulses; and, beating the evil from it as the thresher strikes the chaff from the grain, or the smelter frees the dross from the gold, we must shape and trim the pure material into its best form, and work it to its best purpose; drawing from it all that it has of good; giving to all its strength an upward tendency. For our thoughts and our powers, even those of our earthly nature, if cultivated in the pure atmosphere which flows from heaven, will, like the growth which springs from seeds and roots buried in the sod, like corn, flowers, and trees, rise from earth and point through the air upward—from earth to heaven—flinging around the graceful presence of their use and beauty, yet ever tending to the lofty skies!

And we shall better understand that it is within our nature to render earth a blessed home, if we—however unwilling we be to recognize it—reflect how many of our sorrows and our cares proceed from our own misdeeds, our faults of omission or commission; how much of struggle, grief, and despondency are due to errors, many of which we might have avoided. The mariner cannot drive the storm from the air, nor the lightning from the cloud, nor the chafing billows from the tempest-tossed sea; but the ship can be built to breast the wave with a stalwart strength, and to cleave the mighty water with a deft and lithe prow; and it can be steered in the right track, and away from the hidden rock and the fatal surf. And its sails can be trimmed to the wind, and every heart can be set to the work, and thus the better will it make its course, and meet the winds as they blow, and even the gale if it rises; and, at last, it shall come to harbor, either safely sheltered from the storms at sea, or still more safely sheltered where life's storms shall never rage again.

Yes, many of life's sorrows are in our own control. Not all; for death and sickness fall on us, and around us; and our hearts grow sad beside a sufferer's bed,—before a new-made grave. But even as to these, had the Divine laws of temperance and health been duly followed, it may be we should have less sickness to assuage, less untimely losses to deplore. Not for ourselves only—lest men should barter, for a few so-called happy years, a life's moderate exercise—but for others,

on whom the excesses of intemperance and the disobedience of physical laws strenuously tell their tale, should we seek to adhere to a code sanctified by the ordinance of heaven, and spoken, even in words, to our forefathers, round the base of Sinai; and, by another sort of revelation, spoken to every mind in every age. It is not, however, to this part of the subject that we call attention now. It is to another and almost a higher injunction that we appeal.

If we would bring on earth the days of heaven, there is a lesson, among others, taught us from on high, and by many a holy example—the lesson of Forbearance. It is difficult to acquire, but it brings close in its wake the blessings of its reward. In how many ways, at how many times, its exercise is required of us, let every man declare from the story of his own life, and the struggle of his own heart!

It is a hard lesson to learn, so great are our temptations, so signal is our weakness; yet not an impracticable one, so great are our examples, so strong is the power of the soul! In the history which has been miraculously revealed to us, and by an equal miracle has been retained to us through all vicissitudes of ages, are recorded bright and enduring examples; and a heavenly power beats triumphantly in our hearts, capable of combating and overcoming our earthly feebleness.

When Aaron the priest, and Miriam his sister, spoke evil of their brother Moses, and assailed him with invective, Moses, who had been, under Providence, their deliverer from bondage, and their redeemer from captivity; he who had been the founder of their exalted fortunes, and was the leading spirit of the nation—how did he meet their insults? He, the beloved and chosen of his Master; he, who, notwithstanding all his sublime honors and peculiar exaltation, was “the meekest of all men who were on earth,” bore the unmerited reproach, the poignant blow, with calm and gentle forbearance. He did not resent it; he manifested no mean spirit of retaliation. Scripture tells how he returned good for evil; for, when Miriam was visited by grave punishment, a punishment which took shape in the form of a loathsome disease, the meekest of men avenged his wrongs by a prayer—“Heal her,” he cried, “I beseech Thee!”

When Joseph, who, in his youth, had been the victim of vindictive jealousy; for his hard and malicious brethren had torn him from the joys and comforts of home, and the tender love of his father, and had sold him, a miserable slave, into the hands of strangers, thus inflicting on him the most cruel of wrongs, for they robbed him of his freedom, and

“The love of liberty with life is given,
Life is itself the inferior gift of heaven!”

Yet, in after days, far from resenting the injury which, but for a higher interposition, would have blighted the promise of his manhood as it blighted the bloom of his youth, he *forebore*; he forgave his brethren willingly and graciously. Vengeance, anger, and resentment had no place in his noble heart. He gave to all succeeding ages an example of a generous and high-minded forbearance, which, considered apart from the touching poetry of expression which is the vehicle of its narration, appeals to our intellect and our spirit as heroism to be admired and imitated.

The conduct of Gideon, when kingly rule was offered to him, is an instance of forbearance of another character, yet not less difficult to practise, for there is perhaps no struggle more severe than to turn a deaf ear to the voice of ambition and the joys of power and position when the cold hand of duty intervenes between the tempting purple and the heart that in its glow of triumph pants for glory. In after ages we know how this example was followed. Cincinnatus, Cromwell, and Washington met the temptation and overcame it; but the glorious instance of Gideon is probably the first record of a man, with but little if any experience of the career of heroes, raised to power by a people, rejecting an offer of empire, when that offer had been deserved by a triumph so brilliant and a result so important.

The instance of Samuel is a remarkable one. The people had grievously offended him, as it would appear, by refusing to be governed by his sons, and urged him to appoint a king to rule over them in their stead. When evil days came, when the king who had been raised by their own desire oppressed and misgoverned them, they, in their distress, turned to Samuel for relief. He did not reproach them. "Moreover, as for him," he said, "he would not sin by ceasing to pray for them!"

But there is a higher, mightier, holier example of forbearance, which man may seek humbly and hopefully. By one of the mysteries of Creation, there is an example far beyond humanity for comparison, yet near to it for imitation. In an awful moment, when the divine attributes of mercy were proclaimed to Moses, mankind learnt the lesson of Divine Love. And if we would be truly God's children, and gather to ourselves a ray of the light of His countenance; would we, when that light falls deeply into our hearts, diffuse its beauty through His holy world;—ah! we too, then, must learn, in our own poor feeble way, to call forth the love He has implanted in us; we must learn the difficult lesson of forbearance.

Almost every day of our social domestic business or public life, our life in the home circle or in the wider world abroad, forbearance is

sorely tested. The failings of our surrounding fellow-men are serious, and the occasions of our having to cope with them numerous. We do not speak of forbearance in its absolute sense—forbearance from all sin or fault—for that might in truth be a chimera, since "there is no man who sinneth not." Nor do we speak of forbearance manifested by an active suppression of all natural impulse, or a passive abnegation of self; since our own nature, far from being impure, bears with it a fount of goodness ready to flow forth freely in the sight of men and under the sunlight of heaven, unless we clog and fret the fair stream with our iniquities. But, let us forbear with our fellow-men. Forbear with their frailties, their faults, their resistance to our wills, guidance and opinions. There is no condition of existence or society which can claim immunity from the necessity of such forbearance; rich or poor, high or low, young or old. The poor seem importunate to the rich; the rich seem hard to the poor. Yet, if the rich forbore generously, and considered the trials and temptations of the poor; if the poor forbore willingly, and considered the claims and anxieties of the rich, charity would indeed be the twofold blessing it is said to be. It would be no question of giving or taking of alms, but an interchange of heart. The rich, thinking kindly of the poor, would give as joyously as a father gives to a child; the poor, thinking gently of the rich, would receive as proudly as a child receives from a father.

And thus, too, let the old and the young mutually forbear with each other. The sunshine of life would never pass away from home; the cold shadow would not gloom the familiar gathering of kindred. Let it not be supposed that religion, in its world-embracing tendency, takes too broad a grasp, or soars to too high a point, to regard matters such as these. The story of Moses and his sister, which we have just cited, reminds us that the wondrous book, in which the bases of civilization, society, and general legislation are laid down, and the awful revelation of heavenly will is majestically interpreted, contains also the simple narrative of a family episode, and thus teaches a lesson of home forbearance. Hence we may well suppose that family government and home trials are not matters of indifference to Divine consideration, which rules highest and lowest, powerful and feeble, helpful and helpless; and the great scheme of religion includes, not alone public performance, outward observance, and inward devotion, but the milder charities, whose scene is the home, and whose actors are those whose careers lie in the narrow circumference of our family experiences.

The spirit of our prayers confirms the impression that, if we would

be truly religious men and women, we must think gently of each other. We pray, not singly, but in concert. According to the chaste language of our liturgy, we pray in the name of a congregation, or rather perhaps of all Israel, more than as individuals. It is to *our* Father we address our supplications. We ask Him to lead *us* not into temptation, to deliver *us* from sin, transgression, and contempt. We bless him in the joint name of Israel. We praise Him, not singly, but in our conjoint names. We, calling on Him as *our* Father and our King, ask Him to forgive *our* sins, declaring that *we* all have transgressed, including many forms of words in which the unhappily too numerous shades of sin may be comprehended, lest any one amongst us, guilty of his own special iniquity, stand confessed and shame-faced before the rest. If, thus, in the presence of the Maker of us all, we link ourselves together in our prayer, our praise, and our repentance; surely when we go from His house, in which we worship in words, into His world, in which we must worship by act and thought, we must not break the tender chain. If our voices mingle, let our hearts mingle also. Nor will this seem so difficult, if we only forbear with one another. Kindness grows apace in the fruitful soil of humanity. The more we learn to love, the more hard it seems to hate. The habit of gentleness and affection soon takes firm root, for it is more akin to the intrinsic beauty of our human nature than is the artificial habit of harshness and unkindness. And the world, instead of contracting before our eyes in the winter of indifference or bitterness, will expand under the warmth of the heart's own sunshine, and become a world of beauty, triumph and glory.

Even in the troubles which, it may seem, we have in nowise occasioned, in adversity, in sickness, in the deeper and more solemn sorrow when those we love pass through the gates of death into the house life; ah! even then, and then, perhaps, more than ever, the tear is sweetened, the gall is dashed from the cup, the very bitterness of death is half removed, if we can call forward in the mirror of our conscience the angel-presence of Forbearance; if that mirror is undimmed and untarnished by lack of love and gentleness to those who have suffered; to those who have forever left us!

In ourselves, then, with divine grace, it mainly rests to make of earth almost a heaven. Not indeed to be always happy, but to be always at peace. Our hearts, attuned to a divine concord, will be ready for the home they await. The days of heaven upon earth will prepare us for the days of heaven when earth shall be a dream. If, when the last scene of our life's history draws to its close, and our story is about to end; if, then, our hearts, soon to be still, shall yet beat with exul-

tation, because in the days of strength and action they had sent forth and around, in world-wide radiation, their light of love to humanity; those glows shall enwrap the parting soul and bear it upward, as in the chariot of fire in which the prophet was lifted to the skies! To the skies, from that earth on which he himself had brought days almost as blessed and holy as the days of the heaven into which he ascended!

WORK AND PRAYER.

"God will help," is the comforting assurance which we often hold out to ourselves and to others in times of misfortune and adversity; and this trust in God is undoubtedly one of the most essential elements of a religious life. Finding that our misfortunes increase, and no help has arrived, we resign ourselves to the will of God; and this resignation to the Divine will is unquestionably in accordance with true faith.

But remembering that the Divine Creator has endowed man with wonderful mental powers and energy; that He has made him "little lower than the angels;" that "He has crowned him with glory and honor;" that "He has given him dominion over the works of His creation;"—remembering these wonderful gifts, it behoves us to ask ourselves,—Have we used these powers and applied these energies before helplessly resigning ourselves to the Divine will? Are we justified in throwing ourselves entirely on Divine Providence before we have brought to bear all the powers, energies, and capabilities of human nature on the exigencies that have arisen and caused us so much trouble and grief?

I think that in many instances the answer will not be satisfactory. On examination it will be found that we have not done justice to these natural powers vested in man; that we have been rather indolent and lax; and that we have not awakened all the physical and mental acquirements, some of which have become dormant by long neglect and inexcusable carelessness.

It is but seldom that the course of man's life runs smooth all along, free from obstacles, difficulties, and adversities in various forms; and it is justly presumed that the all-wise Ruler of the universe has purposely placed these impediments in our path, that we may exercise those powers and energies which He has graciously bestowed upon us; as the Divine legislator expresses it, "to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what is in thine heart."

Indeed, it is in the struggles of life that our capacities appear ; it is in the trials of life that our powers come to light ; it is in the school of adversity that our intellect shines forth, and produces things we never even expected of ourselves. When, however, all our powers and energies are exhausted ; when all human efforts have proved futile and all mortal exertions inadequate, then if it has pleased God still to chastise us, with full trust in the divine power we have to resign ourselves to His will, and to say with the Psalmist, "Blessed is the man whom thou, O Lord, chastenest !"

Let me now quote to you a passage from the Medrash, and let me at the same time remind you that our sages are the best commentators and interpreters of our holy writings, and that their works will remain a monument of piety and learning, when all modern speculation, with its arrogant presumption, shall be consigned to oblivion.

When the severely-tried patriarch Jacob, deprived of two of his sons—Joseph and Simeon—had to yield to the entreaties of his other sons, and to the force of the famine which was sore in the land ; when he saw no alternative but to part also with his youngest and darling son Benjamin, he said, "If it must be so now, do this ; take of the best fruit in the land. . . . And take double money in your hand. . . . Take also your brother."

The father then said, "Here is the present, here is the money, and here is your brother. Do you require anything else ?"

"Yes," replied they, "thy prayer, O father, we require."

"If it is my prayer you crave," answered Jacob, "then I say, God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin."

The Medrash concludes, "Happy is the man whom Thou, O Lord, chastenest !"

Now we here see that although Jacob's trust in God never failed—a trust which is indeed the characteristic feature in the chequered and eventful lives of our patriarchs—yet he used every human effort, he made every human exertion, to appease the ruler of Egypt. He begins, Do this. He tries every human expedient. He then, at the request of his children, accompanies the money, the present, and his beloved son with a paternal prayer, that the Almighty may give them mercy, and he concludes : "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.—If all human efforts fail, I resign myself to the will of God."

A beautiful lesson is this for our guidance. Activity, industry, energy—every human means first—accompanied by trust in the Omnipotent. If troubles and calamities overtake us, let them be in-

centives to renewed activity, renewed energies, renewed trust in God, and earnest prayer that "the Almighty may give us mercy." We shall then have done all we can; and whatever the issue, let us resign ourselves to the will of God.

THE LITTLE TROUT.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE READERS.

"DEAR child," said a wise old trout to one of its little ones; "you've been long enough in the nursery, looked after by me and by your big brothers and sisters. To-day I shall let you leave me, and you shall go out into the world for a few hours quite alone, and you shall take care of yourself. But first, let me give you a little piece of advice. If you see any nice things in the water, don't be greedy like our cousins the pikes, and want to eat everything as they do; but be contented with the humble fare that I shall give you when you come back. For, my dear little troutlet, there are some beings in the world, called men, who like to catch us and eat us, and of course we must be beautiful eating. And these naughty people put all kinds of nice things in the water to entice us; and, if once we bite, woe to us! we are hooked up, and we can't get away; but they pull us out, and we die. So pray remember old mother's advice."

"There's a fuss about nothing!" said the little one to himself. "Any one would imagine I'd just come into the world, and knew nothing at all of its ways. I am sure, the time I've spent in this deep stream, has made me deep enough for any one in or out of the water. Ah! won't I enjoy my liberty! I've often seen most delicious things so near and so easy to get, but mother was always too disagreeable to let me have a jump at them. Sha'n't I get on swimmingly!"

And so he threw out his fins, and flapped his tail, and was presently a long, long way off from his home.

"You are alone!" cried a crowd of his young playmates, who were taking a walk with their governess in the bright morning sun. "How nice! Come home and have some dinner with us, and then we'll have a fine game at leap-frog."

"A good idea, indeed!" exclaimed our young friend, turning up his nose, most impudently. "Thank goodness, I'm out of the nursery, and so shall find something better to eat than your nasty pap! I

should like to know why we are made with any taste, if we were not intended to satisfy ourselves with the fine things we see about us." And with this sage remark, off he swam in a great hurry, and to show how clever and independent he was, he gave in parting a tremendous whisk in the water with the flap of his tail, and so sent all the little trout tumbling one over the other in dreadful confusion. A very fine way for a fish of respectable family to say good-bye. But of course he didn't care.

Ah! look now. What is it that makes his little eyes brighten? What makes him rush so swiftly along?

A tiny little worm is floating just below the surface of the water. But dear me! it can't be after this little creature, that our little fish is rushing so madly.

"I'll just have one look at the little fellow," says the troutlet to himself. "I've often seen such things at a distance, but never so near. Oh, how fine he looks! What a delicious morsel he'd be for my delicate stomach! And I might even take a bit home to mother, just to show her how well I can be trusted. But didn't she tell me not to go too near these nice things? Well, at any rate, I'll be careful. Poor quiet thing! I'm sure he won't hurt me."

And round and round he swam, always looking at the little worm, and some how or other each time he got a little nearer, till at last he could touch it with his lips

"Just one bite and then I'll run," he cried. "Oh, how fine! I must have one more bite. Finer yet! One must get accustomed to these delicious things before one can appreciate them. I must have another bite, and then I'll go home."

Dear me! Why doesn't he go? He'll be late for dinner; and, besides, won't his mother be anxious about her little one? Wriggle! Wriggle! Wriggle! But he can't get away from the savoury morsel. What is holding him so fast that he really can't escape? Can it be a hook?

And now he's rising out of the water; and doesn't he look frightened? See! there is a hook in his gills. He can hardly breathe! Oh dear! I'm sure he's dying, and he'll never see his poor mother again—that mother who gave him such good advice, and used to take such care of him. How he cries for help! but, alas! it's too late. No one can help him now; and isn't he sorry that he was tempted away by that tiny little worm? If he could only get back to his home he'd never be so greedy, so disobedient again. But, alas! it's no use to think about that now. The angler has caught him, and there he lies panting out his last breath. He will never sport in the nice cool water again.

My dear little reader! If ever you feel tempted to do wrong, just think of the sad fate of this little trout. I'm sure you'll agree with me that he was rightly punished for his naughtiness;—for if he had not been so greedy; if he had been more mindful of his mother's advice; if he had only made up his mind to control his appetite when he felt a fancy to taste the dainty morsel, he would not have come to grief. He would never have been caught by that deceitful hook, and he might have been enjoying his life to this very day.

Above all things don't think yourself more clever than people who are older than yourself. You know they have had experience, and they only give you advice for your own good. It may not always be pleasant, but still you should remember that it is your duty to follow it.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE less men think, the more they talk.—*Montesquieu*.

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark all is deluge.—*Horace Mann*.

We do not commonly find men of superior sense amongst those of the highest fortune.—*Juvenal*.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit!—*Hosea Ballou*.

Love labor; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic.—*William Penn*.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Pope*.

Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material world to keep his treasure in.—*Theodore Parker*.

We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harm, which the wise powers deny us for our good; so find we profit by losing of our prayers.—*Shakespeare*.

Prayer is intended to increase the devotion of the individual, but if the individual himself prays, he requires no formula; he pours himself forth much more naturally in self-chosen and connected thoughts before God, and scarcely requires words at all. Real inward devotion knows no prayer but that arising from the depths of its own feelings.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*.

THE NEW ERA.

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DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(FOURTH ARTICLE.)

I ANNOUNCED in the first article on the subject under consideration, that the object of these papers was to defend our present system of national education; that this demanded an inquiry into the condition of society as influenced by education generally, and also as influenced by an education exclusively Catholic, where that system obtains and has obtained for ages. I also stated that I was induced to make this inquiry for two reasons: In the first place, because the Catholic press asserts that our national system of education is demoralizing, corruptive, ungodly, atheistic, and utterly ruinous to the country; and independent of this consideration, for the second reason, namely, that the Catholic press, which makes these charges, asserts at the same time that Catholic education not only is free from these defects, not only can and *necessarily* must prevent these evils, but that it alone, and no other system, is capable of forming good republicans, good citizens, and of rearing the rising generation so as to become "the pride of the country;" thus not merely denouncing and condemning as defective, and even vicious, all other systems of education, but claiming perfection—even infallibility—for the Catholic system and it exclusively. Had it been asserted that *Protestant education alone* militates against the formation of good republicans or good citizens; that it alone would "degenerate men and women into brute beasts;" however false, and consequently absurd, such an assertion, I should not have considered myself either entitled or bound to take up the

gauntlet, but have left Protestant education to fight its own battle. When, however, we are told that by the education imparted in the public schools, in which the children of all religious denominations are educated, men and women are changed into "brute beasts," that "the hands of all are equally matricidal," and will be "ready to cut their country's throat;" when we are told that an exclusively Catholic education and none other is capable of averting such an evil; that in order to be a good citizen, a good republican, a good man, a good woman, all must be reared and trained in the Catholic faith, and in none other; then the slander and insult affects persons of all denominations, natives of every country under heaven; and every citizen, every parent has a right, as it is his duty, to inquire whether this is so; and if he finds the statement to be false, he has also the right, and it is his duty, to prove its fallacy, to expose the falsehood, and hurl back the insult and opprobrium at the slanderer, in the name and on behalf of all and every non-Catholic-educated member of society, whatever be his country, color, or creed. Nor can it do any harm on certain occasions to remind people who live in glass houses, that it is neither wise nor safe to throw stones at their neighbors' windows.

In the three preceding articles I have already stated a variety of facts, and comments thereon, in support of my views on the subject. I intend to pursue the same method—stating facts and drawing conclusions from them. But before taking up the "thread of my discourse," I deem it necessary to call attention to the few following preliminary observations:

The history of every age, of every country, exhibits a galaxy of Catholic-educated characters, both men and women, of which the age in which they flourished, the lands that gave them birth, may justly be proud. During the seventy-eight years of my life I have come in contact with a variety of persons, in all classes of society, in every capital, in almost every populous city of nearly every country in both hemispheres, and I have met in every Catholic community with all the social virtues, a sincere devotion, singleness of heart and purity of purpose, united with a scrupulous observance of the peculiar duties and obligations enjoined by their church. The moment, however, the subject of religion was touched upon, a flame of indignant zeal would burst forth. "Jews were a race accursed of God, and heretics ought to be exterminated." Such was particularly the case in Spain, Belgium, Bavaria, etc. In Portugal, France, and Austria, where people read in spite of prohibition, a more tolerant spirit prevails—in the cities at least. There, good Catholics believed with the Prophet that "God does not require the death of the sinner, but that he turn from

his wicked ways and live." I nevertheless cannot admit that my Catholic friends, though good and noble men, were such *because* they were Catholics; for I have met with their equals, in every respect, among the professors of every religious creed; from the most pious, devout, and scrupulous Moslem or Israelite; from the worshippers of the only true God to the worshippers of many gods, or of no god at all. But I have known, also, amongst the professors of *every* faith, the members of *every* sect, worthless, honorless, conscienceless, utterly unprincipled and debased individuals, who with the outward forms of religion, filled up the void which virtue, truth, honor, and rectitude had left in their hearts.

In the first place, then, I have nothing to do with men but with things, however difficult it may be, I admit, to separate these, where the former are so much influenced and affected by the latter. Secondly, I must again impress upon the reader's attention, that I take the view of the subject under consideration from a social and political and not from a religious stand-point; and that for this reason I wish to abstain from any and every reflection, and even remark, either in favor or against any religious system *per se*. If I touch at all upon any *religious* subject, I do so because it will be found to have been unavoidable; for it will be only then when such or such dogma, this or that doctrine has a direct bearing upon the system and state of education as the instrument employed in the formation of, not the future religionist, but the future citizen. I trust that in the course of this discussion the reader will bear this in mind. Thus, for instance.

The Roman Catholic religion teaches "peace on earth and goodwill to all men." It insists upon the abhorrence of vice and the practice of virtue, both in obedience to the Divine will and command, and in the interests of society. From a humanitarian point of view, such a religion is not only above condemnation, or even censure, but commands respect and veneration. All other religions teach the same duties and on precisely the same ground; consequently, from the same humanitarian stand-point they are equally entitled to respect and veneration. Unfortunately, however, to every *religion* is tacked a *creed*, a system of dogmas. Now, though some of these are harmless, others are not only far from being harmless, but tend to nullify all the good effects of religion itself. The Roman Catholic religion has, like the rest, its system of dogmas, as already shown in a former article. Amongst these are one or two that demand some special notice as affecting the condition of society.

The Roman Catholic Church not only teaches the duty of confession, but claims the power and the right of absolving the soul from

future punishment for sins committed in the body.* It teaches the efficacy of such absolution. It teaches, also, that all who die without having obtained her absolution "die in sin, and are doomed to eternal damnation and everlasting sufferings, as the enemies of God."†

I do not inquire whether absolution be or be not efficacious. If it be so—*à la bonne heure!*—so much the better for the sinner. If it be really efficacious as a means of conveyance to the regions of eternal bliss, it is undoubtedly to be desired that not only every sinner confess his sins and crimes,‡ but that every mortal confess his backslidings, follies, and peccadilloes, and receive absolution. Let the "twelve gates of heaven" be thrown wide open; § let the rush of souls anxious for admission be as great as that of their bodies had been at the doors of the theatres, concert saloons, gambling rooms, balls, and fancy fairs; let the concourse be so great that room becomes scarce, and reserved seats, high thrones, snow-white robes, and the best-attuned harps be at a high premium; let the "crowns" be of the purest gold, and of a workmanship as superior as that of the thrones, harps, and robes; and *let a perfectly pure and stainless life be tendered in payment as the price of admission*; it will most assuredly be accepted as the "genuine coin of the realm," whether the applicant be Catholic, Protestant, Mahometan, Jew, Buddhist, or Fetish worshipper.

But though an efficient means to secure a good seat among the

* This doctrine of absolution from sin has been of slow growth. For though confession, penance, and absolution had already obtained so early as the second century, papal absolution from eternal punishment was not introduced till in the twelfth century. St. Bernard declared that the Popes had that power. This saint rejected the dogmas both of transubstantiation and of the immaculate conception, but was nevertheless canonized by Pope Alexander III., in 1174, because he had been instrumental in lifting two Popes, Innocent II. and Eugene III., into the chair of St. Peter. It was he who put a stop to the cruel persecutions of the Jews, at the instigation of the monks in Germany, about the year 1146-7, though he had preached and promoted a crusade. St. Bernard was a man of learning, of benevolent disposition, but a bitter opponent in controversy. Altogether he was one of the great and rather good men of the Church, notwithstanding his faults, which were those of the age, or rather of his training.

† This, if I am not mistaken, is in substance what I have been enabled to gather from Catholic commentators on the subject.

‡ I have known property to have been restored by thieves; widows and orphans to have been reinstated in their possessions by those who had wronged them, through the medium of the confessional, the confessor having granted absolution or administered extreme unction on these conditions only: *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*. But what reparation can the murderer make for the life he has taken?

§ Bishop Snow says there is no heaven for the soul, but that a future life on earth is "heaven." And Bishop Snow ought to know, having the Book of Revelation at his fingers' ends.

saints in heaven above, of what nature is the influence of absolution on *society* here below on earth? what, as constituting a part of the education of youth? Is or is not that influence limited to the fostering and propagation of crime, vice, inhumanity, sin? Let the vicious, the criminal, the inhuman, the sinner answer.

Reynolds: "I do not fear the gallows, but hell."

Lusignani: "A good Catholic is not afraid to die."

Nixon: "I am ready and willing to die."

So said Hanlon, and Burke, and thousands of others.

The monk Ravailiac: "I fear neither death nor torture. I obtained absolution in advance when I engaged to murder Henry IV."

The monk Clements made a similar statement before the murder of King Charles de Valois, and so the monk Balthazar Gerrits before murdering Prince William I. of Orange.

What have all such criminals to fear? Was not Nixon, the ruffian, the *wanton* murderer of the father of four infants, told that his fate was enviable? "I wish I could go to-day where you are going to," said his very confessor to him a few moments before his execution. Why, then, hesitate to take human life, whether from revenge, cupidity, or lust? Why shrink at the commission of crime, when a few moments of suffering by strangulation—a disgrace, the consciousness of which vanishes with the thud of the rope or the leap into the air—opens wide the gates of heaven, an abode so exceedingly desirable, so exquisite, that the sinless* confessor is ready to change position with the murderer?

This belief in the certainty of ascending into heaven can only be obtained through a corresponding belief in the exoneration from heavenly punishment, and this, again, through the medium of absolution, which is granted in the Catholic Church only. But does not a belief in such a certainty—whether well or ill-founded—does not this foregone conclusion also strengthen the courage and determination to commit the crime? Does it not give confidence and foster recklessness? Did it not inspire the three monkish regicides with zeal, fervor, a sense of not only irresponsibility, but of the certainty of obtaining the reward of eternal happiness for deeds against which the God of justice had decreed punishment—deeds subversive of all human laws;

* I use the epithet "*sinless*" advisedly. The Church teaches that though one in priest's orders may sin, he can only sin as a *man*—not as a *priest*. Moreover, "once a priest, ever a priest." Even apostasy does not invalidate priesthood without excommunication; and even on this point theologians are not agreed. It would occupy too much space to quote authorities; besides, it is immaterial in connection with the present subject.

a hope of reward, a consciousness of safety, that places the life of every man at the mercy of a scoundrel?

It may be asked, whether the withholding "spiritual consolation" from a criminal under sentence of death for murder, might not act as a check upon this reckless sporting with human life. The experiment was tried at Malta. One of the governors of that island* determined to make it. A number of murders having been committed by the soldiers of an Irish regiment in the garrison, the governor issued an order of the nature indicated. This, as was anticipated, met with the most violent opposition from the clergy. Two soldiers, having been convicted of the crime, were executed without receiving even the smallest religious consolation, not so much as a single visit from a priest. It acted like a charm; there was suddenly an end to the crime of murder.

Vice cannot be controlled by legislation, because it is not only habitual in its nature, but injurious to him who indulges in it. Crime, on the contrary, is isolated. Every crime stands by itself, on its own merit, and is always injurious to another person, whilst it is, either directly or indirectly, profitable to the criminal, even though it be only productive of the pleasurable feeling of revenge. Of crime, the law can and must take cognizance, and punish it. There is but one way to check crime in certain cities and countries. Where it is capital, a law similar to that of the governor of Malta; where the penalty of death is not inflicted, either imprisonment with hard labor without flogging, or a thorough flogging added to the hard labor, or without the latter. Experience has shown that the infliction of corporal chastisement has greater terrors for evil-doers—particularly the youthful, and unhappily our cities are crowded with this class—than weeks or months of a life of coercive hypocrisy in the so-called reformatories.†

This subject—the promise of immunity from responsibility and punishment hereafter, and moreover a belief in the certainty of ascending into heaven after the commission of heinous crimes—I have touched upon solely, so far as such teaching and belief therein (and it is one which more than any other exercises an influence, secret, direct, and supreme in all the relations of life) constitutes a part of that system of education under which it is demanded that our youth be trained so

* I regret that I cannot recollect the name of that governor.

† It would do them no harm were legislators (or as Montesquieu satirically calls them, the *faiseurs de lois*—law manufacturers) to study both that author's work on "The Spirit of the Laws" and Beccaria's on "Crimes and Punishments."

as to become, when attaining the age of manhood and womanhood, active members of society.

There is another part of instruction, an allusion to which is here not out of place, namely, the teachings of a certain saint, Alphonsus de Liguori, whose work, "Moral Theology," is a text-book.

We find one of the laws in the Decalogue to be, "Thou shalt not steal." No qualification is allowed by the Deity. No prohibition could be expressed in language at once more concise and more comprehensive, more plain and yet more explicit. "Thou shalt not steal at all." Here is no loophole; and in its most comprehensive sense it is understood by every non-Catholic school-taught child in the whole world. In this sense it is embodied likewise in the Roman Catholic catechism, and in this sense Catholic children are instructed by their teachers to understand it. Children become, however, adolescents, and this book on moral theology falls into their hands. Here they find that this Saint Alphonsus qualifies the command of God. He comments, for instance, on that law in the following manner: "The theft of a dollar from a wealthy man is not so great a sin as that of a shilling from a poor man. . . . Thefts to a small amount each, *repeated* by a son upon a wealthy father, is not any great sin; nor by a servant upon the employer who does not adequately remunerate him for his services." Comment on such teachings is unnecessary; it will suggest itself to every reader and thinker: yet this book is a treatise on *moral* theology.*

As the state of education exercises a decided influence on the condition of society, so the social and moral condition of a community may be predicated from that state. With the facts already before the reader, it is almost as superfluous to inquire into the state of education as to *quantity*, as it is unnecessary to examine into its quality among the respective populations on both continents. It will be readily conjectured what the state of education is, or can be, among the populations spoken of. I shall, however, briefly inquire how far, at least in quantity, education so called, or, more properly speaking, popular instruction, extends among those communities.

In the former States of the Church, and especially in Rome, education is at the lowest ebb. "Education," says a recent writer, "has fallen off since the time of Julius Cæsar, and there seems to be no prospect that it will regain its own so long as the Jesuits † have all

* Paris edition, 1852.

† This inference is perhaps unjust. The Jesuits are far from deserving that unqualified opprobrium so universally heaped upon that body. If they have been guilty of much evil, they have also done much good. Civilization owes them a debt; nevertheless the world would not have been worse off without them.

the schools and books in their own keeping, as they persist in wishing to do." * In the rest of Italy it is not much better. In 1866 it was found that of every hundred persons that had to sign their names, sixty-nine could not write. In some parts only 12 per cent. of the population were able to read and write.

Of the prisoners from the south of France taken by the Prussians in the late war, it was found that only one in forty could read and write; that is, only twenty-five out of every thousand of the male population of that part of France. It appears from the official returns on the state of education in that country, published in the year 1848, that whilst in Prussia thirty-three per cent. of the total population of that kingdom attended school, in France, before the year 1840, only five and two-fifths per cent. received school instruction. Of 22,966,170 natives, 14,355,856 could neither read nor write. Of the whole population of all ages, 19,391,398, or three-fifths—after deducting children under two years of age—could, in 1838, neither read nor write. In that year there were in France 32,100,000 Catholics, 1,380,000 Protestants, and 60,000 Jews. The Catholics had 26,370 schools, or one school for every 1,217 persons; the Protestants had 4,803 schools, or one school for every 287 persons; the Jews had 280 (religious) schools, or one for every 214 persons. For secular education the children of the last-named body attended other schools, included in the Protestant schools, and under their superintendence, though not sectarian, to the number of 2,352. Up to the year 1833 the state of education had remained as it had been under the monarchy prior to the great revolution. With the exception of the faculties of law and medicine, which were excellent, it was such as to suppress rather than promote mental research, all free inquiry, all scientific activity. In fact, everything was directly opposed to the spirit of progress. On the day after the revolution of July, in one-fourth only of all the communes in France could a school be met with; and such was the poverty, to say nothing of the ignorance, of the teachers, that they had to eke out a bare subsistence by combining the profession of pedagogue with the occupation of a sexton, beadle, hotel-runner, wagoner, etc. It is true, in 1832, a few seminaries had been established, under the administration of the Dukes de Broglie, Merilhou, Barthe, Montalivet, and Giraud de l'Ain, successively Ministers of Public Instruction; but from such men not much could be expected. Guizot, a Protestant, was the first who took a real interest in the education of the people,† and who, in

* Letter in *Herald* already quoted.

† See his work entitled "*Essai sur l'histoire et sur l'état actuel de l'instruction en France.*" Also Made. Guizot's "*Education domestique, ou lettres sur l'éducation,*" in 1827, crowned by the *Académie*.

spite of the strenuous opposition of ultramontane interests, introduced some important and wholesome reforms. It was high time; for he found that of 108,800 schools, which France required for the education of its youth, there existed (as in 1842) only 33,805; and even then there was not a single school in 4,196 communes. In the year 1869 there were in France 72,000 ecclesiastics and nuns who devoted themselves to teaching; 62,000 in lycées and colleges, and 5,800 in ecclesiastical establishments. Nearly one-half of the *écoles primaires* were, and are still, in the hands of the congregationalists; while the examinations and certificates required from lay-teachers are not exacted from the 8,000 sisters who direct schools, 7,000 of whom are without certificates at all. These persons are charged with the scientific, literary, and moral, as well as the religious, education of youth in France.

Scientific instruction is carefully fenced in, and a guard placed over it to prevent its encroaching upon "religion." This sentinel is in the shape of a book entitled "Catechism of Perseverance" (22d edition). It bears on the title-page the approbation of the Pope and a whole string of cardinals. "The almost incredible silliness of this book," says M. de Sauvestre, "must be studied to be believed."

The manner in which history is taught by this army of sacred male and female teachers is so remarkable that, unless its influence was lost through its own violence, it is difficult to understand how any liberalism can exist in France at this moment. The manuals of science, history, etc., used in the different schools by M. Chantrel of the *Univers*, M. Gabourd, etc., works which have passed through many editions, show how.

"One of the highest-sounding words employed by freemasons, infidels, and Protestants, is toleration. . . . Truth and virtue alone can possess the rights of liberty; error and vice have no rights,* they can have none. . . . *To prevent and punish evil, to interdict the propagation of error, is not to be a persecutor, for no one can be said to persecute evil.* . . . In a Catholic society, to practise or teach heresy is to attack the constitution of law and of society."

"Careful study shows that whatever has been done agreeably to the wishes of the Holy See, and in conformity to its instructions, has been *just and beneficial*," †—"a complete justification," says M. Sauvestre,

* "Persons that have no religion have no rights that persons who have religion are bound to respect."—*Catholic World*; and, "No man has a right before God to be of any religion but the Catholic."—*Ibid*.

† *Videlicet* the burnings by the Inquisition, the Dragonnades, the Bartholomew massacre, child-stealing, etc.

"of the Inquisition, and the butcheries of St. Bartholomew. That pious massacre was approved of by the Holy See. The head of Coligny was sent to the Pope, and a medal struck at Rome in its honor, with the effigy of Gregory XIII. on one side, and the slaughter of the Huguenots by an angel on the other, and with the circumscription of '*Ugonottorum Strages, 1572.*' Three frescoes were, moreover, painted in the Vatican on the subject."

"There are three degrees of social liberty," says M. Chantrel; "but the highest is *where good only is free. The Church admits nothing of toleration.** It may be necessary *for a time* to tolerate these evils, *i.e.*, the '*liberte des cultes et de la presse*' (the freedom of worship and of the press); that is, as long as it cannot do otherwise."

"To deny authority by divine right is a principle destructive of social order." The king has a right divine, under the direction, of course, of the Church.

Sauvestre gives other gems from the historical summaries, such as: "The Protestants began the massacre of St. Bartholomew; the crusade against the Albigenses, the slaughter by the Baron des Adrets, the hangings, butcheries, women ripped open,† etc, *were caused by their own fault.* The outrage against God and his saints had inflamed the imaginations of men to such a pitch of fury, that they no longer confined themselves to the limits they ought to observe. . . . '*Massacres are the inevitable effects of heresy,*' says M. Gabourd."

"It was at Vienna that Pilate died, two years after the crucifixion of the Just One. . . . Herod, Agrippa, and Herodias, finished their days at Lyons. . . . Martha, Mary, Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, landed on the coast of Provence, where they planted the cross."

"*Les Provinciales,*" says Sauvestre, "are nothing but a tissue of misrepresentations either exaggerated or absolutely calumnious."

A *History of France*, one of the class-books of the Jesuits, describes the revocation of the Edict of Nantes: "The Dragonnades did not occasion the death of any Calvinist, *and excited the most vivid enthusiasm in France.* Any excesses must be attributed to the zeal of

* "The American State really harmonizes better with Catholicism than Protestantism."—*Catholic World* for April, 1870. "We recognize no equality between Catholicism and Protestantism."—*Ibid.*

† During the massacre of the Protestants in Ireland, in 1661, it was a favorite process of the pious murderers to commit this horrible outrage; also to gather numbers of men, women, and children, shut them up within a building, to which they then set fire, so as to burn the whole of the inmates alive. Even children were, by their mothers, supplied with knives for the mutilation of the bodies of Protestant children . . . Education with a vengeance!

Louvois; those which took place after the edict received the approbation of Louis XIV.; but if he was wrong, almost the whole of France was wrong also." Then, negligently, as if it were an affair of small moment, it observes, as to the number of exiles, that according to the computation of Vauban, "they were between 80,000 and 100,000; or according to statistics furnished to the Duc de Bourgogne, 67,000 to 68,000 refused to abjure." In the succeeding reign, Cardinal Dubois * is represented as a much calumniated man, a spotless character; while the chief fault of Louis XV. was that he sent the Jesuits out of France.

Modern history is told in an equally remarkable manner: "The taking of the Malakoff was accomplished by the French troops marching in, bearing an image of the Virgin, and Pellisier placed the success of the assault under the protection of one of her fêtes."

M. de Sauvestre goes on to describe how an attempt has been made to destroy all lay instruction, to support and encourage Jesuit colleges and convents, and the schools of the various brotherhoods and sisterhoods, "where the young mind is perverted out of all distinctions of right and wrong," and "the casuistry of Liguori is put in the place of morality;" where the pupils are taught to "distinguish between theft which is permissible and theft which is blamable," between defamation to be avoided and "that which is permissible to defend the holy interests of the Church and morality." Sauvestre then gives his authorities, beginning with a catechism in very general use, sanctioned by the Church, headed by testimonials from the Bishop of Strasburg and Bishop of Verdun, at much length (third edition, 1866).

Q. "Is it always wrong to steal?"—A. "No; it may happen that the person from whom you take the property has no right to oppose you, or you are in extreme distress, and only take what is absolutely necessary to deliver yourself from it; or, in secret, as a sort of compensation which you cannot otherwise obtain of things which are due to you in justice." This last is even a point of doctrine, which is

* This Cardinal Dubois was one of the keenest, shrewdest, and at the same time most unprincipled and even most degraded, most infamous characters France has produced. No crime was too great, no vice too degrading, no companions, male or female, too utterly vile to serve his ends. He received meekly the kickings and canings from the Duke of Orleans, his master, whose thrashings were always double, and accompanied with the words, "Voilà pour le prêtre et voilà encore pour l'archevêque." (He was then Archbishop of Rouen.) It was he who under Louis XV. brought France to the brink of that abyss the bottom of which was the revolution of '89 and its subsequent horrors of '92. The Duke de St. Simon speaks of him as the very vilest of whatever can be vile. To obtain the cardinal's hat he paid two millions (livres) to Pope Innocent XIII., whom he had helped to the papacy.

called "secret compensation."* Thus, servants who do not think themselves paid according to their merits can right themselves by this convenient doctrine; and the shopkeeper who thinks he is selling too cheaply can secretly substitute an inferior article for that purchased by his customer. The chapter on "Defamation" shows how "calumnies" need not be retracted in five different cases, *i.e.*, when you cannot do so without injuring your own character by the exposure more than your neighbor's by the defamation, etc., etc., which is followed by "dispensation from the fulfilment of a sworn promise;" and "if conscience," says M. Sauvestre, "is inconveniently painful, the child is told that there are eight kinds of conscience, among which figure the 'scrupulous' and the 'capacious.'" Nothing appears too small on which to give directions. For instance, there is a chapter on Magnetism, "which it is probable may be practised if you do not summon the devil to interfere;" table-turning, however, is expressly forbidden as a *devilish* practice. It is forbidden to open and read sealed letters, "unless you have reason to suppose that the writer of the letter, or the person to whom it is addressed, will not object!" (you yourself being the judge). This is, according to M. de Sauvestre, the way in which are taught physical science, modern history, and morality by 72,000 teachers, a very large proportion of which furnish no proof whatever of qualification beyond the fact of their being "brothers" and "sisters."

Quite recently, in this city, an eloquent preacher taught from the pulpit that the revulsions of nature, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, cyclones, inundations, pestilential diseases, bloody wars, defective harvests, conflagrations, incendiary fires, shipwrecks, and all what are called accidents or misfortunes, are not the results of the operations of the established laws of nature, not of the structure of our planet, not of the atmosphere, not of the ignorance, neglect, carelessness or drunkenness of naval commanders; not of ambition, revenge, malice, wickedness, or avarice; but that they are all so many special acts of Providence, punishments from Heaven for the sins committed by mortals for the want of faith. A ship founders on a rock, and four hundred women and innocent children are drowned in their berths; a drunken switch-tender neglects his duty, and a train of railroad-cars is crushed to

* Is it surprising that with such teachings our large cities are overrun with juvenile thieves?—that thefts by domestic servants are by no means uncommon?—that children coming from school are robbed and ill-treated by bands of young rowdies lying in wait for them?—that burglars and highway robbers consider themselves entitled to as large a share as they can procure of the property of other persons possessing more of this world's goods than they themselves possess?

atoms, and scores of human beings are cut to pieces, mutilated, or burnt alive; on the occasion of a solemn festival in a church, a lamp explodes, a conflagration ensues, and the thousands of congregated worshippers suffer a fate similar to that of their fellow-beings on that railroad,—all these are special acts of Providence. And this is the way in which are taught the sciences of physiology, geology, natural history, etc.—the science of beholding in God a tyrant more capricious, more cruel, more unjust than a Nero or Caligula, burthening the innocent with the punishment incurred by the guilty,—a God not of revelation, nature, and reason, but of mendaciousness and cruelty,—a God of the catacombs and the Inquisition. How true is the remark of the great French thinker, “Man had made for himself a God after his own image.”

If we turn to Spain we shall find even a worse state of things. No improvement has hitherto been thought of. What this new ephemeral republic, and its most probably quasi-constitutional form of government, will bring forth, is yet in the womb of time. Much good in matters of education as it ought to be, cannot be expected.

At Malta, not half a century ago, not one per cent. of the Catholic-educated population could either read or write, though there were in that small island upwards of five hundred priests, averaging on the whole (including the smaller island of Gozo) one priest to every one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants of all ages.

We have seen how matters stand in Europe. Let us now take an equally cursory view of the state of education on this continent, though there would in reality be no necessity for this. “Ab uno disce omnes” might be applied here, were it not really almost worse than in Europe. During the Spanish rule in Central and South America, colleges were not allowed to be formed, though the permission to do so was earnestly applied for by the inhabitants, and in many instances even *schools were prohibited*. It was forbidden * to teach the liberal sciences; they were only permitted to learn the Latin grammar, the philosophy of the schools, and civil and ecclesiastical jurisprudence.† Don Joaquin Pino gave much offence by permitting a nautical school at Buenos Ayres. . . . It had to be shut, while at the same time it was strictly prohibited to send the youth to Paris for the purpose of studying the science of chemistry, in order to teach it on their return. On the other hand, every individual in the country was compelled, annually, to purchase a number of the Pope’s Bulls, under a penalty of forfeiting various important advantages. A man, for instance, who had not in

* “Manifesto of the Constitutional Congress of Buenos Ayres, in October, 1826.

† The boasted education, learning, etc., of the middle ages! no doubt deemed highly elevating and thoroughly civilizing as well as indoctrinating.

his possession the "Bula de Confesion," could not receive absolution on his deathbed; his will became invalid and his property was confiscated. So great was the encouragement given to education in South America, that a young lady, whose father had permitted her to take lessons in French, was refused absolution by her confessor, who expressed the greatest horror at what he had heard, and denounced the vengeance of Heaven upon her and upon her father, sending the poor creature home in an agony of fear. *

Is the state of education in the South American Republics better at present than it was prior to their independence? Far from it. "The history of public instruction" (in Bolivia, for instance), "does not present a flattering picture," † says a native writer of the present day. There is a law which requires every priest of a parish in which there is no Government school to establish a primary school at his own expense, in which he is to teach the rudiments of religion, adding thereto primary instruction. From the lowest to the highest grade of literary or scientific instruction in Bolivia, Chili, etc., ‡ the Roman Catholic religion is the basis of instruction; and the result is, in the words of the writer, § that none but Catholics can derive any advantages from education, and that society stagnates or is retrogressive.]

We are told that in all exclusively Catholic countries, to every parish church there is attached a school. This may be true; but what is the nature, both in quality and quantity, of the "education" imparted in these schools, to the comparatively insignificant number of boys and girls that attend them? It is chiefly religious, yet not biblical, the Bible being never read or introduced. Barely the very first rudiments—reading, a little bad writing, and less arithmetic. Such at least I found to be the case in all the schools I visited in many places. It is said, and no doubt with truth, that from those

* Captain Basil Hall. Extract from a Journal written on the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820–1822, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N., F.R.S.: "I remember well the trouble I got into, many years since, in Spain, because on one occasion I could not produce a certificate of confession, till I obtained one by a bribe of dos onzas (two doubloons)."

† "Tomandolo todo en consideracion, quizas debiera decirse que la historia de la instruccion publica en Bolivia no presente un cuadro lisonjero."

‡ Colombia is, I believe, an exception.

§ Report of the Brazilian Minister at La Paz to the Government of Brazil, dated April, 1872.

| "He aqui la causa de tanto trabajo, que cuesta el plantear en los paises latino-americanos, la libertad de cultos, sin cortapisas de ningun genero." . . . "Sin que este elemento haya sido desarraigado, nada se conseguira jamas en la legitima senda del progreso." ("Unless this element be rooted out, nothing whatever is to be hoped for in the legitimate path of progress.")

schools is banished every book that leads to vice or immorality. As much may be said of our own "godless" schools, indeed of every school in the world; but from exclusively Catholic schools is also excluded carefully every book, though it contain but a page, a single paragraph, calculated to arouse attention to, philosophical truth, to lead to inquiry or investigation, to expand the mind or enlarge the understanding. The same rule is as rigorously enforced in colleges of a higher order, and in universities. The *Index Expurgatorius* is a list of many thousands of works from the pens of the ablest and best writers in all languages. Not a volume of these even the clergy are permitted to read without special permission. The laity are altogether forbidden from looking into these works on pain of excommunication.

Trace the history of education back fourteen hundred years, to the times of Constantine and Theodosius, and it will be found that it had been steadily retrogressing, till after more than twelve centuries of barbaric darkness it revived at the dawn of the Reformation.* Towards the close of the eighth century we have the assurance, in the mournful complaint of the chroniclers of the age, that there were no schools in all the transalpine realms of Charlemagne. Over this vast region under his control, once the seat of a gifted and progressive population, had settled the gloom of savage ignorance. "It was even difficult to find a priest who could read his breviary, or a monk who could repeat his Psalter. Even that Charles the Great, the absolute monarch, whose dominions extended from the Ebro to the Vistula and from the Tiber to the North Sea, a territory of over twenty-six thousand square leagues, even that powerful ruler did not learn to read and write till he had reached man's estate, towards the middle of the eighth century, though a promoter of education, of the state of which an idea may be formed from the fact that he established schools, at his own court, for the instruction of the nobles in the first rudiments of knowledge. Alfred the Great, when, as is believed, he established the University of Oxford, in the ninth century, complained that in his dominions he could not find an ecclesiastic that possessed any knowledge of the classical or oriental languages. Bishops were so ignorant of writing that they could not even sign their names, but had to make a cross. "The inveteracy against learning of Pope Gregory 'the Great' was so excessive that he not only was angry with the Archbishop of Vienna for suffering grammar to be taught in his diocese, but that he studied

* The term "Reformation" is here used only as a chronological reference, and not as a religious allusion, though, it being coeval with the discovery of the art of printing, it has undeniably, with the aid of that invention, very greatly contributed to mental research and enlightenment.

to write bad Latin himself, and boasted that he scorned to conform to the rules of grammar, whereby he might resemble a heathen.”* “It is certain,” says Mosheim, “that the greatest part both of the bishops and presbyters were men entirely destitute of learning or education.” “Besides, that savage and illiterate party who looked upon all sorts of erudition, particularly that of the philosophical kind, as pernicious and even *destructive* of true piety and religion, increased both in number and authority.”†

And what was the substitute? Belief! that daughter of credulity and twin-sister of ignorance. Belief! the only duty, the only merit, as if belief were an act of volition! Belief! a source more fertile of crime and sin, of evil of every kind, than total unbelief itself. Belief! that kindled the fires of the Inquisition and clutched the dagger during the blood-festival of St. Bartholomew. Belief! which led on the murdering and marauding bands of the Crusaders. Belief! which even at this day teaches the duty of persecution and extermination. Belief! which accompanies to the very scaffold the criminal whose whole life has been one of evil, who had trampled under foot every duty towards God and man as if it were a filthy rag! Belief, which, in a word, has ever been the greatest of all the curses that for nearly two thousand years have been inflicted upon humanity. “We want none of your Bibles, your books, your new-fangled schools—none of your constitutions,” said a worthy‡ ecclesiastic to the writer of these pages about half a century since, in one of the countries in Southern Europe. “What we want is piety—piety.” So says Clement of Alexandria. “Piety,”§ says the saint, “makes up for all things. The general commandments relating to piety are the principal matter. To live in conformity to them is alone necessary in order to attain eternal life.” And this *ignis fatuus* is to be the compensating power for the extinguished light of knowledge, intelligence, and truth!

Absolution, prospective but certain, inspires the bandit of the Abruzzi with the boldness and recklessness requisite to rob and murder the wayfarer; and Piety divides the spoil between the robber and murderer and the image in the neighboring monastery whose propitiation Belief had taught him to purchase. Piety can exist

* Dr. Mandeville's “Free Thoughts.”

† “Ecclesiastical History,” Cent. iv., part 2, ch. 1, sect. 5, of the *original*, not the mutilated edition, “in which all the objectionable passages have been left out,” as announced on the title-page.

‡ And a truly worthy man was the Padre Peral, whose memory I shall ever venerate, though our views were as widely different as the poles are asunder.

§ Cohort. ad Gent., § 11.

without virtue, without morality, without truth, without honor, without humanity. Brandishing the dagger, and hand in hand with her twin-sister Belief swaying the torch, they have traversed the earth without ever conferring a single blessing on mankind, but changed this beautiful world into a slaughter-house drenched in blood and tears.*

Now, to return to the subject of education, and look at the contrast.

In Sweden not three per cent. of the population are uneducated. In Holland not an uneducated native is to be found. In that country all educational establishments, both public and private, are under the control and supervision of the government; and are visited semi-annually by commissioners, selected for talent, experience, and high position, by whom the pupils are examined, not so as to make a display, but thoroughly and rigorously. And where do we find less vice and crime; where more intelligent, well-informed; where more industrious, more peaceful, upright, honorable, and humane populations, than in Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Hamburg, etc., where youth is trained in schools which, by the Catholic press, are condemned as "godless?"

In the United States the total number of pupils attending the schools, public and private (including colleges), in 1870, was, in round numbers, six millions eight hundred thousand. This, in a population of thirty-eight millions six hundred thousand inhabitants of all ages, gives one pupil to between five and six inhabitants. The 6,800,000 pupils received daily instruction from 186,000 teachers, or one teacher to not more than between thirty-six and thirty-seven pupils, or to 208 of the whole population.

But even here in the United States there is room for improvement, especially in the South. Thus, for instance, in Alabama, in a population of one million, 383,000 cannot read or write. In several other States it is not much less unsatisfactory.†

But a yet greater contrast is the following:

That part of Long Island embraced by the Hamptons contains the most perfect and well-preserved specimen of Puritanism perhaps to be found in the world. In no part of this republican country is there so great an equality and such a strong sympathy and perfect fellow-feeling among the whole mass of the population as in Suffolk County, especially in the eastern towns. It was here the first churches were organized, the first towns built, and the first schools established. The

* Godfrey Higgins, "Celtic Druids."

† It was lately stated at a public meeting that not less than five millions of children are unable to read. Can this be true? It seems incredible.

primitive simplicity and purity of life excel any that can be found on any spot of equal extent on the American continent. Here, for two hundred years, no man was ever persecuted or disfranchised for his religious opinions. They ordained the widest toleration of religious opinions, before any article had been enacted or thought of elsewhere on the subject, on the continent. A residence of a few months, or even weeks, among these primitive people on the east end will afford complete conviction of the correctness of these remarks. In proof of their early attention to the subject of education, Clinton Academy, at East Hampton, was the first institution of the kind chartered by the Regents of the University of New York, in 1787. Erasmus Hall, at Flatbush, was chartered soon after. So great has been the attention paid to education, that there is not a native inhabitant capable of learning but has received a common-school education.

For two hundred years have these people been "shut out from the world; theirs was a *terra incognita*," and not until recently has it been brought into contact with the rest of mankind by the railroad. There is no immorality, no drunkenness; no profanity pains the ear, no vulgarity or brutality the eye. *There being no criminals, there are no prisons*; and as there are no paupers, there are no almshouses; the few poor of the country are of foreign extraction. Peace, plenty, and purity abound, like the waves which unceasingly roll their anthem in our ears. (*Par parentheses*, let the reader remember this when he reaches the subject of the Shanties in New York.)

Now look at the contrast. Think not only on the different views on education, but on the corresponding results of each.

There has from time immemorial existed, in the heart of the papal dominions, a sort of republic. It is the city of Norcia, in the Duchy of Spoleto. It is true, Spoleto can boast of being the birthplace of two famous saints, St. Benedict and St. Francis of Assisi. If my memory does not deceive me, the former was born in the very city of Norcia, in the fifth, the latter in the twelfth century. Though subject to the Pope, the city of Norcia, as already observed, constituted a species of republic. Its inhabitants had the privilege of electing their magistrates, and obeyed no laws but such as they themselves had enacted. Faithful to the pious example set them by the saint whose memory they venerated, *one of their fundamental laws was, that every man possessed of the knowledge of reading or writing, however imperfect, was excluded from all public employment of honor or profit*. Their ignorance was, however, no safeguard to their morals or virtue. On the contrary, they are and ever have been famous for their vices, their crimes, their revengeful spirit, and the little value they attach to the

life of a fellow-man. What else can be expected when absolute ignorance is *commanded*, and mendicancy, sloth, idleness, and filth are duties, even *virtues*, that pave the road to heaven?*

How forcibly recur to my memory the words of the Rev. Dr. Bellows: "Ignorance is called the mother of devotion; but is but a step-mother, after all; rough is she and cruel in her treatment, compared to the sweet, gentle grace of the true mother, knowledge."

Norcia was proud of her Francis, the founder of the order named after him—Franciscan. The members of that order, which was confirmed by the Pope—according to some in 1210, according to others in 1223—made the vows of implicit obedience, total renunciation of all property, rigorous abstinence from all commerce or intercourse with the other sex, the deepest humility, and utter self-abnegation. The Pope commanded them expressly to devote themselves to a life of beggary, vagabondage, and preaching. The coarsest haircloth was to be their only garment, fastened with a rope round their loins. They were to go barefoot, or at best sandal-shod. *They were strictly prohibited from cultivating any science, art, or study. All information of any kind was strictly interdicted.* Such were the *merits* for which Francis was first beatified, as usual, and subsequently canonized† or placed in heaven, to be worshipped as an intercessor with the Deity.‡ In the course of time the order increased vastly in number, and under various divisions or denominations amounted in the seventeenth century to upwards of 200,000 members, inhabiting 8,000 monasteries; it became extremely wealthy, and led a very luxurious life; but it also sufficiently degenerated to produce men of great ability and learning, for the most part useless or ill applied.

Captain Basil Hall, while amongst the "benighted heathen" of the Corea, found that the most honored personage in the villages was the schoolmaster, and though the monks and priests were present at the banquet given by the governor, their presence was tolerated not as guests but as attending servants, and they were treated with marked

* In Valencia (Spain), I have known a village in which not one of the inhabitants had ever had his face or head washed, lest he should efface baptism, etc.; so at least I was informed by them.

† Before this great saint died he retired to a mountain in the Apennines, where "an angel from heaven, 'a *seraph*,' pierced his hands, and feet, and side." The wounds mortified and caused his death. The Franciscans, in their bitter feuds with the Dominicans, went so far as to declare that the founder of their order, the "Seraphic Saint," was as great, if not greater, than Christ.

‡ "The God of *Protestantism*," says the *Freeman's Journal*, "is one of the devils—a *dirty devil*." A singular idea, in view of the above fact. May there not be a *typographical error* in this sentence?

contempt as worthless members of society. The benighted heathen of antiquity formed rich libraries. "Information was to be spread, knowledge diffused among the people." That of Alexandria contained upwards of seven hundred thousand volumes. Fourteen thousand students were assembled there. It was there that Aristotle taught, there Euclid composed his famous book on geometry, there flourished the geographers Apollonius and Eratosthenes, and also Archimedes; there the sciences of chemistry, of surgery and even of anatomy were studied with zeal; there, in short, the intellectual activity of the old world reached the highest degree of development; and not *within* the first five centuries *after*, but within the last five centuries *before* the birth of Christ; and then that intellectual activity gradually sickened; and five centuries after that birth it had died away.

On the other hand, the enlightened Cardinal Ximenes burnt 8,000 volumes. "Much information was not good for the people." And what did *he* substitute? By permission of Pope Leo V. he issued, in 1520, a polyglot edition* of the New Testament, at an immense cost, utterly inaccessible to the people, and of which only 600 impressions were taken. And after all, the work was condemned as unreliable by both Catholics and Protestants.

" He who knows not how to feign,
Never will know how to reign," †

was the political maxim of that statesman.

With the expulsion of the Jews and Moors from Spain vanished art, industry, commerce, agriculture, science, and intelligence, which had to give way to the grossest superstition, ignorance, and cruelty. ‡ We shall be pointed to the sudden rise of Spanish literature of the fifteenth century; but even this owes its birth in a great measure to the Jews, of whom, in consequence of the frightful persecution towards the end of the preceding century, great numbers made a profession of Roman Catholicism, and it was they who, on the admission of the Spanish historian, Amados de los Rios, raised Spanish literature to the height which it attained.

The reader has in these papers accompanied me on a pretty long

* The Complutensian, *Complutum* being the ancient name for Alcalá.

† "Quien no sabe disimular,
Nunca sabrá gobernar."

‡ After the expulsion of the Jews, not even a physician could be found; so that it was necessary to send for some from other distant countries, and, at heavy salaries, induce them to take up their abode in the country.

and varied journey. Together we have visited Europe, a part of Asia and of South and Central America. Our journey is not yet ended. Before, however, proceeding further and revisiting some or all the regions we have run through, let us cast a short retrospective glance at home. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco!—all one city, stereotyped all. I think it is Jean Jacques Rousseau who observes, that if we wish to learn the national character of a people, we must not look for it in large cities, but in the country. In this country it can scarcely be said that we have what in England, France, Germany, Spain, etc., is understood by “the country”—La Campagna, El Campo, Das Land, etc. Owing to constant and rapid intercourse, to the interchange of relations and residences; to migration and immigration, the stranger finds no characteristic national difference whilst travelling from Maine to California. Let us then take New York as the type of the large cities; and yet she occupies a pre-eminent station towering above them all—New York, the metropolis of this vast continent, where all that is good and great and noble of the best, the greatest and noblest, stands side by side, with all that is vile, coarse, and bad of the vilest, coarsest, and worst. Whilst in other parts of the world refinement is often the cloak for insincerity and deception, in this country it is the companion of sincerity and open-heartedness; whilst elsewhere vice envelops itself in gauze, here it casts aside even that flimsy covering and exhibits itself in all its nakedness. Elsewhere crime seeks secrecy, concealment; here it stalks forth boldly in open daylight. It escapes from the European prisons to deposit its vote in the ballot-box, braving and defying the rights of the descendants of those who had pledged “their sacred honor” and their fortunes and their lives to give freedom and independence to the land of their birth, and who did make it free and independent. Yet take New York, mixed as it is; it is good, after all. Truly observed the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in a recent address (Sunday 29th June), almost every word of which is a pearl: “The best qualities of New York are hidden under the surface; the worst are seen in open day; and virtue is stimulated, though vice is not suppressed.”

We have travelled thus far together in order to take a survey of exclusively Catholic education, and ascertain its results in other parts of the world, where it flourishes and rules without a rival—absolute. Here, on the contrary, it has to meet its rival—national education. Again we must refer to the claim of exclusively Catholic education, that, namely, *it alone* is capable of training youth so as to become “the

pride of the country"—indeed, "to prevent men from degenerating into brute beasts." "To us in America," observes the *Herald*, "Sweden and Norway must always possess an unusual interest. But few of our readers are, perhaps, aware of the large and constant flow of emigration from the dominions of King Oscar to the United States. In 1869 as many as 60,000 Scandinavian souls came to America. There has been no year since then in which the number has not exceeded 30,000." We will say, on an average, 50,000 a year. How many of this large influx of strangers figure in our police courts? How many occupy our prisons? What part of these Scandinavian immigrants issue forth at night armed with knives and slung-shots and brass knuckles and revolvers, bent upon "assault," theft, highway robbery, burglary, and murder? *Not one in fifty thousand.* "We receive no emigrants," says the same paper, "who are more desirable than the Swedes and Norwegians. They have every quality we crave in the men and women who are to be the parents of future American generations—temperance, economy, industry, a desire for an independent, agricultural life. They are welcome, as their brothers will be welcome whenever they choose to come." And these remarks apply with equal force to the Slavonians, and also to the Hollanders, Swiss, and even Germans; and note that nearly all are educated in "godless" schools, not very dissimilar to our own; at all events, after a system diametrically opposite to what is known as "exclusively Catholic education."

Now compare this view of the great journal, these facts, with the following, also stated in the same paper, as regards that other portion of the immigration, the exclusively Catholic educated *par excellence*, resident amongst us. Being tolerably certain that the reader is not more desirous than I am to place life and limb in jeopardy, I shall not advise him to pay a visit to the "shanties on the rocks." A *Herald's* correspondent, accompanied by a captain of police, did pay such a visit,* and the following is an extract from his report, which is headed thus: "A TOUR OF THE SHANTIES ON THE ROCKS.—SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.—THE SCUM OF THE METROPOLIS.—HARROWING SCENES OF DEBAUCHERY AND VICE." The report occupies between two and three columns of the *Herald*, and the facts were gathered by the reporter at the risk of his life; both visitors having "barely escaped with their lives, threatened as they were with knives and pitchforks," for merely intruding upon the domain of these "good and true republicans," reared under that system of exclusively Catholic education, "*without which society has no safeguard*," that education "*which alone can*

* See *Herald* of Dec. 29, 1869.

render men the pride of their country and the glory of the Church, and *without* (!) which men degenerate into brute beasts."

"In two or three of the dwellings on one spot," continues the report, "occupied by from 600 to 800 inhabitants, we encountered families engaged in reading the Scriptures and other devotional exercises.* With perhaps one or two exceptions, which are located on the street fronts, every hut was visited—fully fifty in number. Every one of these contained drunken men and women, whose blasphemies and debaucheries were a disgrace to a civilized land." "Some of the scenes witnessed were of such a character that common decency renders their description impossible. In nearly all the name of God was a jest and a byword; and carousals, fights, and obscene songs formed the entertainment.† Here is a specimen of the songs:

" 'Ould Jaisus died on Calvary,
Because he niver wint to sea;
He failed to pay his honest dues,
Was hung up by the bloody Jews.'

"Of the six hundred or eight hundred inhabitants of these dens," continues the report, "perhaps fifty are sober, industrious, but poor people; five hundred are drunken brutes, the scum of the metropolis. Many of them sally forth from their hovels at night to rob and steal, and should be provided for in the penitentiary."

I have already stated that I have seen a great part of the world, and resided for years amongst large populations. I have, like many other men, been in a position which enabled me to study society in all its phases; but nowhere in the course of my long experience have I met with a condition of society, even amongst the lowest of the lower orders, in any country, equal to that which is presented by the imported

* The visit was paid on a Sunday.

† Compare this with the aspect presented to the visiting magistrates at all or any one of the crowded musical summer gardens and similar places of Sunday recreation in this city frequented by the Germans, etc., accompanied by their wives and children! Nothing in the world can offer a stronger contrast. "Comparisons are odious," I know; but "facts are stubborn things," for all that. It is admitted by a South American writer of the present day, that the non-Catholic educated Teutonic, Slavonic, and Scandinavian emigrants are industrious, laborious, and peaceable; that they apply themselves chiefly to agricultural pursuits, enriching the country whilst enriching themselves; whilst, on the other hand, the Catholic educated, whether of the Celtic or Latin races, nestle in the cities, and fill the prisons, and that those who have emigrated to the South American republics and Brazil, rather form themselves into bands of banditti than work. So that in Brazil the government withdrew its protection from them, and some of the southern republics were glad to get rid of them; that of Venezuela, for instance, bore willingly, in 1865, the expense of sending them out of the country. (See *La Patria* of Lima.)

"squatter sovereigns of the shanties:" and unfortunately this state of things is not confined to New York.

The writer in the *Freeman's Journal* need not be told that these six or eight hundred inhabitants of these "dens," and whose number in this city alone may be safely multiplied by ten, form part of those who, with that writer, "thank God that they never heard the man Beecher, and dozens like him, talk"—of those who like him "know the rottenness and horror of Protestant immorality." W. C. D.'s prediction, in his letter of September 17, 1871, as applied to our public schools, may not improperly be applied to the shanties and many other quarters here and all over the Union, more especially when one contemplates the hundreds of youths roaming about the city, delighting in wickedness, malice, and practising theft on a small or incipient scale: "If the rising generation be bred as heathen, a man then does not need the ken of a prophet to tell what will happen at some distant day to this free and glorious country." *

"Here is a wide field for missionary labors," observes the report. A vast field indeed for another St. Aloysius, or indeed for a far superior man, Emanuel Wichern, the founder of the Raue Haus of Hamburg, who, without means, aid, or support, commencing with the reform of twelve of the most vicious and criminal boys, carried out and produced the thorough reformation of tens of thousands of boys and girls as bad, rendering them honest, virtuous, industrious, wealthy, and thoroughly well informed; in a word, "in every possible way a part of the best social element throughout Germany." How much more becoming would it be in men professing to be ministers of religion to turn these their co-religionists from the path of evil, and attempt to convert brute beasts in human shape, than to hunt after young Jewish children surreptitiously, and, in collusion with faithless and treacherous servant-wenchies, employed as spies and crimps in families, and acting upon the principle that the end justifies the means, instruct these children, indeed enjoin them in the name of a God of Truth, to deceive their parents, teaching, commanding them to play persistently the part of hypocrites, and making their lives between the age of ten and thirteen years one continued lie, as exemplified recently at Albany.† It would be far more becoming in those ministers of religion to blow a good strong breeze of Holy Spirit into their co-religionists of the shanties, etc., than to blow it "into the eyes, nostrils, mouth, ears"—in fact, blowing with might and main wherever they could

* *Freeman's Journal*.

† This case bears a strong resemblance to that of Mortara, with the sole difference that it is one marked with greater baseness and infamy.

find a chance to blow—of a stupid, ignorant young Jewess, as was recently done in Chicago; these holy puffs being merely the forerunners of a more substantial and more stormy outpouring of the Holy Spirit. I readily admit that the reverend gentleman who baptized that boy was influenced by a zeal for the propagation of his faith, and no fault can be found with him on that score. Whether the boy's soul will be saved or not is a matter foreign to the subject under consideration; but whether his initiation into hypocrisy, deception, falsehood, and the violation of the fifth commandment, will have prepared him for becoming a good citizen and honorable man—that is another question, yet it is one that may be answered, though indirectly. Here are a few cases in point:

A man highly connected, well educated, of brilliant talents, embraces Catholicism at a mature age, in the full vigor of intellect, and after being married and having reared a family. In a recent trial in one of the criminal courts, a prisoner's legal defender gives the following description of that man: "He was a falsifier of all manhood and truth; a cruel parent and a false husband, who violated all the sanctities of domestic life; who forgot or ignored all the proprieties of home and family; who disregarded every obligation to those who should have looked to him for kind and paternal care. . . . as a very devil, he himself, sent by the archfiend to persecute his wife and children." Why did this man become a Catholic? May he not have done so, because according to his determination, repeatedly expressed, to murder his family, he would most probably have carried his threat into effect? and then? why the Catholic was the only church that could absolve him from future punishment. But did his conversion make a better man, better, husband or father? He receives the death-stroke at the hands of his Catholic-educated first-born!

Christina of Sweden, highly intelligent, most carefully educated, learned, accomplished, of a kind, affectionate disposition, falls in love with the Italian Monaldeschi, relinquishes a throne. At Brussels she falls into the hands of a Dominican monk, who secretly makes her a Catholic. At Rome the Pope Alexander VII. himself confirms her, with great pomp and amidst the greatest rejoicings, in the very church of St. Peter. Three years after this confirmation, whilst at Paris, she causes her lover to be assassinated, and whilst cultivating with ardor letters and science, she launches out into a life of unbridled licentiousness.

B. R., of Amsterdam, a young man of spotless conduct and pure morals, is persuaded to become a Catholic; he murders his parents, brothers, and sisters, and even the servants, by poisoning the meal pre-

- pared for the family, escapes to France and is admitted a *brother* of one of the religious orders. *Par nobile fratrum!*

In the course of a sermon preached on June 8th, in St. Peter's Cathedral, by the Right Reverend Bishop Lynch, the honored prelate said, "that long centuries ago the nations were plunged into the depths of paganism, and the world was full of follies and disorder and iniquities." But has Catholic education effected any improvement? I doubt whether the worthy prelate has ever visited the shanties and other similar quarters in this and other large cities; whether he has really ever bestowed a serious thought on the real *social* condition of many parts of the world in both hemispheres; for with the facts that have been stated indicative of that condition, the defenders of our national system of education ask again, and persistently, Has exclusively Catholic education, during 1800 years, made any improvement in the state of things as it was "when nations were plunged into the depth of paganism, and the world was full of follies and disorder and iniquities"—those golden ages of Egypt, Greece, and (ancient) Rome? It has been shown that no improvement whatever has been made, and this is the best that can be said of it. If further proofs be required, they will be furnished in my next and succeeding papers.

A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS.

I HAPPENED once, said Rabbi Joshuah, to take up my lodging at the abode of a widow. She prepared something for my dinner, which she placed before me. Being very hungry, I eat the whole, without leaving the customary remnant for the servants. The next day I did the same. The third day, my hostess, wishing to make me sensible of the impropriety of my conduct, so over-seasoned the dish she had prepared for me, that it was impossible to eat it. Ignorant of what had been done, I began to eat; but finding the food so very salty, I laid down the spoon, and made my repast on bread. "Why eatest thou not of what has been prepared for thee?" asked my hostess.—"Because I am not hungry," answered I.—"If so," rejoined she, "why eatest thou bread? Do people eat that by way of desert. But," continued she, with a significant smile, "I can perhaps guess thy motive. Thou leavest this for the poor servants whom thou didst yesterday and the day before, deprive of their due! Is it not so, Rabbi?" I was humbled, and I acknowledged my fault.

MEDRASH ECHO.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF KING DAVID.

BY DR. J. L. LEVISON.

(Continued from page 356.)

ALTHOUGH David acknowledged that he was politically too weak to punish Joab for his treachery, yet he, nevertheless, expressed his conviction that there would be a period of retribution.

David gave by many of his acts a surety of many noble traits in his character; for although his faults were many, yet in the narrative of his career, a reader who studies the difference of the natural tendencies, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, must be impressed with sentiments of admiration for his brilliant talent and his general excellence.

We may be struck by surprise with some instances in which he ordered summary capital punishment for offences. But these were in the spirit of the times, as they had not the trial by jury. For example, when two men entered the house of Isboseth (the son of Saul), and murdered him while sleeping, and afterwards brought the head of the unfortunate prince to David, he severely reprimanded the assassins for their treacherous conduct, and said that he should serve them as he did the messenger who brought the news of Saul's death, that instead of rewarding him he had ordered that he should be killed; and such should be their punishment for destroying an innocent man. They were then taken and immediately executed.

The modern philanthropist might condemn the manner of the death; for they were slain, had their hands and feet cut off, and afterwards hung by the pool at Hebron. But surely we, even in this country,* have nothing to exult at for our greater clemency in the punishment of traitors. It is but comparatively of recent occurrence when such criminals had their hands chopped off whilst living, and thus mutilated, and suffering the most excruciating pain, they were hung, were afterwards beheaded, drawn, and quartered; and finally each ghastly portion was publicly suspended at different gates, or placed within the town or city.

We now return with pleasure to another incident in the narrative. After having subdued the enemies of Israel, David issued a proclamation in order to ascertain if any of the descendants of his beloved friend Jonathan survived, and by this means he learned the existence of his son Mephiboseth. To this prince he restored all Saul's personal property, and invited him to be a constant resident at his court.

* The writer of this article alludes to England.—ED. N. E.

As a faithful commentator we have now to speak of one of the most painful and immoral acts of this truly great monarch—his adultery with Bathsheba, and his still more criminal conduct in reference to her husband.

Our sages have truly said, *ואסר עברה עברה*,* which aphoretic moral truism was painfully verified in the conduct of David. For instance, his adulterous conduct with Bathsheba was bad enough, but the criminality of his act was greatly aggravated by the injustice and deliberate cruelty he was guilty of in his instructions to Joab—to place the injured Uriah at the most dangerous post where the battle raged the fiercest, so that his death was inevitable; and though his army was worsted in this conflict, he was consoled for it by the news that his plan had succeeded.

Bathsheba mourned for her husband's death conventionally, and when the month had passed she became the wife of David.† What a lesson may be learned from these incidents! How the lower passions blind the judgment of the most pious and the most intelligent? And how different are our views of immoral conduct when we are ourselves the guilty actors, and when similar actions are perpetrated by other persons! These differences strike every observer as verified in the moral reflections of the poet:—

“O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as others see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion,” etc.—BURNS.

Man in all ages has been the same, for when trying his own especial conduct his court is venal, he acts as an unprincipled special pleader, the corrupt judge, and partisan jury; so that a verdict of acquittal is passed, and should there be a feeble protest of his conscience, it is silenced by the most flimsy and plausible excuses.

But let him have to treat of a similar case in which he is not implicated, then indeed his mental vision is so clear as to recognize the enormity of the act, and so great is his indignation that instead of the apologist he is the uncompromising accuser, and the urgent advocate to inflict a punishment commensurate to the enormity of the offence.

* “The commission of one sin causeth another sin.”

† This mourning of Bathsheba reminds us of the custom in modern times, when people put on sombre habiliments of woe, of comparative degrees of intensity, in the ratio of the depth and quantity of grief, even when they have not any absolute grief, and they justify this hypocrisy because it is the fashion. It has always appeared to us an absurd custom, for if there is sorrow in the heart, there needs not any external display of it; and if there is not, then this “outward show of woe” is indeed a farcical mockery.

How admirably is this proved when Nathan the prophet came to criminate David for the twofold crime, which he did by citing a supposititious case. The king becomes so excited for these outrages, that he pronounces the sentence of death on the offender, even before he had ascertained the name of the guilty party. How then must he have quailed with terror when the messenger of God exclaimed, "Thou art the man!"

But how much misery and annoyance he subsequently endured, even after he was conscious that his deep repentance had procured a forgiveness of his sins. There is indeed much matter for our reflection, and hence we shall allude to some of these painful visitations, that we may take the lesson to our hearts, and recognize the fact that there is not any impunity for sin.

The offspring of his criminal intercourse with Bathsheba, whom David greatly loved, was struck with some severe malady, and he was so deeply affected by this circumstance as to neglect all his necessary wants. He fasted and prayed with saddened feeling, and clung to the child (though the witness of his immoral act) with all the tenacity and intensity of parental love; and when death claimed the little sufferer, with true piety he submitted to the affliction, and never in thought or act murmured at the judgment of God; and instead of manifesting any extravagant grief, he purified himself by ablutions, and attended to his positive duties. This was indeed the duty of a wise and a religious-minded man, conscious that finite beings cannot comprehend the ways of infinite wisdom.

There were other instances of trials of his faith: the seduction of one of his daughters by her step-brother, and the murder of the latter by Absalom (the brother of the polluted one), must all have been a source of deep sorrow to David, as all implicated were his children by different mothers, and particularly so, as he was a loving and tender father.

Then again, when Absalom by an act of rebellion usurped his throne and drove him away as a wanderer and an exile from his home—and he his favorite son; who can, under such circumstances, estimate the agony of his feelings?

To many superficial readers of the Books of Samuel, it may appear both capricious and ungrateful of the Israelites to have entertained treasonable thoughts against their king, who had not only rid them of their enemies, but had raised them to a high state of prosperity.

Let us pause to ascertain what means were used by Absalom to tamper with their fealty and allegiance to David. He used to go to meet the people as they came to sustain any pending suit, whether as

plaintiffs or defendants, and insinuated that there were systematic delays of judgment, and that if he were king things should be conducted in a different and more equitable manner. And, as Absalom was a very handsome prince, and very affable, he acquired great popularity; and his subsequent acts proved that he then premeditated to raise the standard of rebellion. Read 2 Samuel xv. 1—6, which verify the views now enunciated.

The subtleness displayed by this ambitious prince would lead us to suppose that he had some knowledge of human nature. He seems most certainly to have known how the lower classes feel themselves flattered, when kindly addressed by the aristocracy; and, although this deferential feeling might be used as a means to ultimately improve the masses by freely mixing with them, and by imparting to them knowledge in a clear and conventional manner, these advantages are neglected by the rich, which would otherwise be more permanently advantageous to the mass of the people than almsgiving, or by using their power to serve their own selfish purposes.

At length Absalom raised the revolutionary standard, and David finding so many flocking to it, fled from the capital with a few devoted followers.

There was one incident in particular, which is suggestive of moral reflection. David was met by the way by a man of the name of Shimei (some relative or family connection of Saul), who cast stones at him, and cursed him! Some of his followers would have inflicted summary punishment, which David interdicted, saying, in an agonized state of feeling, "Behold, my son, who hath come forth from my own body, seeketh my life: how much more this Benjamite. Let him alone, let him alone!" etc.

What a truthful lesson we learn from this incident—that the multitude who bow and do homage to "the lords of this nether world," when they are rich and prosperous; but should misfortune come like a blast, on their hopes, and render them poor and helpless, then will those who formerly fawned and cringed to them, become so metamorphosed as to treat them under such change of fortune with insolence and contumely. These moral weather-cocks always are influenced by the breath of the wealthy, and turn as such patrons turn; and if, in course of events, the riches become dissipated, these worshippers may not actually stone or curse them, but they will no longer heed or care for them.

We learn from such severe trials as were endured by David, that even in this life there is some retribution for sin; and when it seems to be otherwise, the apparent exception is indeed a fallacy. The guilty

may appear to float down the stream of life on a smooth unruffled sea, unobstructed and unannoyed in their progress; but little is there known what dreams of horror may render all this seeming prosperity a source of unmitigated disquiet.

But to return to our subject. Though David was deeply affected by the black ingratitude of Absalom, he did not sink under the infliction, but endeavored to find means to counteract his evil machinations. When the conspiracy and treason spread, those who had been placed by the king in responsible situations forsook him, and joined his rebellious son. Among the disaffected was Ahithophel. But there were a few sounder minds, and higher moral principles; among them Zadok the priest, and his son Ahimaaz, and Jonathan the son of Abiathar remained devoted to the cause of David, and at his bidding they returned to the court that they might watch the progress of the rebellion, and report everything to the king. And although David was sustained in his adversity by his great piety and matured intellect, yet he nevertheless felt the grief of a dethroned monarch, and that those who owed their rank to him had aided his unnatural son to bring upon him such deep humiliation.

What a sad picture the king must have presented, with his head bowed down in sorrow, which we gather from the following description (2 Sam. xv. 30): "And David went up the ascent by the Mount of Olives, weeping as he went, with his head covered, walking barefoot. And all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went." Volumes could not describe more accurately this scene of humiliation.

But although David was a man of strong feeling, and naturally troubled by the aspect of events, yet he did what all should do under adverse circumstances, keep steadfast to their faith in God, that all would end as it should do. And when this practical religious feeling is manifested, then the intellect can examine the *pros* and *cons*, and perceive, so far as human means are concerned, how to induce men to act, that favorable results may be reasonably anticipated.

Thus when he met Hushai, the Arkite, the king told him how he might serve his cause, and show his loyalty. That he should return to Absalom, proffer his services, then watch his proceedings, and apprise him of them.

When Hushai returned to the court, he affected great devotion to the cause of the usurper, who, touched with remorse at what appeared to be ingratitude to his old master, expostulated with him. There was still a flower-spot, on which some good feelings flourished in the mind of Absalom; and though excited by his insatiable ambition, he

remembered the greatness and generosity of his father, and he asked in a tone of reproof to his new adherent, "Is this thy kindness to thy friend?" The reply was as ambiguous as the language of courtiers ever has been or will be, "that it was his duty to act with him whom the Lord and the people had chosen."

Hushai being in the camp of the enemy was admirably planned by David, as was proved subsequently by the results.

Absalom had another of David's officers, Ahithophel, who had exercised over him an evil influence, and he asked the prince for twelve thousand men, to pursue David, the traitor adding with a cold-blooded cruelty, "I will come upon him whilst he is weary and weak-handed, and will terrify him, so that the people who are with him will flee, and I will smite the king alone!"

This demoniac advice was startling to Absalom, as there was some misgiving as to its non-desirability, and it is also most likely that his filial sentiment recoiled at sanctioning the deliberate murder of his father. This was observed by this wicked tempter, so he urged ambitious motives, knowing well that these predisposed his disloyal and undutiful conduct. "I will bring," said the traitor, "all the people back unto thee; when all are returned except the man whom thou seekest, all the people will be at peace."

Though this counsel pleased the vain young prince and the elders, yet there was a misgiving in the mind of Absalom, who if not deterred by any odium as to the character of a parricide and regicide, yet if he should, by the fortune of war, lose the game for which he had staked so much, he would suffer twofold torture—that of the mind as well as the body. Whether such a mental examination deterred him, or that he was influenced by a higher power, must remain mere conjecture. But he did not act under the suggestion of Ahithophel, but sought the advice of Hushai, who not only deprecated the proposed act, but he also painted in strong colors the courage of the king's devoted friends, and his own invincible bravery, and that there was some probability that his own army might be vanquished; and he substituted another suggestion which pleased the court and the people. And Hushai despatched trusty messengers to intimate to David the state of affairs, and how he had thwarted a most dangerous proposal. The messengers were for a time in imminent danger, but were saved by great presence of mind, and were enabled to continue their journey in safety.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. ZUNZ, BY REV. B. H. ASCHER.

THE appellation of "Jew" (יהודי) was attributed to the Israelites, or Hebrews, during the time of the Babylonian exile, on account of their progenitors, who came from the land of Judea. Since 536 before the Christian era, when the Jews were under the Persian dominion, they gradually returned in great numbers, by royal consent, to Palestine, where (anno 521-516) they re-erected the sacred temple, progressively inhabiting the desolated cities, established anew the Mosuism, and were enabled, by the zealous efforts and preparations of Nehemiah (anno 444), to fortify the city of Jerusalem against their insidious neighbors. Governed by high-priests and officials of a theocratic nature, the Jews of Palestine, as well as their by far more numerous brethren in Babylon, enjoyed tranquillity and peace under the Persian government until the conquest of Alexander the Great, which occurred anno 331, and afterwards under the reigns of Antigonus and Seleucus; and from the epoch of Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, who, after the conquest of Jerusalem—which he subdued more by treachery than by arms—had carried with him numerous captives to establish a Jewish colony at Alexandria, the Jews again remained for a period of a hundred years under Egyptian dominion. The kings of Syria, who subsequently became entirely masters of Judea, wreaked their vengeance upon the poor inhabitants, inflicted upon them heavy extortions and oppressions, and from anno 174 they were subjected to the greatest of all evils—to that of religious persecution. Antiochus Epiphanes gave orders to erect in the temple the statue of the Olympic Jupiter, interdicted the observance of circumcision, commanded that a swine should be sacrificed on the sacred altar, desolated the country, and issued a barbarous and terrific decree to massacre multitudes of Jews, for no other crime than that of remaining faithful and unshaken in the true belief of their forefathers. Such miseries, however, only tended to arouse courage, and to awaken inspiration within the hearts of the innocent sufferers. The true believers in, and the devoted adherents to, the law of Moses, rallied round the banner of the courageous and pious Judas Maccabeus, who defeated the Syrians, entered victoriously and triumphantly the city of Jerusalem, and restored (anno 165) the service of the temple to its primitive purity and sanctity. After the

demise of that God-fearing hero and patriot, which occurred in 161, the work of final liberation and immunity was completed by his two brothers Jonathan and Simon. The king of Syria was compelled to sue for peace; and, in anno 145, we again see the Sanhedrin, or great tribunal, recalled into existence. John Hyrcanus, the son of Simon, who was invested both with the regal power of a king and with the crown of priesthood, aggrandized (anno 136-105) the dominions of his free and independent empire by conquests in Samaria and Idumea. Yet this was not of long duration; for under the reigns of his grandchildren, Hyrcanus II. and Aristobulus, the Jewish dominion again lost its immunity. Pompey, who was invited to be a mere arbitrator between the two brothers who contended for the accession to the throne of Judea, rendered himself (anno 36) master of Jerusalem, and made the land of Judea subservient to the Romans.

Subsequently to this unfortunate occurrence, another disaster soon followed. The treasures of the temple fell a prey to the avarice of M. Licinius Crassus; and though Antigonus, the son of the captive king Aristobulus, regained (anno 42) his royal dignity by the assistance of the Parthians, yet Herod, the son of the governor Antipater, a native of Idumea, maintained his position by the help of the Romans, subdued Jerusalem, gave orders for the execution of Antiochus and his followers; and his bloodthirsty ambition ultimately did not spare the gray-headed Hyrcanus, the last male offspring of the noble and valiant Maccabees: his execution took place anno 30. As this tyrant could only support his throne by internal commotions, oppressions, and assistance from other nations, he remained always hated and detested by his own subjects, spite of his unremitting exertions (anno 19) to rebuild and beautify the temple. His son and successor, Archelaus, was deposed in the eighth year of the Christian era, by the Emperor Augustus. Judea was then incorporated with Syria, from whence the former province generally received its governor. The Emperor Claudius granted civic rights and privileges to every Jew in the Roman empire; but the arbitrariness of the Romans,* the spirit of faction, internal disturbances, and the antipathy between the Jews and the Greeks, only tended to increase the malcontentedness, which broke forth (anno 66), by the instigation of a band of zealots, in open rebellion against the Romans, and ended after a most stubborn and terrific contest (anno 70), in the subjugation of Jerusalem by Titus, in the destruction of the sacred temple, and in the massacre and still harder fate

* Alas! that time, with all its refinements, and the progress of civilization, could not eradicate this stubborn prejudice. The same lot befell our nation in enlightened England in the latter part of the last century.—*Translator.*

—that of captivity—of many hundred thousands of innocent Jews. The provinces of Judea became partially alienated; and the Jews, who were already pretty numerous in Persia, Arabia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Cyrene, Greece, and Rome, were ultimately scattered into various countries and empires. Protected as the Jews were under the auspices of the Emperor Nerva, those of Asia were nevertheless, under the reign of Trajan, exposed to severe treatment and rigorous persecution.

The last efforts of the Jews to shake off the Roman yoke—at Cyrene in the year 115; at the Isle of Cyprus, anno 116; at Mesopotamia, in 118; and in Palestine, under the guidance of Bar Cochba, which commenced anno 130—ended, anno 135, under the reign of the Emperor Adrian, in a most terrific massacre, and in the complete desolation of Judea. Many Jewish teachers and doctors were doomed to execution under the most excruciating pangs of death; and most stringent and rigorous laws were enacted against the Jews and Judaism, which were, however, partially repealed under the lenient reign of Antoninus Pius. It is true that the deplorable condition of the Jews was greatly ameliorated at the close of the second century; yet since Christianity became (anno 330) the prevailing religion under the auspices of the Emperor Constantine, it was again their fate to be subjected to the inclemency of imperial decrees, and to the severe and inhuman enactments of the respective Consuls.

The Jews had already settled, at those periods, in Illyria, Spain, at the Isle of Minorca, Gaul, and in several towns and cities on the banks of the Rhine. Their chief occupation consisted in agriculture, commerce, trade, and handicraft. They were also owners of considerable landed property, were entrusted with civil and military offices, and were also permitted to have their own courts of equity and justice. In the year 418 they were ordered to quit their military posts, from which service they were after that entirely excluded; and subsequent to this hardship, which was most keenly felt by the loyal Jews, there soon followed another decree, which put an entire stop to the patriarchate of Tiberias, so that, in the course of the fifth century, both their private as well as their social condition became more and more restricted. Different, however, was their fate in various countries after the fall of the Occidental Roman empire; for whilst, on the one hand, the Jews lived almost unmolested in Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia, they had, on the other hand, in the Byzantine empire, to submit to numerous oppressions. But still greater were their sufferings in the course of the sixth and seventh centuries, in France and in West Gothic Spain, where they were treated most barbarously, and exposed

to the most cruel and tyrannical persecutions. The lot of the Jews in the Parthian and Persian dominions was tolerable, spite of some persecutions which befell them in the fifth and sixth centuries. The Jews of Palestine, who conquered Jerusalem (anno 610) by the assistance of the Persians, had even cherished the fond hope of restoring their national independence; but they soon saw their illusions vanish, and their condition humiliated by the exploits of the Emperor Heraclius. The Islam dominion, which, after having conquered (anno 627) the Jewish tribes of Chaibar, also continued to subdue gradually the nations of Western Asia, Persia, Egypt, Africa, Spain, and Sicily, had most materially contributed to alter the state of the Jews in those provinces. Independently, however, of some persecutions and oppressions, as, for example, those in Mauritania (anno 790), and in Egypt (1010), the Jews still enjoyed tolerable repose and tranquillity under the reign of the Caliphs in the Arab provinces. The Hebrews continued to increase in number and learning in Moorish Spain as early as the eighth century. Many a well-informed Jew was entrusted with the office of councillor, secretary, astronomer, or physician in ordinary to the respective kings; and the calamities which befell them—for instance, at Granada, in the year 1063, and in Cordova, anno 1157—were, for the most part, the awful consequences of some political cause. There were already, in the ninth century, Jewish communities established in Kairwan, Fez, and Morocco; and whilst their number decreased at Babylon in the eleventh century, they nevertheless increased in Palestine, on account of the continual colonization; and even enjoyed high respect and estimation with the Mongolic Khans. But more deplorable was their fate in Christian Europe, especially under the demi-civilized vassalage system of the western provinces, which were entirely under the sway of Lynch-law, and governed by the prevailing craftiness of an ignorant priesthood. The hardships which the Jews had to sustain in the Byzantine empire, at the close of the eighth century, caused them to emigrate into the province of Chazar, situated on the banks of the river Volga, and which was governed by a very benign, mild, and humane tribe. More propitious, however, was the fate of the weary Jews of the following century; but they had again to endure, in the eleventh, the most cruel treatment, under the reign of the Emperor Basilus II.

(To be continued.)

DISSERTATION ON THE TALMUDICAL AND RABBINICAL WRITINGS.

BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D.D.

THE principal compilations and writings of the Jewish Doctors are the TALMUDS,—the TARGUMS,—DIGESTS of *Hebrew Jurisprudence*,—COMMENTARIES ON THE SCRIPTURES,—and the MASORA and CABALA.

1.—THE TALMUDS.

There are two Talmuds, designated from the respective places where they were compiled, the *Talmud of Jerusalem* and the *Talmud of Babylon*.

The *Jerusalem Talmud* was compiled in the year of Christ 230 (or, according to some, in the year 300), for the use of the Jews living in Judea, by Rabbi Jochanan, who for many years presided over the Synagogues of “the land of Israel.” It comprises a much smaller number of doctrinal and legal questions and decisions than the later Talmud of Babylon; and, being written in the peculiar dialect of Judea, is difficult to be understood. On these accounts the voluminous Talmud of Babylon is preferred to the earlier Talmud of Jerusalem, by the Jews in general, among whom the Jerusalem Talmud is become so completely obsolete, that the use of the term “*Talmud*” is almost exclusively appropriated to the Talmud of Babylon. The Jerusalem Talmud was printed at *Venice*, in 1523, by D. Bomberg, in 1 vol. folio; and again, with marginal glosses, at *Cracow*, 1609, in 1 vol. folio.

The *Talmud of Babylon* was compiled for the use of Jews dwelling in Babylon and other foreign countries, and completed about A. D. 500. It is an immense work, containing the Traditions of the Jews, their Canon Law, and the questions and decisions of the Hebrew Doctors relative to their doctrines and usages. This Talmud has been several times printed:—in 1520, in 12 vols. folio, including the Comments of Jarchi, Ben Asher, and Maimonides, by D. Bomberg, at *Venice*:—in 1581, by Frobenius, at *Basil*, in which those passages are expunged that were directed against Christianity:—at *Cracow*, in which the passages left out in the *Basil* edition were restored:—at

Amsterdam, in 1644, by Immanuel Benbenisti, in large quarto, on two kinds of paper: (Wagenseil says, there were two editions, one correct, the other incorrect:) but the best edition is said to be that printed at *Berlin* and *Frankfort*, in 12 vols. folio, 1715.

The *Talmuds* are composed of the *Mishna*, or Oral Law, which is the text, and the *Gemaras*, or decisions of the Jewish Doctors on the *Mishna*, prior to the compilation of the *Talmuds*.

The *Mishna*, or Oral Law, consists of the traditionary explanations of the Law of Moses, said to have been given by God himself to Moses, on Mount Sinai, who transmitted them by Oral communications, through Aaron and his sons, to Joshua and the Prophets, and by them to the members of the great Sanhedrim, who committed them in a similar way to their successors, till the time of *R. Judah Hakkadosh*, or the *holy*, who flourished about A.D. 150: of whose compilation of the *Mishna*, *David Levi* ("Ceremonies of the Jews," p. 285), gives the following account:—"Rabbi *Judah Hakkadosh* was the compiler of the *Mishna*; for, having seriously considered the state of our nation in his time; and also perceiving that the captivity had already continued a long time (he having lived about 100 years after the destruction of the temple); and that those learned in the Oral Law began to decrease: And justly apprehending that the face of affairs might one day grow worse, he came to the resolution of compiling and digesting into one body all those Doctrines and Practices of our church which had been preserved and conveyed down to posterity by Oral Tradition, from the time of the Elders and the Prophets, the men of the Great Synagogue, and also the Mishnical Doctors down to his own time. All these he committed to writing and arranged under *six* general heads, called *Sedorim*, orders or classes."—"As soon as the *Mishna* was committed to writing," adds the same learned Jew, "it was received by all our nation with a general consent, and was so universally approved of by them, that it was embraced as an authentic body of the Law (as it undoubtedly was, being delivered by God to Moses as an explanation of the Written Law, and handed down by tradition, as already shown), and taught in all our public schools in the Holy Land, as also in *Babylon*."

The *Gemaras* are expositions of the *Mishna*; for the *Mishna*, being delivered in aphorisms or short sentences, as not being intended to be committed to writing, but delivered by tradition, was thought to need some larger explications to render it the more easy and intelligible. "This task," observes the author already quoted, "was begun within a short time after its first publication, by several of the most eminent and learned men in the nation, who, in their respective ages and

schools, taught and expounded to their scholars the meaning of those short sentences, and illustrated all the difficult and less obvious passages of the *Mishna*, with proper and useful Comments; and those Comments and Expositions are, what we call *Gemara*, that is, the *Complement*, because by them the *Mishna* is fully explained, and the whole traditionary doctrine of our law and religion completed; for the *Mishna* is the text, and the *Gemara* is the comment, and both together is what we call the *Talmud*." The comments thus collected by R. Jochanan in the third century of the Christian era, and appended to the *Mishna*, constitute with it the *Jerusalem Talmud*; and the comments and expositions collected by R. Ashe and his successors in the presidentship of the Jewish academy at Sora, and completed about the year 500, form, with the *Mishna*, the *Babylonish Talmud*; and are sometimes called the *Talmud*, though without the text or *Mishna*. The *Mishna*, or text, is the same in both Talmuds, the difference being in the *Gemaras* or Comments.

The *Mishna* has been frequently printed separately, with and without commentaries:—two editions, in folio, were printed at *Naples*, in 1492, with the commentary of Maimonides, by Joshua Solomon of Soncini:—another edition, with the Comments of Maimonides and Bartenora, was published at *Venice*, A.D. 1606, in folio, and again with brief and useful scholia in 1609, in 8vo. There have also been separate portions printed both by Jews and Christians; those by Christians are generally accompanied with translations, chiefly in Latin, except two titles or sections—*Shabbath* and *Eruvin*, in English, by Dr. Wotten, accompanied with learned notes, in a rare and valuable work, entitled, "Miscellaneous Discourses relating to the Traditions and Usages of the Scribes and Pharisees in our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ's time." 2 vols. 8vo, *London*, 1718. The most complete and useful edition of the entire *Mishna*, is that by Surenhusius entitled, "MISHNA, sive totius Hebræorum Juris, Rituum, Antiquitatum, ac Legum Oralium Systema. Heb. et Lat. cum Commentariis Maimonidis, Bartenoræ et aliorum: Interprete, Editore et Notatore, Guil. Surenhusio." *Amst.* 1698—1703, 6 volumes folio.—"This is a very beautiful and correct work," says a learned commentator and bibliographer,* "necessary to the library of every biblical critic and divine. He who has it, need be solicitous for nothing more on this subject."

The *Talmuds*, being compiled by men of various talents and learning during a course of successive ages, contain, as we might justly expect, many highly figurative illustrations of Jewish opinions, many extra-

* Dr. Adam Clarke.

gant and absurd expositions of Scripture, and violent invectives against Christ and Christianity, with numberless fabulous relations and additions to Scripture facts. The English reader who wishes to form an opinion of the ridiculous fables and monstrous absurdities, to be found in these volumes and other Rabbinical works, may consult the Rev. J. P. Stehelin's "RABBINICAL LITERATURE; or, the Traditions of the Jews, contained in their Talmud and other mystical Writings." London, 1748, 2 vols., 8vo. The Talmudic writings have, of late, however, found an ingenious defender in *Mr. Hyman Hurwitz*, who in an *Essay* prefixed to his "HEBREW TALES," has advocated the cause of the Hebrew writers with considerable ability and learning; and in the "Hebrew Tales" themselves has presented the reader with several pleasing and important apologues, selected from their writings, and conveyed in an elegant and spirited translation.

But whatever may be the judgment formed of the contents of the Talmuds, it must be matter of regret to every candid lover of literature that they should have been so frequently and vigorously prohibited and suppressed; for, "if the *Talmud* was received with great applause by the Jews," says the Rev. J. P. Stehelin, "the Christians looked upon it as a book very pernicious, abounding with ridiculous fables, insignificant decisions, and manifest contradictions. The Emperor Justinian in his 14th *Novel*; Lewis the Saint, King of France in the year 1240; Philip IV., King of Spain; the Popes Gregory IX.; Innocent IV.; Honorius IV.; John XXII.; Clement VI.; Julius III.; Paul IV.; Pius V.; Gregory XIII.; Clement VIII.; etc., forbade the reading of it. The Cardinal Inquisitors at Rome, by a decree made in the year 1563, and confirmed afterwards, in the year 1627, ordered all the copies of it to be burned. In consequence of which, the famous library of the Jews at Cremona was, in the year 1569, plundered, and about 12,000 copies, as well of the Talmud as of other Rabbinical books, committed to the flames." (Pref. p. 27).*

Towards the close of the tenth or the commencement of the eleventh century, the Talmud was translated into *Arabic* by order of Haschim II., Caliph of Cordova, who committed the translation to R. Joseph, the disciple of R. Moses, usually called *Moses clad with a sack*, from having been thus meanly clothed when his great learning and talents were first discovered.

* See also "Illustrations of Biblical Literature," vol. i. p. 184; ii. pp. 179, 479; iii. p. 20.

2.—THE TARGUMS.

The Chaldee word *Targum* means *translation* or *interpretation*, but is chiefly appropriated to the versions or translations of the Scriptures into the East-Aramæan or Chaldee dialect. For, after the Babylonish captivity, it was the practice of the Jews, that when the Law was “read in the synagogue every Sabbath-day,” in pure Hebrew, an explanation was subjoined to it in Chaldee, in order to render it intelligible to the people, who had but an imperfect knowledge of the Biblical Hebrew. There are ten Targums or Paraphrases still extant, on different parts of the Old Testament: These are,

1. *The Targum of Onkelos*, which was probably executed about the time of the Christian era, or a few years previously, as Onkelos, who was a Jew by birth and highly esteemed for his learning and probity, is said to have died eighteen years before the destruction of Jerusalem. “It is a strictly literal version, word for word, of the original text” of the Hebrew Pentateuch, into pure Chaldee. It was printed with the Pentateuch, in folio, 1482, *Bonon*. The best edition will be found in Buxdorf’s Hebrew Bible, 2 vols., *Basil*, 1620; or in the *London Polyglot*, vol. i. taken from the above, *London*, 1657, 6 vols. folio.

2. *The Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel, on the Prophets*; that is, on *Joshua*, *Judges*, *Samuel*, and *Kings*, called by the Jews the *former Prophets*;—and *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, *Ezekiel*, and the *twelve minor Prophets* called the *latter Prophets*. “This Targum is a paraphrase rather than a version, and contains many of the writer’s own glosses on the text; besides which, several stories are inserted which discredit the work.” The author, Jonathan the son of Uzziel, who was nearly contemporary with Onkelos, is said to have been educated in the school of Rabbi Hillel, grandfather to Gamaliel, at whose feet the Apostle Paul was “brought up.” To attach the greater authority to this Targum, the Jews assert that, whilst its author was composing it, there was an earthquake for forty leagues around him; and that if a bird happened to pass over him, or a fly to alight on his paper whilst writing, it was immediately consumed by fire from heaven, without any injury being sustained either in the Rabbi’s person or his paper! The earliest printed edition of part of this Targum was that published with the *PROPHETÆ PRIORES*, folio, *Leiræ*, 1494; but the whole was published by Buxtorf in his *Hebrew Bible*, folio, 2 vols., 1620. This and the *London Polyglot* contain the best editions of this Targum.

3. *The Targum of the Pseudo-Jonathan*, so called from being *falsely* ascribed to *Jonathan Ben Uzziel*, from whose paraphrase of the Prophets it differs so exceedingly both in style and diction, as well as in the frequent introduction of legendary stories, and occurrences long subsequent to the time of Jonathan, as to place its *pseudo* character beyond a doubt. It is a diffuse and paraphrastic version of the *Pentateuch*, and was first printed at Venice, and afterwards at Basle. Since then it has been printed at Hanover, 1614, and at Amsterdam, with the Targums of Onkelos and Jerusalem and the Commentary of R. Solomon Jarchi:—It was translated into Latin, in the sixteenth century, by Anthony Ralph de Chevalier.

4. *The Jerusalem Targum*, so denominated from being written in the dialect of Jerusalem, or that which was spoken by the Jews after their return from the Babylonish Captivity. The author and date of it are unknown, but it does not appear to have been written earlier than the seventh century, and some have thought not till the seventh or eighth, or even the ninth century. This Targum is not a continued paraphrase of the entire *Pentateuch*, on which it is written, but of certain parts only, occasionally omitting whole verses or chapters, and sometimes offering explanations of single words or sentences; it has therefore been supposed, by several learned philologers and critics, to have been compiled by various authors, and formed from extracts and collections. It was translated into Latin by Chevalier, and by Francis Taylor. This Targum was published by Buxtorf in his Great Rabbinical Bible, *Venice*, 1547, *folio*, and by Walton in the London Polyglot, 1657, with an improved Latin translation. A Latin version was printed at London, 1649.

5. *The Targum of Rabbi Joseph*, surnamed the *Blind*, ruler of an academy in Syria, who flourished in the fourth century. It is a paraphrase on the books of *Chronicles* written in the Jerusalem dialect. The best edition of this Targum, is that published by David Wilkins, from a manuscript in the University Library at Cambridge, *Amst.*, 1715, 4to.

6. *The Targum on certain books of the Cetubim*, or Hagiographa or Holy Writings, viz. *The Psalms*, *Proverbs*, and *Job*, is ascribed by some Jewish writers to Rabbi Joseph the Blind, though others affirm the author to be unknown. The style of it is barbarous and unequal, and intermixed with Syriac and Greek, and Latin words, so that none but the most skilful even of the Jews can read it. It has been published in Latin by Arias Montanus and others.

7. *The Targum on the Megilloth*, or books of Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations of Jeremiah, and Esther. The dialect

is that of Jerusalem, and appears not to have been written earlier than the sixth century. The author of it is unknown.

8, 9, 10. *Targums on the book of Esther*. Of these three Targums, the first has been printed in the Antwerp Polyglot, the second in the London Polyglot, and a Latin version of the third by Francis Taylor, London, 1655. The first is said to be the least diffuse, and the least corrupted by legendary fables and traditions. They are all of late date, and their authors uncertain.

(To be continued.)

DON ISAAC OROBIO DE CASTRO.

DON ISAAC OROBIO DE CASTRO was a native of Portugal, and a philosopher and physician of eminence in the seventeenth century. His parents, who were Jews, although outwardly professing Catholicism, educated him in Judaism. Orobio studied the scholastic philosophy usual in Spain, and became so skilled in it that he was made professor of metaphysics at the university of Salamanca. Afterwards applying himself to the study of physics, he practised that art with great reputation at Seville, until, suspected of Judaism, he was thrown into the Inquisition, and suffered the most dreadful cruelties to extort a confession. His own account is the best we have of the sufferings of those persons who incurred the displeasure or suspicion of that merciless tribunal. He tells us that he was put into a dark dungeon, so narrow that he could scarcely turn in it, and suffered so many hardships that his brain became disturbed. He would ask himself, "Am I that Don Balthasar (his baptismal name) Orobio, who walked about freely in Seville, who lived at ease, and had the blessing of a wife and children?" Sometimes he would suppose his past life to have been a dream, and that the dungeon where he then lay was his birth-place, and which to all appearance would be that of his death. At other times, as he had a very metaphysical mind, he formed arguments and then resolved them, thus performing the parts of opponent, respondent, and moderator at the same time. In this way he amused himself, and constantly denied that he was a Jew. After appearing twice or thrice before the inquisitors, he was used as follows:—At the bottom of a subterraneous vault, lighted by two or three small lamps, he appeared before two persons. One was the judge, and the other the secretary of the Inquisition, who, asking him

to confess the truth, declared that, in the case of a criminal's denial, the holy office would not be deemed the cause of his death if he should expire under the torture, but it must be attributed to his own obstinacy. Then the executioner stripped off his clothes, tied his hands and feet with a strong cord, and set him on a low stool, while he passed the cord through some iron rings fixed in the walls; then drawing away the stool, he remained suspended by the cord, which the executioner drew tighter and tighter to make him confess, until a surgeon assured the court he could not bear more without expiring. These cords put him to exquisite torture, by cutting into the flesh, and making the blood burst from under his nails. To prevent the cords tearing off the flesh, of which there was danger, bands were girded about the breast, which were drawn so tight that he would not have been able to breathe, if he had not held his breath in while the executioners put the bands round him. By this device his lungs were enabled to perform their functions. During the severest of his sufferings, he was told that was but the beginning of his torments, and that he had better confess before they proceeded to extremities. Orobio adds, that the executioner being on a small ladder, to frighten him, frequently let it fall against his shin-bones. The staves, being sharp, caused him dreadful pain. After three years' confinement, as he persevered in denying his Judaism, they ordered his wounds to be cured, and released him. Shortly after he quitted Spain, and retired to France, and was made professor of medicine at Toulouse. The theses he chose for obtaining that place were on putrefaction, and he maintained them with so much metaphysical subtlety, that he embarrassed all his competitors. He continued there to appear a Christian; but weary of dissembling, he went to Amsterdam, where he was circumcised, and took the name of Isaac. He wrote "Israel Avenged," an exposition of the prophecies Christians apply to the Messiah; "A Philosophical Defence of the Revealed and Natural Law;" "A Letter in Defence of the Law of Moses;" "The Divine Prohibition of Heathen Idolatry;" "Reflections on the Seventy Weeks of Daniel;" and "Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah;" "On the Perpetuity of the Mosaic Law;" and "Three Treatises in favor of Judaism." He died at Amsterdam in 1687.

THE STAGE.

THE winter season of amusements has been fully inaugurated, and to judge from the foretaste we have had, it would seem that it will be in every respect the most brilliant and successful ever witnessed in New York. With two Italian Opera companies in active operation, and a promised English one, three new theatres added to the many already in existence, numberless concerts, lectures, shows, and variety entertainments of all kinds and grades, our good citizens will be in no danger of becoming melancholy during the approaching long winter nights. It is also a very noticeable feature of the season that *impresarios* and managers generally have spared neither pains nor expense to render their respective attractions worthy of public support. The time has evidently passed for mediocrity to be tolerated on our metropolitan boards; the standard of the drama is also much improved, and though in some instances there is still a pandering to a taste for sensational French plays, yet even in this respect a wholesome change for the better has taken place.

In re-opening, in this issue of our periodical, the Stage department which was held in abeyance during the summer months, we desired to give a full summary of all the performances now running at the several leading theatres; but in consequence of being limited for space, we are compelled to confine ourselves merely to a resumé of the delightful representations which have so far marked the career of the opera company under the direction of Mr. Strakosch.

Seldom if ever has Italian Opera at the Academy of Music been produced by so strong a company and with such remarkable completeness. Hitherto the habitués of that house have been accustomed to companies whose only merit was concentrated in one or two stars. The anomaly was thus often presented of a great artist laboring under the serious disadvantage of being unworthily supported. Again, from long usage and toleration, an inefficient chorus and orchestra seemed to be as much the established rule of the Academy as the utter want of all scenic effects. From these causes Italian Opera in New York has never been a success, and in this respect the metropolis of the New World was forced to admit its utter inferiority to almost every European capital. Much praise is therefore due to Mr. Strakosch, who from his first coming among us endeavored to awaken a real enthusi-

asm for this most delicious and refined of all amusements, by his unceasing efforts to place before the public an entertainment worthy of support. In the present season he has surpassed all his previous endeavors, and at last can New York claim comparison with her older rivals.

The opening performance took place on September 29, and from the first it was evident that the arrangements of the *impressario* had been made on a very complete scale. The orchestra, under the able direction of Signor Muzio, was well organized and thoroughly trained, while the chorus was strong in numbers, and under excellent discipline. The *rentrée* of so talented and admired an artist as Mme. Nilsson was a sufficient attraction for the gathering of a large and fashionable audience; hence the manager very prudently held in reserve his new works and fresh performers. "La Traviata" was therefore selected, the principal characters being sustained by Mme. Nilsson, Mons. Capoul and Sig. Del Puente. Of the merits of the two former artists the public need no assurance. The prima-donna was greeted with immense applause and vociferous cheering, and long before the curtain fell on the first act it was apparent that her charming voice and superb acting had if possible even improved since her last visit. M. Capoul as *Alfredo* sang all the music assigned to him with exquisite good taste and re-established himself in popular favor. Sig. Del Puente made his *début* before an American audience as *Germont*, and from the outset proved himself a good singer and able actor. His rich baritone voice is, with the exception of Mr. Santley's, the best heard in this country. Indeed, in the second act the honors were chiefly carried off by him.

On the second night "Lucrezia Borgia" was given, and three new artists were introduced. Sig. Campanini, the tenor, who has won the highest laurels abroad, realized all the expectations that had been formed about him. His voice is very pure and sweet, his method that of a thorough artist, and his delivery clear, easy and tasteful. Sig. Nannetti, the new basso, also achieved a triumph. Though a young man, he is perfectly at home on the stage and is master of all its details, while the rich and sonorous tones of his voice are such as have not often been heard at the Academy. Signora Maresi is not what may be called either a great singer or a powerful artist, yet she possesses a very agreeable and fresh soprano voice, and rendered all the music assigned to her with credit to herself and satisfaction to the audience. In lighter characters she will doubtless produce a much stronger impression and prove a valuable acquisition to the lyric stage. In addition to the attractions of these three singers, the rendering of

the opera was also enhanced by the rentrée of Miss Annie Louise Cary in the rôle of the *Maffio Orsini*. This lady is deservedly a favorite, for in all her characters she establishes her claim as a careful and well-trained artist.

On the third night "Faust" was produced, with Mme. Nilsson and M. Capoul in their usual rôles of *Margarita* and her lover, Sig. Nannetti as *Mephisto*, and M. Maurel as *Valentino*. Nothing better can be desired than Mme. Nilsson's impersonation of the heroine. In this, as in all her parts, she is above criticism. M. Maurel imparted to the rôle of *Valentino* an unusual interest, and marked his début by a triumph which affords another matter of congratulation to Mr. Strakosch.

The repetition of "Lucrezia Borgia" at the matinée on Saturday ended the first week's performances.

On the following Monday night "Lucia di Lammermoor" was produced, but in consequence of Madame Nilsson suffering from a temporary indisposition, the part of the heroine was assigned to Mdle. Torriani, who was thus called upon at short notice to make her début in a very exacting character. Had she failed to fill the part acceptably, it would not have been surprising. Far from doing this, however, she created a marked impression and fairly carried the house with her. With the entré of Mdle. Torriani the list of Mr. Strakosch's new artists was completed, and now that the public have had the opportunity of hearing them all, there is little room left for doubt as to the unparalleled strength of the company. It is safe to say therefore that every future performance will be as creditable as those which have already taken place.

On the sixth occasion Mme. Nilsson, having recovered, appeared as *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore." Her splendid impersonation of the unhappy heroine, added to Sig. Campanini's delicious singing in the rôle of *Manrico*, made the rendition of the opera as enjoyable as any of its predecessors.

On the seventh and eighth performances *Faust* and *Il Trovatore* were repeated.

The third week opened with the production of "Mignon," for the first time this season. To say that it was perfect in all its parts is hardly necessary, when we mention that the cast consisted of Mme. Nilsson as *Mignon*, M. Capoul as *Guglielmo*, Signora Torriani as *Filina*, Sig. Nannetti as *Lotario*, Miss Cary as *Federico*, and Sig. Scolara as *Laerte*.

Such have been the performances up to the time of writing this notice. That the entire season will be a continued triumph we are

sure, and it will give us no little pleasure to chronicle such triumph, believing that too much praise cannot be awarded to a manager who has done so much towards removing the reproach which has so long been attached to the citizens of New York, that they are incapable of appreciating or supporting Italian Opera. Mr. Strakosch, having brought forward a company worthy of a critical and intelligent public, is meeting with the success to which he is entitled.

LIFE.

BY R. M. FULLER.

A Broken vase,
 A withered flower,
 The memory of a bygone hour,
 A faded leaf,
 An empty chair,
 A treasured lock of golden hair.
 Our idols these,
 Our household gods,
 Our comforts and our chastening rods:
 The threescore years
 Man often sees
 Are summed by little things like these.

A PRAYER.

BY R. M. FULLER.

Oh, God! Most High, Eternal, grand
 In majesty, and far removed
 Above the scope of man's weak mind;
 Guide Thou my steps, and with Thy hands
 Outstretched in mercy, save Thou me
 From all sin and sinning. Instil
 Within my heart that gentle peace,
 Surpassing far the peace of man,
 And lave me in Thy saving grace
 Till I am whiter than the snow.

THE NEW ERA.

VOL. III.—NOVEMBER, 1873.—NO. 11.

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(FIFTH ARTICLE.)

THOUGH incurring the risk of the reproach that I am repeating myself, I deem it necessary, before taking a general though brief survey of the condition of society under the influence of exclusively Catholic education, to once more call the reader's attention to the grounds whereon the advocates of that system found its claim for superiority, and indeed for the supremacy of its establishment in this country.

In addition to the pardonable desire to spread and propagate their faith, they profess a sincere love for their adopted country and anxiety for the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of their fellow-citizens of a faith different from their own. I consider it even a duty to give credit for similar good intentions to their progenitors and predecessors—the men of former times who, believing they were doing what was right, and having the power to act according to their convictions, did so consistently and perseveringly.

It is a part of the teachings of a very convenient "system of morality" which constitutes one of the class-books in certain theological institutions, that no action is either good or bad, either commendable or reprehensible, *per se*, but that it is meritorious or sinful according to the intention and the object in view by the agent or performer. It was solely with a view to promote the prosperity of his kingdom that Louis XIV., by his revocation of the edict of Nantes, banished for a long series of years industry and intelligence from France, and transferred them to England. It cannot be denied that it was from a love for

his country, his fellow-citizens, and the human race in general, that Torquemada insisted upon the exile of the Moors and Jews from Spain, and thus laid the firm foundation for the moral, social, intellectual, and political ruin of that country; nor that the Inquisition, or Holy Office as it called itself, burnt alive thousands of human beings without distinction of age or sex, not only for the good of their souls, but to seize upon their property for the good of their church; and who would be so bold as to deny that the thirteen hundred children buried alive in one common grave in Hungary were thus disposed of from any other motive than the duty to send their little souls to heaven before they could have become contaminated by the teachings of those lost sinners—their parents! The time is past and the power extinct for burning adults and burying infants alive. Philanthropy assumes a different shape. The children of Protestant parents are to be merely deprotestantized, and so educated and “indoctrinated” in Catholicism as to become, “when attaining the age of manhood and womanhood, in the fullest sense true, loyal, and exemplary citizens, such as can alone arrest the downward tendency of the Republic,” “so instructed in Christianity, by precept and *example*,* that they may not be the scourges of the community, ready to draw the matricidal knife across their country’s throat, but be happily the pride of the State.” Because without the Christian (*i.e.* Catholic) education of youth, “society has no safeguard; and men degenerate into brute beasts.” These arguments have been already partly answered in the preceding papers, and it may further be argued or humbly submitted by way of apology that *all* non-Catholic educated persons have not been such very bad citizens, not quite brute beasts: for instance, the Protestant Peabody and Howard; the Jewish Montefiore and Touro; the Unitarian Martineau and Priestley; the Quaker Fox and Barclay; to which might be added the D’Israelis, the Broughams, the Chathams, Newtons, Miltons, Herschels, Johnsons, Shakespeares, the Guizots, Cavour, the Washingtons, the Bismarcks, and here and there a few hundreds of thousands of men and women that have shed lustre on their country and human nature, and have, some in one, others in another way, been the benefactors of their race. These may be admitted as exceptions, and as such only. A Cato, a Socrates, a Pythagoras, a Judas Machabæus, a Confucius—mix them up—were only brute beasts! The two hundred millions of Protestants, the ninety million members of the Greek Church, the seven millions of Jews, all brute beasts; all Freemasons, brute beasts; the many millions of highly civilized Chinese, Hindoos, Japanese, Mahometans—brute beasts. Upwards of one thousand millions of the thirteen hundred million

* See preceding article.

that constitute the human family, all brute beasts, all fit subjects for the flames here, most assuredly fuel for eternal fires hereafter.

The evidence in support of this grand fact is to be furnished by the existence of a condition of society there, where exclusively Catholic education obtains and has at all times existed, superior to any condition of society where that system of education neither is nor has been for a long period of time in existence. An inquiry into this matter is legitimate and desirable, or at least should be so, to all parties. Society has the right to make it, and it is the duty of those who watch over its welfare, the magistrates who are the social as the parents are the natural guardians of the rising generation, to make that inquiry in order to ascertain and decide according to the evidence, whether any particular system of education, be it religious or secular, be well or ill adapted for preparing men to associate with their fellow-men *here on earth*—a duty of which the Catholic authors, from whose writings extracts have been given in my first or introductory paper, appear to have felt the incumbency. It is, consequently, the duty of the magistracy and of the legislature to ascertain whether an exclusively Catholic education be or be not such as to entitle it to the superiority claimed for it as an instrument by which it, and it alone, is enabled to furnish a safeguard to the community; or at least to bring about a social condition superior to what it is or could be made under any system of non-Catholic education.

In continuing my investigation into this subject, I must confine myself, as I have done hitherto, to a few facts, the knowledge of which, as of many more, is partly the result of personal observation, partly of the information gathered from trustworthy authorities: these authorities are either official documents, or authors well informed on the subject, the latter being all or nearly all Roman Catholic ecclesiastics.

It is almost needless to state that in no community in the world is society utterly corrupt, in none are crime and immorality universal; and I am sure that if the writers from whose publications I have transcribed the charges brought by them against non-Catholic society will reflect calmly, instead of allowing themselves to be carried away by an excess of zeal, they will admit that it does *not* require to be deprotestantized or catholicized in order to be a good man or woman. When, however, it is uncompromisingly insisted upon from all quarters that none but the Catholic educated can be good men and women, then it is but just to disprove this assertion.

Now, if we had yet to learn, by trying the experiment, what the condition of society *would* be under the influence of exclusively Catholic education, there might be some uncertainty as to the probable result

of such deprotestantizing or catholicizing process. Such, however, is not the case. We have before us the condition of society, as it is and ever has been in Roman Catholic educated communities, and also as it is and ever has been in non-Catholic educated communities. We have the experience of eighteen centuries to appeal to. Let us then make that appeal, and make that the test; and better guides than experience of the past and observation of the present we cannot have. Eschewing arguments and casting theories to the winds, and limiting ourselves to a plain statement of facts, we will exhibit the condition of society there, where education is and ever has been exclusively Catholic, in countries and communities where there is no necessity for deprotestantizing or catholicizing; where the Bible is banished from the schools; where youth are not allowed to receive any but an exclusively Catholic education; where they are "thoroughly indoctrinated," and where the clergy exclusively superintend and direct education in all its branches—are at the same time the guides to lead both men and women in the pathway of duty towards God and their fellow-men; and lastly, where the influence of that clergy over the mind and action is all-powerful—boundless, absolute.

It has been asserted that social corruption is not only owing to surrounding circumstances, but that it took its birth at the Reformation, and spread with what is *called* "the diffusion of knowledge, science and enlightenment." But what was the condition of society for a long series of ages prior to the dawn of the Reformation and to the spread of that knowledge and enlightenment, promoted in our "godless" schools and by which "men may be changed into brute beasts," in those past times when "ignorance was bliss," and it was "folly to be wise?" The following is an extract from the writings of one of those dignitaries of the Catholic church already alluded to:—

In 1191 was instituted the order of the Teutonic Knights, then, however, under the name of the Knights of Our Lady of Mount Zion. The order adopted the rule of St. Augustin, but was both religious and military. They were "Knights hospitallers," and every member had to give proofs of nobility. They made the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience, and were bound to defend the church and the Holy Land and to exercise hospitality towards the pilgrims of their own country (Germany). Their number was limited *ab initio* to two, besides four lay-brothers and seven priests. The latter celebrated mass armed cap-a-pied, and with swords half out of the scabbard. They were to wear the beard and sleep on bare boards.

After having been driven from the Holy Land, they were called by the Poles, to assist the latter in subduing Prussia, and Christian-

the country. There, their ambition, not satisfied with the territory of Cnln and other vast domains, nor with keeping for themselves the conquests made in the *name* of Poland, they attempted to subdue that kingdom, "and," says the historian, "by a singular phenomenon of policy and religion, an ecclesiastical body, sworn to humiliation and poverty, was seen to bid defiance and keep in check the military power and resources of a kingdom." Humility, zeal, piety, every one of the virtues by which the order was to be characterized and for the practice of which it had been instituted, vanished before the wealth by which it had become enriched. They conquered Prussia, Livonia, Courland, etc. They carried their arms even into Muscovy, carrying on a war of twelve years' duration, during which they laid eight thousand villages in ashes and destroyed three hundred thousand human lives—no choice being left to the helpless and defenceless but baptism or death. They murdered in cold blood upwards of ten thousand citizens of Dantzic, and at a festival treacherously cut the throats of a crowd of nobles who had expressed some disapprobation of their proceedings. Wherever these servants of God made their appearance, there was an end to law, justice, morality, and even outward decency. Conversion or death. Submission of matrons and maids to their licentious demands, or death. Cession of property, delivery of valuables, or death on the rack. "They never," says the historian, "commanded greater respect for their character, than when they at last abjured propriety and ceased to be hypocrites." Crime and cruelty, vice and luxury, ere long invaded every rank, every grade, every household, the palace, the castle, and the monastery alike. The peasant under his thatched roof, the noble in his castle, the monk in his convent, all alike robbed, plundered, murdered, ravished,—and even abbots and bishops at the head of armies massacred in cold blood their fellow-Christian prisoners taken in battle. Yet these very men punished laymen with the extraction of all the teeth, for tasting a morsel of flesh-meat on "fast-days."

History informs us that in those good olden times of piety and exclusively Catholic education things had come to such a pass that from one end of Europe to the other sprung up what in our own days are known as Vigilance Committees. In Germany it was the Fehm-Gericht. In Spain it was the origin of the order of Santiago, which became so famous after the clergy had taken that vigilance committee into their own hands and spiritualized it, by which means it was inordinately enriched. Was there in those good olden times, the revival of which is so devoutly prayed for and calls forth such constant, such incessant labor throughout the world, was there any necessity for es-

tablishments of that kind? The following fact in addition to those already stated speaks for itself.

We are assured by the Catholic press that, "outside of the Catholic church there is no safeguard against crime, vice and immorality." That it there existed under the name of sin, is admitted and proved by the fact that Boniface VIII.* published a Bull by which he granted plenary indulgence and full remission of sins to all the faithful in the Christian world who, during that year and every subsequent hundredth year, should visit the tombs of the Holy Apostles. Millions flocked to Rome, which derived an immense income from this great influx of sin, to be left behind along with the money. But was there an end of sin, of crime, of vice? It was subsequently found convenient to have two jubilees within a century. During the following year, they reappeared with new fresh life and increased vigor, not only throughout Christendom, not merely in Italy, but in Rome itself.

Nay, within the very year in which that first remission of sin was obtained, assassination became the order of the day. Human life became so worthless, that men shed the blood of their fellow-men for the mere gratification of gloating upon their sufferings and dying agonies. Thus, for instance, at the University of Padua, the young students, well armed, divided themselves into two bands. One of these would hide within the porch of a convent, monastery or church at one end of the street, and another party at the other extremity of the same street or contiguous thereto. When any person passed, one band would give the signal by calling out "*Chi va là.*" The signal would be answered by the other band with "*Chi va là.*" They then would rush upon the defenceless citizen, whom they often cut to pieces.†

* Boniface VIII., elected in 1294, was a man of talent; well-informed, bold and persistent; but vain, ambitious, and vindictive. He was exceedingly covetous, and, as he spared no means to enrich himself, was cordially hated. In order to fill his treasury, he instituted the jubilee in 1300. At one time he was seized, ill-treated and roughly handled by the agents of Philip le Belle, in return for a Bull of excommunication fulminated against the king, deprived of all his wealth, and this though at his coronation the kings of Hungary and Sicily had held the bridle of his horse and waited on him at dinner!

"Old times are changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fills the (Stuarts') throne."

—Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*," exclaims a herald three times at the coronation of a French king, whilst setting fire to a bundle of flax which he (the herald) holds in his left hand. How true!

† Involuntarily rise up before my memory the New York riots of July, 1863, against the harmless and inoffensive colored population; the destruction by fire of their asylums, and the braining of police authorities and soldiers by hyenas in human form!

But to resume the subject.

Of the social condition of Mexico, the *Opinion Nationale* (Sept. 3d, 1863) presents the following picture, in reply to the arguments of *La France* in favor of the Latin race and the "progress of Catholic civilization."

"As far as Catholic civilization is concerned, it has realized a painful chef d'œuvre in Mexico. The Inquisition, religious intolerance, the absorption by the monks of one-third of the national territory, the ignorance and superstition of the people carried to the utmost extent, the absence of all industry,* the hideous depravity of the clergy: this is what Catholic civilization, free from every liberal and philosophical restraint, has realized in Mexico. Catholic civilization has erected statues and images . . . at every cross-road, but it has forgotten schools, it has extinguished intelligence, it has been the plague of that country as it has been of the most part of those places where it has ruled without a counterbalancing influence."

Such appears, according to the French writer, to have been then the condition of Mexico, and may perhaps have continued to be till quite recently, so as to have called for the remarkable constitutional changes introduced. Under date of October 2, 1873, we have the important intelligence that "its Congress has decreed additions or amendments to the constitution, embracing the separation of Church and State, absolute religious liberty, the suppression of all forms of involuntary servitude, the prohibition of monastic orders, the establishment of marriage as a civil contract, the abolition of religious test-oaths, an interdict against the holding of property by religious institutions, and the annulment of all contracts made among persons consenting to their own proscription or banishment." Whether these changes will, without secular education and compulsory attendance at schools, and perfect liberty of the press, be productive of a national, social, and moral improvement, remains yet to be seen.

The clergy do not appear to entertain that opinion, all the parish priests having excommunicated all persons recognizing the constitution and the reforms inaugurated by the government of the reformers.

"By precept and example," say the advocates of an exclusively Catholic system of education. But is the example furnished in countries where even for centuries Catholic education has had exclusive control, always safely to be followed? The following, for instance, is an example placed before youth over the vast continent of South America.

* Catholicism in Mexico is, however, not to be charged with the absence of industry. For *that*, the country, in common with all the former colonies, may thank the jealousy and bad government of its Spanish masters.

"With the exception of the minor grades," says Gustave Armand, the "monks are jolly fellows, smoking, drinking, swearing and making love as well as any man of the world. It is not uncommon to see in a wine-shop a fat friar with a red face and a cigarette in his mouth, merrily playing the villuela, as dance accompaniment to a loving couple to whom he will give absolution the next morning." "Most of the friars carry their knives in their sleeves, and in a quarrel, which is a frequent thing, . . . use them well and with little remorse on the first-comer."

Of the social condition in the island of Cuba, the following picture was presented by one of the speakers * at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in this city. I prefer giving the statement in the speaker's own words, as reported in the newspapers, for though it would be unfair to suspect the reverend gentleman of partiality or exaggeration, the fact must not be lost sight of that that statement, however truthful it may be, is made by a confessed opponent to Catholic education. The report, which I give *in extenso*, reads as follows :

Unbelief, immorality, injustice, corruption everywhere abounded. The only sign of Christianity in the whole place was the cross on the churches and the celebration of the mass. The priests, however, he contended, seemed to consider even this "outward sign" of religion as rather an irksome one, and they hurried through the ceremony as though the same was irksome to them. Indeed, he said, their great incentive to their hurrying through their religious duties was, at times, their desire to be present at cock or bull fight or "some other low and degrading pastime." The priests were immoral, and the only exception to what he considered a general rule was the Jesuits. Demoralizing unbelief and immorality as a consequence prevailed. As for the country curates, they lived in a state of demoralization and immorality that was appalling. There were, he said, 149 churches on the island, with a revenue of £130,000, yet he asserted that the word of God was not expounded in the churches, and vices of all kinds were allowed to go unchecked. The educated Cubans were more familiar with Rénan's Life of Jesus Christ than with the teachings of the Bible. He said 10,000 children only went to school on the whole island, and of these 1,500 were colored.

"One of the obstacles to the complete and sincere conversion of the Indians in South America," says another French writer, likewise dignitary of the Church of Rome, "is their want of instruction and inconsistency they observe in the teachings and the lives of the clergy . . . The very priests who preach chastity and morality keep themselves several mistresses, nor do they make a secret of it."

(To be continued.)

* The Rev. William Murray, of Jamaica, West Indies.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF KING DAVID.

BY DR. J. L. LEVISON.

(Concluded from page 400.)

BEFORE we narrate how the evil intended to be inflicted on David recoiled on the head of his rebellious son, we must mention an incidental circumstance touching the character and melancholy end of Ahithophel.

When ambitious men are determined to succeed, they never hesitate whom they shall sacrifice, and are, therefore, not deterred from consummating their object, even when in doing so they must trample on all the laws of morality.

But if, before the period of actual success, something occurs which changes the anticipated prospects, and there is a probability of having to pay a penalty for their crimes, they will often, like Ahithophel, anticipate the executioner's task by an act of suicide.

Thus we find, when the treacherous counsel of this bad man was unheeded, he seems to have had a presentiment that his new master might be defeated; so he went home and arranged his affairs, and hung himself, evidently dreading the possibility that a public and ignominious punishment would be likely to be inflicted on him for his flagrant conduct to David.* (2 Sam. xviii. 23.)

Brief as is the account of his death, there is sufficient evidence that he did it with great deliberation, so that it was not the act of an insane man, but from cowardice,

"For conscience makes cowards of us all."

We shall merely notice the first feat of arms in this civil war, terminating in the defeat and death of Absalom; and we may judge how much his injured father loved him, by his deep sorrow when apprised of the event.

The death of Absalom is instructive as teaching a lesson of the uncertainty of life, and the visible punishment inflicted even in this life on those who openly or covertly violate the laws of God. But the sad end of his beloved son had a painful effect on the mind of David, which is evident by the pathetic language in which he lamented his loss: "O my son, Absalom! my son, Absalom! would (to) God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!"

* If Ahithophel had been sentenced to death as a traitor, the punishment would have been summarily inflicted, but there would not have been any slow and studied torture, such being contrary to the spirit of the Jewish laws.

David in his deep grief forgot the rebel, and only remembered with a sorrowful heart the loss of a favorite child.*

After David was restored to his crown and kingdom, Sheba the son of Bechri raised the standard of rebellion, but he was subsequently beheaded, and the city to which he had fled was thus spared from being destroyed.

Troubles accumulated around David, for the latter events were followed by a famine of three years; yet from this latter visitation we learn the sacredness and obligation of an oath. Saul slew the Gibeonites, who were a remnant of the Ammonites, and who had by stratagem obtained from Joshua and the Israelites a sacred promise that they should be spared, which, though exacted of men who had been guilty of gross deception, could not be violated.

It would seem from this incident that when a man makes a bad bargain he has a right to keep faith, and that no subterfuge can justify any attempt to evade the compact.

David offered any compensation to the Gibeonites, but they only asked for the sons of Saul, and when they received them, these men had recourse to a species of "Lynch law," and hung these princes without either pity or remorse.

There is a touching incident mentioned in connection with the death of these victims. Respah (some relation by marriage), a daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it on a rock near where their bodies were laid, in order to watch that neither the birds of the air nor the beasts of the field mutilated them. And this "labor of love" she performed from her affectionate nature and womanly sympathy for these unfortunate men, who had suffered for the sin of Saul their father.

We might select other incidents from the life of David which might

"Point a moral or adorn a tale;"

but we have avoided doing so; and we shall reserve our views of his labors for a short separate paper. Yet we think, from what has been said, that there is a moral to be drawn from the life of this truly great man.

We have recorded different phases of his character, and shown that he was a man of strong passions, but a deeply venerative worshiper

* It will be remembered that Amnon, another son of David, ravished the sister Absalom, and that the latter killed him. These two princes were the offspring of different mothers, but one father. These events must have been a cause of great sorrow to David, and they are alluded to as furnishing evidence of the moral condition of the age, and the misery and dissatisfaction arising from polygamy.

of the living God ; that he appeared at times vindictive and vehement when denouncing his enemies, but that he was kind, considerate, and an intensely devoted friend, and a most loving father ; that though impulsive in his passions, yet he was the contrite and humble suppliant to an offended Deity. In other words, he was a man of great extremes in his mental constitution ; and though often influenced by his animal appetites, yet capable of enunciating and performing the most elevated acts of a refined humanity, and an unswerving faith in the Lord.

But we learn from his instructive history that actions which are immoral act as predisposing causes of the special punishments which are necessitated as results.

The crime of adultery, and the premeditated murder of Uriah, were visited by severe afflictions, and besides which, the reproof of Nathan the prophet induced David (under the feeling of flagrant injustice) to pronounce judgment on himself ; and although the sentence of death was not carried out in the letter, yet the condition of his mind, after recognizing his criminal conduct, produced the most salutary consequences in rendering him a better man ; and so great was the contrition of this self-convicted sinner, and so profound his deep-felt repentance, that he was never guilty of similar acts of moral turpitude.

There is, we repeat, in this history a practical lesson for all men—the consolation which a sinner may experience when he is convinced that sincere sorrow for a vicious act will be forgiven, if there is not any repetition ; and that, therefore, true repentance is the only atonement needed, as this true moral nausea restores the peace of mind of an offender, and, when the cure is perfect, gradually restores his former self-respect.

THE LITTLE GIRL KIND AND WITTY.

DURING my travels, said Rabbi Joshuah, I came near a well, where a little girl was drawing water. Being very thirsty, I asked for a draught. She handed me the pitcher. "Drink," said she, "and when thou hast done, I will draw some for the beast on which thou ridest." I quenched my thirst, and the good girl gave some to the poor animal. As I departed, I said, "Daughter of Israel ! thou hast imitated the virtuous example of our good mother Rebekah."—"Rabbi," said the little girl (with a smile, that indicated the most kindly feelings, and that the reply was a mere play of wit,) "Rabbi, if I have imitated the example of Rebekah, thou hast not imitated that of the faithful Eliezer." Kind maiden, thought the Rabbi, thou possessest already more valuable ornaments than the most faithful servant can bestow—Wit, Innocence, and Good Nature. May the Lord continue to bless thee.—*Medrash Echah.*

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. ZUNZ, BY REV. B. H. ASCHER.

(Continued from page 404.)

THEIR position in Italy became supportable in consequence of sums of money which they offered as ransom for protection. Happier, however, was their fate at Naples, where they had only to submit to persecution (anno 1261), in Trani, Oranto, Salerno, Rome, Lucaca, but especially that of a later period, which took place at Toseana. In Lombardy and Savoy the Hebrews had to endure only ONE maltreatment, which broke out against them as late as anno 1435. It is very remarkable that the Popes, almost without exception, espoused the just cause of the Jews. Since the thirteenth century they were ordered to wear a badge on a conspicuous part of their outer garments; and from the fifteenth century they were restricted to live in separate quarters, termed *Ghetti*. In Sicily, where the Jews were allowed to possess landed property, and to enjoy the privileges of a well-regulated communal constitution, they had to suffer no oppression either from the Arabs or from the Normans, and they were even spared by Frederick II. Heavy taxes were imposed upon them at subsequent periods; and from 1296 they had to share in common the lot of their oppressed brethren in Italy, to wear the yellow badge on their dress. After the vain and foolish attempt (anno 1428) to convert the Jews to Christianity, they, 100,000 in number, were mercilessly ordered (1493), by the inhuman decree of Ferdinand the Catholic, to be banished from the country; and whilst some set out in anguish of mind and in despair of their future condition for Naples, the others, who remained in Sicily under the feigned mask of Christianity, were exposed to the tyranny and persecution of the relentless Inquisition down to the year 1570. There were also Jewish settlements in Sardinia from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries. At Gozza they settled since 1390; at Malta, since 1497; and on the Isle of Pantalaria, before 1496. Most flourishing was the position of the Jews in France, especially in Paris, Lyons, Languedoc, and Provence, during the eighth and ninth centuries; they were large land-owners, and a *Magi Judæorum* superintended and managed their affairs. Since 877 Jews had again to submit to severe and harsh persecutions from fanatic clergy, who gradually gained a powerful influence and authority under the reign of the weak and degenerate Carlovingian dynasty.

which was the chief cause of the emigration of the Jews, under the Capetingerians, from the bishoprics into the baronies. Alas! dearly, too dearly, were the poor Hebrews compelled to purchase alternately their wretched existence from kings, bishops, feudal lords, and from various city authorities. In justification of those repeated sanguinary tumults and barbarous massacres against the innocent and patient sufferers, and which continued from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, their enemies adduced some invented stories and fables, that the Jews stabbed a holy wafer in derision of the Christian religion; that they murdered Christian children to use their blood; and that they did not even shrink from the foul and infernal practice of poisoning the wells and the public reservoirs from which Christians were wont to draw water for their domestic use. Alternately banished from, and recalled into, the various provinces, the Jews succeeded in obtaining, by the exaction of immense sums, some protection and prolongation of their privileges, but in the year 1395 they were exiled forever from the interior of France. A most disastrous and sanguinary tumult broke out fatally against the Jews in England—where they had already considerable communities in the ninth century—in the year 1189, on the coronation-day of Richard Cœur de Lion, and spite of the charter which they had bought for 4,000 silver marks from John, surnamed *Sans Terre*, they had nevertheless to endure great calamities in the reign of Henry III., whom Richard of York, Prince Edward, and the University of Oxford, were anxious to rival in the persecution of the guiltless sufferers. The Jews were deprived of their synagogues, and were even (anno 1270) debarred from the right of possessing private property. In the year 1280 their persecutors used every effort to convert them; and they were finally (anno 1290) banished from the country, so that the greatest part of those exiles emigrated to France and Germany.*

(To be continued.)

* I am almost inclined to suppose that a great part of the Jews banished from England settled in Poland. For, besides the numerous English words which are in frequent use in the Polish-Jewish jargon, I have been frequently told by many well-informed natives of Poland, that the Jews obtained a charter from a king of that country—I do not know by whom—to the effect that they should never be utterly expelled from the kingdom. Rumor says that the charter, which was written in golden characters, is yet to be found amongst the records of that kingdom at Warsaw. Great thanks would be due to any one who could throw more light on this most interesting subject; for it is positively known that no persecution took place against the Jews of Poland before the Reformation of Luther. The Polish Jews enjoyed many civil rights, had their own courts of justice, and stood in high favor with the nobility.—*Translator.*

THE LAWFUL HEIR, OR THE WISE WILL.

A RICH Israelite, who dwelt at a considerable distance from Jerusalem, had an only son, whom he sent to the Holy City for education. During his absence, the father was suddenly taken ill. Seeing his end approaching, he made his will, by which he left all his property to a slave whom he named, on condition that he should permit his son to select out of that property any single thing he might choose. No sooner was the master dead, than the slave, elated with the prospect of so much wealth, hastened to Jerusalem, informed the son of what had taken place, and showed him the will. The young Israelite was plunged into the deepest sorrow by this unexpected intelligence. He rent his clothes, strewed ashes on his head, and lamented the loss of a parent whom he tenderly loved and whose memory he still revered. As soon as the first transports of grief were over, and the days allotted for mourning had passed, the young man began seriously to consider the situation in which he was left. Born in affluence, and grown up under the expectation of receiving, after his father's demise, those possessions to which he was so justly entitled, he saw, or imagined he saw, his expectations disappointed, and his worldly prospects blighted. In this state of mind he went to his instructor, a man eminent for his piety and wisdom, acquainted him with the cause of his affliction, made him read the will, and in the bitterness of distress ventured to express his thoughts—that his father, by making such a strange disposition of his property, neither showed good sense nor affection for his only child. “Say nothing against thy father, young man!” spake the pious instructor; “thy father was both a wise man and an affectionate parent; the most convincing proof of which he gave by this very will.” “By this will!” exclaimed the young man, “by this will! Surely, my honored master, thou art not in earnest. I can see neither wisdom in bestowing his property on a slave, nor affection in depriving his only son of his legal rights.” “Thy father has done neither,” rejoined the learned instructor; “but like a just, loving parent, has, by this very will, secured the property to thee, if thou hast sense enough to avail thyself of it.” “How! how!” exclaimed the young man, in the utmost astonishment, “how is this! Truly I do not understand thee.” “Listen, then,” said the friendly instructor; “listen, young man, and thou shalt have reason to admire thy father's prudence. When he saw his end approaching, and that he must go in the way in which all mortals must sooner or later go, he thought within himself, ‘Behold, I must die: I

son is too far off to take immediate possession of my estate,—my slaves will no sooner be certain of my death than they will plunder my property; and to avoid detection, will conceal my death from my beloved child, and thus deprive him even of the melancholy consolation of mourning for me.’ To prevent the first, he bequeathed his property to his slave, whose apparent interest it would be to take care of it. To insure the second, he made it a condition that thou shouldest be allowed to select something out of that property. The slave, thought he, in order to secure his apparent legal claim, would not fail to give thee speedy information, as indeed he has done.” “Well,” exclaimed the young man, rather impatiently, “what benefit is all this to me? Will this restore me the property of which I have so unjustly been deprived?” “Ah!” replied the good man, “I see that wisdom resides only with the aged. Knowest thou not that whatever a slave possesses belongs to his lawful master? And has not thy father left thee the power of selecting out of his property any one thing thou mightest choose? What hinders thee, then, from choosing that very slave as thy portion; and by possessing him thou wilt of course be entitled to the whole property. This, no doubt, was thy father’s intention.”

The young Israelite, admiring his father’s wisdom no less than his master’s sagacity, took the hint, chose the slave as his portion, and took possession of his father’s estates. After which he gave the slave his freedom, together with a handsome present; convinced at the same time that *wisdom resides with the aged, and understanding in length of days.*

MEDRASH TANCHUMA.

ALEXANDER AND THE FEMALE CHIEF.

ALEXANDER, the Macedonian, whose mad ambition knew no bounds, and whose thirst of dominion torrents of human blood could not assuage, after having subdued numerous nations, desolated the fairest part of the globe, and covered the earth with mourning, was far from being contented with his vast dominions. He still sighed for new conquests, and was as restless and as ambitious as ever. Returning from his Indian expedition, he took it in his head to penetrate into the interior of Africa. He communicated his design to some Hebrew philosophers who were then in his camp. “Thou canst not go thither,” said the sages: “there are the dark mountains,* which intervene, and

* Alluding to the inaccessible rocks and dreary deserts.

which cannot be passed." "I do not ask you," said the headstrong chief, "whether the thing be possible or not. You know I am accustomed to conquer difficulties. My desire is, to know how to proceed." "Well, then," replied the philosophers, "get some Libyan asses, that are accustomed to walk in the dark;* bind them with pliable ropes,† the ends of which keep in thine own hand;‡ then direct, and follow." Alexander took their advice, commenced his march, and, after traversing barren wastes and dreary deserts, arrived at length in a well-cultivated country, which was chiefly inhabited and governed by women. Alexander was on the point of assailing their chief town, when a female, distinguished from the rest of her companions by her lofty stature and noble mien, stepped boldly forward; and, after respectfully saluting Alexander, inquired what might have brought him to their secluded country. "I am come," replied the impetuous chief, "to fight and to conquer." "Great king!" exclaimed the prudent heroine, "what! art thou come to fight with females? Are then the men all dead, that thou comest to show thy valor against women? Trust me, the thought of conquering us is more easy than the deed. Besides, it becomes a wise man well to calculate the consequences of an enterprise before he undertakes it. Now, grant thou conquerest us; will this tend to thy glory? Will it not after all be said, the mighty Alexander has killed a few helpless women? But should fortune turn against thee, and we should prevail, with what shame and disgrace will it not sully thy renown! Will it not then be said, the great warrior, the conqueror of the world, has at last been subdued, ignominiously subdued, by the hands of women? Leave us, then, in the undisturbed possession of our own country, and turn thy mighty arms against more worthy enemies." Alexander, struck by her intrepidity, and still more by the justness of her observations, held out his hand to her in token of peace, and only requested permission to place the following inscription on the gates of the chief city: *I, Alexander the madman, after having conquered so many nations, have at last come to this country, and learned wisdom from women.*

T. TAMID.

* Alluding perhaps to the mercenary soldiers, who are accustomed blindly to follow the impulse given by their leader.

† By this they probably meant a strict and well-regulated discipline, without which an army cannot long subsist.

‡ By this they intimated that he must keep the chief command in his own hand.

DISSERTATION ON THE TALMUDICAL AND RABBINICAL WRITINGS.

BY JAMES TOWNLEY, D.D.

(Continued from page 411.)

3.—DIGESTS OF HEBREW JURISPRUDENCE.

OF this kind are the Compendiums and Abridgments of the Mishna or Talmuds. Notices of the titles and authors of most of these will be found in Buxtorf's *Bibliotheca Rabbinica*, connected with his work *de Abbreviaturis Hebraicis*. Franeq. 1696, 8vo. Among these are,—אלפסי *Alphesi*, compiled by R. Isaac Ben Reuben, who died A.D. 1103, and printed at Cracow, 1597, in folio, with the Commentaries of R.R. Solomon Jarchi, Jonas and Nissim;—אשרי *Asheri*, composed by R. Asher, who died at Toledo, A.D. 1328:—and מי שנה חזרה *Mishneh Torah*, by Joseph Karro, printed at Venice, 1577, in folio, a work in great repute among the Jews. But the digest most esteemed, both by Jews and Christians, is the great work of Maimonides, entitled יד חזקה *Yad Chazakah* or *The Strong Hand*, in which the whole Talmud is compendiously and systematically abbreviated and explained in elegant and easy Hebrew. It was printed at Venice in 4 vols. folio, 1574; and again at Amsterdam, 4 vols. folio, 1702. A list of the titles or sections of each volume, pointing out those that have been translated into Latin, with the names of the translators, is given by Dr. Wotton in his "Miscellaneous Discourses relating to the traditions and usages of the Scribes and Pharisees," etc. Vol. ii. pp. 273-277, London, 1718, 8vo.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, M. Colbert, the great patron of letters under Louis XIV., King of France, engaged M. Louis de Compiegne de Veil, a learned converted Jew, to translate the whole of this work into Latin. In 1678, he printed nine titles or sections, in Latin, at Paris, in a quarto volume, under the title of *Majemonidis Tractatus de Cultu Divino*; reprinted in CRENII *Fasciculi—Fascic.*, 6, 7, Rotterdam, 1696, 8vo—with the addition of three other titles or sections by the same translator. Having embraced Protestantism, M. De Veil came to England about the year 1680, and proceeding with his work, published six new titles or sections, which

he entitled *Majemonides de Sacrificiis*, London, 1683, 4to, to which he subjoined the title or section of *Consecration of New Moons and Intercalations*, printed fourteen years before at Paris. He also translated and published Abarbanel's *Preface* to his *Commentary on Leviticus*, and other works of a similar nature. It must, however, be regretted that his design of translating and publishing the whole of Maimonides's *Yad* was never completed, for want of greater encouragement, since the translation of the whole would have afforded an easy and useful introduction to a knowledge of Talmudic theology and jurisprudence, which, as Dr. Lightfoot has clearly shown in his *Hora Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ*, and other works, may be rendered eminently useful in elucidating the peculiar phraseology of the New Testament.

4.—COMMENTARIES ON THE SCRIPTURES.

The most celebrated Jewish commentators are R. Solomon Jarchi, R. Abram Aben Ezra, R. David Kimchi, R. Moses Bar Nachman, R. Levi Ben Gersom, R. Saadiah, and R. Isaac Abarbanel or Abravanel.

R. SOLOMON ISAACI or IARCHI, called also *Rashi*, by an abbreviation of his name, was born in France, at the commencement of the twelfth century. He devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures and the Talmud; and visiting Italy, Greece, Palestine, Persia, Tartary, Russia, Germany, and other foreign countries, embraced every opportunity of acquiring information relative to Rabbinical literature, which he employed with great applause in his academical disputations after his return from his travels. His Commentaries are highly esteemed by the Jews, who designate him *the Prince of Commentators*; but, being obscure in their style and interspersed with Talmudical fictions, they are less regarded by Christians. He died at Treves, in 1180, and his remains were conveyed to Prague, in Bohemia.

R. ABRAM ABEN EZRA, surnamed *the Wise*, was a native of Spain. He is said to have been an excellent astronomer, philosopher, physician, poet, and grammarian, as well as a valuable interpreter of Scripture, and intimately acquainted with the Jewish Cabala. His expositions, being literal and grammatical, are highly valued both by Jews and Christians. He died about A.D. 1174.

R. DAVID KIMCHI, called from a technical abbreviation of his name *Radack*, was born in the province of Narbonne, at that time subject to Spain: this is the reason why Kimchi is generally accounted a Spaniard. His father, a learned author, was the virulent enemy of the Christians, but, happily, was not followed by his son in the bitter opposition manifested in his various writings. He was the able and successful defender of Maimonides, especially in the famous dispute

between the French and Spanish Jews, relative to the MORE NEVOCHIM; and, as a commentator, secured public approbation by his sedulous attention to the grammatical sense of the Sacred Scriptures; his Commentaries on the PSALMS and on ISAIAH have been noticed with peculiar approbation. He flourished about A.D. 1190.

R. MOSES BAR NACHMAN, frequently called *Ramban*, from the abbreviation of his name, and sometimes also *Nachmanides*, was born at Gerona, in Catalonia, about A.D. 1194. After studying law and physic, he applied himself to the mysteries of the Cabala, and became one of its most strenuous advocates. His Commentaries are consequently full of Cabalistic and allegorical expositions. His reputation in his native country was exceedingly great, but towards the close of life he exchanged his honors for retirement, and withdrew to Jerusalem, where he resided till his death, after having built a synagogue. The time of his decease is uncertain, different authors placing it in different years.

R. LEVI BEN GERSOM, or *Ralbag*, was a native of Provence, in France, though of Spanish extraction, Moses Bar Nachman being his maternal grandfather. He was a physician by profession, but, being fond of theological pursuits, wrote largely on various topics of divinity, and compiled a Commentary esteemed for its historical, literal, and philosophical explanations: his Exposition of the *Pentateuch* is that which is the most generally valued. He died at Perpignan, A.D. 1370.

R. SAADIAS, surnamed *Gaon*, or the *Excellent*, was a native of Al Fiumi, in Egypt, where he was born about A.D. 892. He became Rector of the Academy of Sora, and General Superintendent of the Babylonian schools in 927, and discharged his important trust with considerable honor and success. He was the author of a "literal and faithful" ARABIC translation of the OLD TESTAMENT, or certain portions of it, besides writing Commentaries on *Job*, *Daniel*, and the *Song of Solomon*, and composing several *Grammatical* and other works. He died A.D. 942.

R. ISAAC ABARBANEL or ABRAVANEL, was a Portuguese Jew, born at Lisbon, A.D. 1437. His father, who was a person of considerable rank, gave him the most liberal Jewish education, and such were his talents and improvement, that he was occasionally consulted by Alphonsus V. of Portugal. But on the decease of that sovereign, persecution raged with such violence against the Jews, that Abarbanel was obliged to fly into Italy, and from thence to various other places; and, after a life of chequered fortune, he died at Venice A.D. 1508, aged 71. His writings, which are voluminous, including his Commentary,

are held in considerable estimation both by his own nation and by Christians. From his rank and birth, he is sometimes called *Don Isaac Abarbanel*.

Separate editions have been published of the principal Commentaries of the preceding authors; and most of them will be found accompanying the Great Bibles published by D. Bomberg and J. Buxtorf.

5.—THE MASORA.

The *Masora* is a system of criticism invented by Jewish theologians to preserve the true reading of the sacred text. The Hebrew doctors assert that when God gave the Law to Moses, on Mount Sinai, he taught him, first, its *true reading*, and, secondly, its *true interpretation*; the former of which is the subject of the *Masora*; the latter of the *Mishna* and *Gemara*. "This system is one of the most artificial, particular, and extensive comments ever written on the Word of God; for there is not one *word* in the Bible that is not the subject of a particular gloss, through its influence. Their *vowel-points* alone add whole conjugations to the language. The *Masorites* or *Mazoretes*, as the inventors and perfecters of this system are called, were the first who distinguished the books and sections of the books of Scripture into verses. They numbered not only the chapters and sections, but the verses, words, and letters of the text, and marked the middle verse of each; the amount of these enumerations they placed at the end of each book respectively, either in numeral letters, or some symbolical word formed out of them. They have also marked whatever irregularities occur in any of the letters of the Hebrew text, such as the different sizes of the letters, their various positions and inversions, etc., endeavoring to find out reasons for these irregularities, and pointing out the mysteries which they supposed to be in them; they are also regarded as the authors of the *Keri* and *Ketib*, or marginal corrections of the text in the Hebrew Bibles.

The *Masora*, or collection of critical notes upon the text of the Hebrew Bibles, was at first written in separate rolls, but afterwards was abridged in order to place it in the margin. This abridgment was called the *little Masora* (*Masora parva*), or the *great Masora* (*Masora magna*), according as it was more limited or copious; and the omitted parts which were added at the end of the text, were denominated the *final Masora* (*Masora finalis*). The compilation of these Masoretic criticisms is supposed to have been commenced about the time of the Maccabees, and to have been continued to about the year of Christ, 1030.

The first printed edition of the Masora was in Bomberg's Great Hebrew Bible, printed at Venice, in 1526, in 2 vols. folio, and again in 1549, under the direction of R. Jacob Ben Chaim, a learned Jew, of Tunis. A Latin translation of his celebrated preface may be seen in Dr. Kennicott's *Second Dissertation*, pp. 229-244. The Jews call the Masora *the Fence or Hedge of the Law*, from its being 'a means of preserving it from corruption and alteration.

6.—THE CABALA.

The *Cabala* is a mystical mode of expounding the Law, called by the Jews *the soul of the soul of the Law*, many of them preferring it to the Scriptures, or Mishna, which they term *the soul of the Law*. It was delivered to Moses, say the Hebrew doctors, by the Divine Author of the Law, who not only favored him with the Oral Explanation of the Law or Mishna, but also added a mystical interpretation of it, to be transmitted, like the Mishna, by tradition, to posterity. The *Mishna*, say they, explains the manner in which the rites and ceremonies of the Law are to be performed; but the *Cabala* teaches the mysteries couched under those rites and ceremonies, and hidden in the words and letters of the Scriptures. They divide this mystical science into thirteen different species; and by various transpositions, abbreviations, permutations, combinations, and separations of words, and from the figures and numerical powers of letters, imagine the Law sufficient to instruct the Cabalistic adept in every art and science.

The principal interpretations and commentaries of the Cabalists are contained in the book *Zohar*, said to have been written by Rabbi Simeon Ben Jochai, who died about A.D. 120; but it is probably of a much later date. An edition of it was printed at *Mantua*, 1558, 4to, and another at *Cremona*, 1559, folio. Those English readers who wish for further information relative to the *Cabala*, may consult Basnage's *History of the Jews*, B. iii. c. x-xxviii. pp. 184-256, *London*, 1708, folio, and Gaffarel's *Unheard-of Curiosities*, passim, 8vo, both of them translated from the French.

SAMMAEL.—A TALMUDIC ALLEGORY.

WHEN the Lord first made man out of the dust, and had crowned the perishable material with the diadem of His likeness, he presented his latest creation to the angelic hosts of heaven. Joyfully the angels saluted their younger brother; cheerfully they attended him when his bridal feast was celebrated in Paradise.

Only one of them, the proud Sammael, scorned the earth-born creation. "Am I not formed out of light," he exclaimed, "while thou art but dust of the earth? The fiery streams which flow from the throne of glory form my essence, while the frail perishing mould is thy substance."

And, behold! the stream of light departed from him. As melts the snow, the glorious raiment which ornamented him with its radiance vanished; the proudest of spirits became the meanest, stripped of that power which was not his own.

Inflamed with rage, he withdrew from the celestial hosts, and vowed vengeance against man, the innocent cause of his fall. "I have become unhappy through you," he exclaimed, "and ye shall become unhappy through me." He had heard the Divine decree which prohibited Adam from eating the pernicious fruits of the tree of knowledge. He collected the last rays of his departed radiance, and tried to seduce mankind in the guise of an angel of light. But the snow melted out of which he tried to form his garment; and when he trod the path of the seducer he appeared in the form of a serpent; nothing remained of the splendid seraph, who hid himself beneath the glittering colors of the snake.

Eve saw and admired him. She soon was persuaded. She ate death, and gave to her husband the fruits of death. Sorrow and misery sprung from their deed, an inheritance to their latest descendants.

The Creator appeared. He judged the enticed with mercy, but rigorously he punished the enticing serpent. Accursed, it became a loathsome and detested reptile, crawling on earth. "Because it has been thy delight," He spoke to Sammael, "to make others unhappy, let joy at the grief and misery of others be henceforth thy unhallowed portion." Exiled from the hosts of the blessed, denied all participation in those blissful pursuits which once he shared with them, Sammael roams accursed, the executioner of his own fearful punishment—THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY.

HUMAN History, say the philosophers, is the evolution of events which lie already in their causes, as the properties of geometrical figures lie in the scientific definition of those figures. The qualities which Euclid proves to belong to the circle exist in the circle eternally. There is no before and no after, and the sense of sequence is only in the successive steps by which proposition after proposition is made known to the limited understanding of man. In like manner the unnumbered multitude of living things, the animated throng of beings which fill the air, and crowd the water and the earth, lie potentially in the elemental germs out of which they seem to be developed; and the life of the individual man, the long sequel of the acts and fortunes of his race, and all that he has done and is to do, till the type is exhausted and gives place to other combinations, is governed by laws as inherent and as necessary as those through which the mathematician develops his inferences from the equation of an ellipse.

Were the equation of man constructed out of elements as few and simple, we should know all that has been, and all that is to be, without moving from our library-chairs; but with the knowledge we should lose the uncertainty which gives life its purpose and its interest. The pleasure of existence depends upon its anxieties, and if we are indeed but the automata spiritualia which Leibnitz defines us to be, then, of all the gifts which God has bestowed upon us, the choicest of all is the trick which he has played upon our understandings—which makes the certain appear as uncertain, which cheats us with the belief that the future is in our hands, to mould either for good or ill. Of the dynamic forces of humanity the most powerful is forever concealed from us. The acorn has produced the oak, and the oak the acorn, from the time when Oaks first began to be, and one oak, for practical purposes, is identical with another. Man produces man; but each individual brings into the world a character and capabilities differing from those of his fellows, and incalculable till they have had room to display themselves. An idea generated in a single mind penetrates the circle of mankind and shapes them afresh after its likeness. We talk of a science of history—we dream that we can trace laws of causation which governed the actions of our fathers, and from which we can forecast the tendencies of generations to come. The spontaneous

force in the soul of a man of genius will defeat our subtlest calculations;—and of all forecasts of the future there is but one on which we can repose with confidence, that nothing is certain but the unforeseen.—JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. "*Annals of an English Abbey*," *Scribner's Monthly*.

THE ORIGIN OF CARLSRUHE.

CARLSRUHE reminds the American traveller of Washington. In place of the tortuous plan and picturesque inconvenience of the antique capitals, it offers a predetermined and courteous radiation of broad streets from the grand ducal palace, much like the fan of avenues that spreads away from the Capitol building. Formal as it is, and recent as it is, Carlsruhe affords as pretty a legend as any fairy-founded city of dimmest ancestry.

The margrave Charles of Baden, hunter and warrior, returned from victory to bathe his soul in the sylvan delights of the chase. One day, as he coursed the stag in the Haardt Forest, he lay down with a sudden sense of fatigue, and fell asleep; an oak tree shadowed him with its broad canopies. Dreaming, he saw the green boughs separate, and in the zenith of the heavens descried a crown blazing with incredible jewels, and inscribed with letters that he felt rather than spelled: "This is the reward of the noble." All around the crown, hanging in air, like sculptured cloudwork, spread a splendid city with towers; a noble castle, with open portal and stairway inviting his princely feet, stood at the centre, and the spires of sacred churches still sought, as they seek on earth, to pierce the unattainable heaven. When he awoke his courtiers were around him, for they had searched and found their lord while he slept. He related his dream, and declared his ducal will to build on that very spot a city just as he had seen it, with a splendid palace for central point, and streets like the spokes of light that spread from the sinking sun. So he said, and gave his whole soul to building this graceful capital, and developing it with the arts of peace; for heretofore he had thought only of war, and had meant to patch up a seat of government in the little town of Durlach.

The Haardtwald still spreads around Carlsruhe ("Charles's Rest") to the eastward, but the bracken and underbrush have given way to beaten roads, which prolong with perfect regularity the fan of streets. An avenue of the finest Lombardy poplars in Germany, the trees being from ninety to a hundred and twenty feet high, extends for two miles to Durlach. Around the city spread rich plum and cherry or-

chards, yielding the "lucent sirops" from which is distilled the famous Kirschwasser.—*From NEW HYPERION, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

INHERITABLE CHARACTERISTICS.

HEREDITY is especially noticeable in the continuity of physiological and pathological conditions. It is very clearly evident in the expression and features of the physiognomy. This was observed by the ancients; hence the Romans had their *Nasones*, *Labeones*, *Buccones*, *Capitones*, etc. (*Big-nosed, Thick-lipped, Swollen-cheeked, Big-headed*). Of all the features, probably the nose is best preserved by heredity: the Bourbon nose is famous. Heredity also manifests itself by fecundity and longevity. In the old French noblesse there were several families which possessed high procreative vigor. Anne de Montmorency, who, at the age of over sixty-five years, could still, at the battle of St. Denis, smash with his sword the teeth of a Scotch soldier who was giving him the death-blow, was the father of twelve children. Three of his ancestors, Matthew I., Matthew II., and Matthew III., taken all together, had eighteen, and of these fifteen were boys. The son and grandson of the great Condé had nineteen between them, and their great-grandfather, who lost his life at Jarnac, had ten. The first four Guises reckoned in all forty-three children, of whom thirty were boys. Achille de Harley had nine children, his father ten, and his great-grandfather eighteen. In some families this fecundity endured through five or six generations. The average length of life depends on locality, diet, stage of civilization, but individual longevity appears to be completely freed from these conditions. It is observed among those who lead the most laborious lives, as well as among those who take the greatest care of their health, and it seems to be connected with some inner power of vitality transmitted to individuals from their forefathers. So well known is this fact that, in England, life-assurance companies receive from their agents statements as to the longevity of the applicants' ancestors. In Turgot's family, the age of fifty-nine was very rarely exceeded, and the man who made that family illustrious had a presentiment, so soon as he had reached fifty, that the close of his life was not distant. Albeit he had all the appearances of good health and of great vigor of temperament, still from that time forward he held himself ready for death, and, in fact, did die at the age of fifty-three.

Heredity often transmits muscular strength and sundry other motor activities. In ancient times there were families of athletes, and the English have families of boxers. The recent researches of Mr. Galton,

as to wrestlers and oarsmen, show that the winners in the contests in which these men engage generally belong to a few families in which agility and dexterity are hereditary. Suppleness and grace in dancing are also transmitted, as is shown in the case of the celebrated Vestris family. The same is to be said with regard to various peculiarities of voice, such as stammering, nasality, and lisping. There are several families who are naturally singers. Children born of babbling parents are themselves babblers by birthright. Dr. Lucas cites the case of a servant-maid whose loquacity knew no bounds. She would talk to people till they were ready to faint; but she would also talk to animals and to inanimate things. Even when she was quite alone she talked to herself aloud. She had to be discharged; "but," said she to her master, "I am not to blame; it all comes from my father. He had the same fault, and it drove my mother to distraction; and his father was just as I am."—FERNAND PAPILLON, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

A MARVEL of industry and production is Gustave Doré, who does so much that one would imagine he had the power of multiplying himself. He is forty-three, an Alsatian, a paragon of good nature, and a delightful companion withal when he is fairly out of harness. His illustrations are so far superior to his paintings that he is seldom thought of as a painter. He has illustrated Rabelais, Sue, Balzac, Montaigne, Dante, Cervantes, Taine, and many others, and bids fair, should he live forty years longer, to illustrate all the famous authors of the past and present. His reputation is world-wide, and he has ten times as many orders as he can fill. He is said to earn from 200,000 to 250,000 francs per annum, and he might augment his income fifty-fold if he only had as many hands as Briareus. Of late years his manner has become almost if not quite mannerism, which, while it may add to the individuality of his sketches, renders them unpleasantly monotonous. In temperament and in semblance Doré is rather German. He looks younger than he is; has a broad face, small eyes, high cheekbones, wears only a mustache, and smokes like a Spaniard.—From A FEW FRENCH CELEBRITIES, in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

INSPIRATIONAL RACES.

THERE are races which may be denominated inspirational races. They form the basic parts of the nations which rule the world and lead the vanguard of an earnest civilization. They are distinct in their type from the races of Genius, unless we give to the word genius

a very primitive meaning. In the complex sense, implying magnificence of gifts and elaborate intellect, the genius race is very distinct from the inspirational or intuitive race. To reach their roots at once, take, for example, the Grecian and the Hebraic types, and apply the classification to peoples, or, rather, to individuals, for souls may come from either, blending the qualities and manifestations of both.

The genius races, such as the Grecian and the Italian, are, of course, endowed with inspirations; but these are manifested in their art and elaborations. The one articulates Deity, even in a semi-savage state; is an oracle in the cave long before the age of temples and cathedrals; is a seer of the Infinite primevally before culture has entered into the mind; hears the thunders of God's voice in the solemnities of the everlasting hills, and rudely carves a revelation for all the coming ages on rugged tablets of stone. The other represents art and culture even in its earlier states, for it is itself a compound of older races; is heroic in its inspirations, and poetry, rather than prophetic, and declamatory of divine missions, and immortalizes *itself* in philosophies and plastic types, and does not emphasize the great Primitive One. Such is the Hebrew on the one side—such the Greek on the other.—*Phrenological Journal*.

FAILURES IN BUSINESS.

THE man who has never failed in business cannot possibly know whether he is honest or not, cannot possibly know whether he has any "grit" in him, or is worth a button. It is the man who fails, and then rises, who is really great in his way.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinetmaker, locomotive builder, and grocer; but as often as he failed he "tried and tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone, then crowned his victory by giving a million dollars to help the poor boys in times to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune*, and made it worth a million of dollars.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook, until he made himself the orator of his age and nation.

The founder of the *Herald* kept on failing and sinking money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglas made dinner-tables and bedsteads and bureaus for many a long year before he made himself a "giant" on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood,

failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat-boat-man; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself the grandest character of the nineteenth century.

General Grant failed at everything except smoking cigars; he learned to tan hides, but could not sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches; a dozen years ago he "brought up" on top of a woodpile, "teaming" it to town for forty dollars a month; and yet he is one of the great soldiers of the age, and is now the honored head of a great nation.

The lesson for every young man is this: As long as you have health and power to do, go ahead; if you fail at one thing, try another, and a third—a dozenth even. Look at the spider: nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to a place of attachment, and on the twentieth it succeeded. The young man who has the "gift of continuance" is the one whose foot will some day stand on high ground, and will be able to breast the angry waters of human discouragement.—*Journal of Health.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

FRIENDSHIP is stronger than kindred.—*Publius Syrus.*

MAN's conscience is the oracle of God.—*Byron.*

EVERY man is a volume if you know how to read him.—*Channing.*

THERE was a time when the world acted upon books. Now books act upon the world.—*Joubert.*

GRIEF alone can teach us what is man.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.—*Franklin.*

LOVE is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—*Balzac.*

MONEY often costs too much, and power and pleasure are not cheap.—*Emerson.*

THERE are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for what is love, and senseless talking, and swearing, but braying.—*L'Estrange.*

PROSPERITY seems to be scarcely safe, unless it be mixed with a little adversity.—*Hosea Ballou.*

HOWEVER slow the progress of mankind may be, or however imperceptible the gain in a single generation, the advancement is evident enough in the long run.—*Locke.*

REALITY surpasses imagination, and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than any we have ever beheld in the land of sleep.—*Goethe.*

J E A L O U S Y .

BY R. M. FULLER.

ACCURSED imp, scion of hell's arch prince,
Thy parent did all but outdo himself
In thee; for thou hast robbed heaven of more souls
Than any fiend among his vassalage.
E'en Lucifer did tremble at thy birth,
Lest, gathering strength with age, thou should'st usurp
The very throne of hell; and in defence
Was most obsequious, appointing thee
Prime demon of his soul-destroying realm.
E'en so do men, who hate where most they fear
And fear where they do hate, submission show,
And praise and flatter, humor and caress.
Many once happy hearthstones, dread monster!
Have been desecrated by thy cunning,
And in the hallowed spot where sweet contentment
Nestled, thy loathsome presence crouching feeds
Upon the wreck thy damned scheming made.

Ah! who shall paint the ecstasy of pain
Which scorches up the life-blood in the heart
Of woman; turns the milk within her breasts
To deadly poison, and transmits foul crime
To the suckling babe upon her bosom?
Thus are planted seeds which bud in despair
And reach full flower in midnight butchery.
Oh! I could weep to think how many men,
Forgetful of their likeness unto God,
Have bartered their immortal peace in Heaven,
Made merchandise of their most precious souls
At instigation of this fiend of hell.
Beware! ye who lend e'en but the shadow
Of attention to his wily counsels,
Lest ruin—swift, sure, unavoidable—
O'erwhelms your lives, and leaves ye hopeless—mad!

THE LAST WILL OF RABBI MOSES MAIMONIDES,

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON RABBI ABRAHAM.

THEREFORE know ye and discern the value of forbearance, and ye will be holy in the eyes of your enemies. Ye will sanctify yourselves, and who caused your injury will repent of it ; for your mind will be great in their eyes, and if they be men of heart they will feel remorse and do well to you ; and even if they be men of Belial, they will grieve and be vexed at your not being reduced to vindictiveness as they are, and at your reigning over them with the crown of MORALITY. Therefore conduct yourselves with meekness and humility, for they are the steps of the ladder by which ye may climb the highest hill of virtue and excellency, and then ye hardly need forbearance. Know that there is no ornament so beautiful as that of humility. Behold the master of all prophets (Moses) was not so distinguished in Scripture, for any of his high attributes, as for that of humility. Keep a bridle upon your tongue and a muzzle upon your mouth. Know that one of the superiorities of man in the creation is, that God in his love of him more than all creatures, hath bestowed upon him the ability to thank and praise him, to extol him and declare his wonders and miracles. How improper and unjust would it therefore be to cause good for evil, and to speak wickedness and falsehood, slander and nonsense ! indeed, it is a grievous sin.

Make, therefore, the physical substance subject to the spiritual one ; I mean, the body to the soul : for this subjection is your FREEDOM, in this and the future world. Therefore, "further not his (the body's) wicked device," for he who ministers to his cravings will continue to seek and will never be satisfied ; and he will pant and languish for what he cannot reach, and ultimately his goodly portion within him will vanish. But if the spiritual part, the understanding, rules and subdues the physical desires, the latter will succumb and seek but that which is necessary, will be satisfied with the little, and disdain superfluities ; he will be contented in life, and comforted in death. Eat that ye may live, and condemn all that is superfluous. Believe not that the multitude of eating and drinking enlarges the body and increases the understanding, as a sack which is filled by that which is put therein : for it is just the contrary. By taking little food the stomach acquires strength to receive it, and the natural heat to digest it. Thus will a man grow in physical health, and his mind will be calm and settled. But if he indulges in superabundance of food, the stomach cannot receive it, its natural

warmth cannot digest it, it will come out before him, "it is abominable, it will not be accepted;" his body will be attenuated, his understanding will be dull and confused, his purse will become empty. Take care, therefore, that ye do not eat that which ye cannot digest: for it destroys the body and property, it is the cause of most maladies. Work before ye eat, and rest afterwards. Eat not ravenously, like unto the people afflicted with *bulmus* (a ravenous appetite). Fill not your mouths gluttonly with large pieces, one upon the other. Hate injurious food, as a man hateth the one who persecutes him and seeketh his death. Eat not in the roads, and do not nibble like mice; but only at certain hours, and in your houses. Avoid feasting often with young men. Know, that by the manner at public dinners, the behavior of a man is at once known, whether good or bad. Many times have I returned hungry and thirsty to my house, because I was afraid after I saw the disgraceful conduct of others. Be careful in taking wine, for it destroys the mighty and disgraces the honorable. How excellent do I, therefore, find the injunctions of Jonadab the son of Rechab to his sons! Yet I will not give similar injunctions, because I have not accustomed you to it from the beginning of your existence. But break its (wine's) power by water, and drink it by way of nourishment, but not by way of enjoyment. Consider, that not in vain was related in Scripture the misconduct of Noah, the righteous; but it is recorded as a lesson and example.

Know, that Expenditure is divided into four classes: Profit, Loss, Disgrace, and Honor. PROFIT is the expenditure of charity and benevolence, the interest of which ye enjoy in this world, whilst the capital is laid up as an endowment for the future. Loss is gambling, by which man loseth his money, his respect, and his time; for if he gaineth, he weaveth spider's webs, and "it is a trespass he hath certainly trespassed." DISGRACE is that which is extravagantly spent in eating and drinking. HONOR is the expenditure for garments for his skin. Dress, therefore, as well as your means will possibly allow; but eat less than your means, only sufficient to preserve your lives. Despise gambling, and keep aloof from gamblers. "Sow in righteousness," that is, spend in alms even somewhat more than your means will permit, and "ye will reap in mercy." Live happily in the society of your friends, and with the wife of your youthful years; but touch not the one which is not yours, for "she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her." Imagine as if ye lived in Noah's ark, and be comforted. . . . Honor your wives, for they are your honor. Withhold not instruction from them; but let them not rule over you. Their honor is their domestic character; the less they are exposed, the

less they are injured. . . . Serve your friends and your friendless with all your physical power and might, "according to the good hand of the Lord upon you;" but take heed lest ye serve them with your souls, for they are a godly portion. Remember this, my son Abraham; and the Lord, blessed be he, shall have mercy upon thee!—*From "The Path of Good Men," Translated by M. H. BRESSLAU.*

"THEY TELL ME THAT MY BABY 'S BLIND!"

BY R. M. FULLER.

THEY tell me that my baby 's blind,
And say those sweet blue eyes
Are dead to nature and mankind,
To sunlit clouds and summer skies,
Bright flowers, birds and butterflies.

They tell me that my baby 's blind,
Nor sees her mother's face;
But surely God will help her find
Some way to know me, and will trace
Each loving feature in her mind.

They tell me that my baby 's blind,
And yet her eyes are bright;
Such lovely orbs were scarce design'd
To be on earth for aye consign'd
To darkness deeper still than night.

* * * * *

They tell that my baby 's dead;
My heart is all but riven!
But, God, I thank Thee, that instead
Of groping here in doubt and dread,
My baby 's found her sight in heaven.

THE NEW ERA.

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A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

BY REV. M. M. MANN.

THE Hebrew story of the Fall of Man, as it is called, has received different interpretations, according to the point of view of the interpreters. They who read it as a supernatural revelation see in it, of course, an account of what actually took place in the life of the first human pair. They who read it as a literary creation of a comparatively late period of Israel's history, see in it an attempt to account for the condition of mankind in accordance with the notion of a Divine Creator, through a more or less symbolical representation of the common experience of man; or, they see in it a legend created out of the life of a people, without any distinctly conscious purpose, and yet embodying, as such creations ever do, some measure of practical wisdom.

Dismissing the supernatural theory without note or comment, let us address ourselves to the task of grasping, as best we may, the spirit of this curious relation.

•Was it the writer's purpose to account for the origin of evil? Very likely; but that purpose was by no means so clearly defined to his mind as it has become to ours. The discussions of two thousand years have brought out that problem with great distinctness. But in this story of Genesis it is obscured, as we shall see, with some other questions which have not, like this, maintained their interest. However, as our eyes have been sharpened in the quest of familiar doctrines, we shall have no difficulty in finding here some effort to shadow forth a solution of the origin of evil.

This solution we find curiously contrived to divide the responsibility among as many parties as possible. To this end, in the first place,

God is represented as arbitrarily prohibiting an apparently innocent act. All other trees this man and woman might eat from, but one tree, very beautiful, placed conspicuously in the garden, they were forbidden to touch under penalty of death. Disobedience to such a mandate, under such circumstances, might not be unexpected. The people from whom we have this story, however, were schooled to obedience, and violation of supreme authority, even under these conditions, looked sufficiently heinous to them. That God should have further prompted disobedience was not to be thought of. That man, once made pure and perfect, should ever have gone wrong seemed incredible. Whence, then, came the mischief?

A somewhat similar problem has presented itself to the scientific world. It is held now as good as proven that the earth at a remote period was in a state of fusion. The heat was so intense as to make it impossible that any form of life could exist anywhere on, or in, the globe. Whence, then, came the first germ of life from which has been developed the countless forms that people the land and seas? Some bit of yeast must have been had from somewhere, or all this cake had been heavy and dead. To meet this case a daring speculator has supposed that the first germs of life must have been dropped here in some wandering fragment of some other world. So to account for the existence of evil in a world fresh from the hand of God, without reflecting too severely upon the Divine, nor yet the human character, the story introduces a serpent, inspired by some spirit of mischief from a lower world. Thence arose the effectual prompting to sin. A third party came in to relieve both God and man of the heaviest responsibility in this business. But this third party did not belong properly to Hebrew thought. He was brought in from the East, and first makes his appearance in the literature of Israel after the return from Babylon. This indicates at how late a day this story of the Fall must have sprung up. But the devils, though not indigenous in Judea, multiplied there like rats, and in the time of Christ were "thick as tiles on the houses," as Luther would say.

Somewhat more than this the story seems to convey when read a little deeper. Strange to say, the forbidden tree is the tree of knowledge, "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," it is called. To eat the fruit of such a tree means, in plain English, to learn what is good and what is true. And in this connection we notice that with the ancients the serpent was the symbol of wisdom. "Be ye wise as serpents," says Jesus. The serpent in the story of the Fall seems, then, to mean the spirit of inquiry, the thirst for knowledge. "In the day that ye eat this fruit," says the serpent, *i. e.*, when you find

out what is good and true, "your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Certainly this is so; this is the promise that all knowledge offers. The conclusion of the woman is perfectly legitimate. She saw that the tree had been manifestly intended for use—that it was good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise. Nor is it easy to see how, in eating of this tree, there was moral transgression. The story, indeed, makes the sin to lie in this, that the use of the fruit was arbitrarily prohibited. But this is unnatural and does not prevent us from feeling that Adam and Eve were entirely justified in eating of the tree of knowledge, which was in the midst of the garden, and doubtless the best tree there was there.

I will now ask you to go with me a little way in some reflections on this subject, which seem to open up a better understanding of the ancient legend. The story is without *moral* significance, and we must look for some other. And this other is indeed obvious. Man is in an illusory Eden, full of high hopes and youthful visions. He *knows* nothing yet, but he dreams and fancies endlessly. To his imagination there is plenty on every hand, and nothing to do. He is fed as a child, and revels in paradise. But soon he tastes a little knowledge of the world he lives in. He learns by what hard blows the comforts of life are secured; he looks into his dreams and finds how little ground of reality they have. His hopes are dampened by experience; his visions are dimmed and shadowed by knowledge of things as they are. In short, the illusion is gone. He has found the world of reality, and is turned out of his paradise. He is saddened and thinks bitterly of the little knowledge he tasted, which has dissolved so many fond illusions. He has a vague surmise that he must have gone wrong, and that the fruit he has eaten was forbidden. But the reality is upon him, and he must turn himself to face it. Henceforth he must procure his bread by the sweat of his brow. He must cover himself with garments, for he is a child no longer. Nature turns her hard side toward him, and looks at him sullenly through frost and storm and lightning rift. Knowledge is beginning to show him things as they are, and he sees his childish fancies behind him as the closing gates of paradise.

If this story is a reflection of the experience of thoughtful minds in the days of Israel's prime, much more does it faithfully symbolize the experience of earnest truth-seekers in our day. Never before has the tree of knowledge, which stands in the midst of the garden, been so loaded with fruit, or been so eagerly sought after; and never before have the consequences of eating it been so strikingly marked. The thirst for information, which is the serpent of the story, has taken a

new and stronger hold, and its seductions are irresistible. Thousands upon thousands are led by it out of their childish paradise to grapple with sober certainties, to find their path beset with thistles and thorns, to face the darkness of the unknown, with a feeling that they have dug the grave of the old faith and opened their eyes, alas! to see the emptiness of their early dreams.

The childish condition of religious thought—that is the paradise of the story. Most people remain their life long in that condition, either not eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge, or taking some antidote with it which destroys the effect. What now is this childish condition? We have all been in it, or are in it still, so there need be no mistake in answering this question. It is a condition, I should say, in which one takes for objective realities what exists merely in his own mind. Thus when one begins to think of God, one fashions Him in imagination as a person, as a supremely great man. This Person must have a dwelling-place; so He is set in the skies, which are fancied a magnificent temple, garnished with all manner of precious things. In the midst of it is the throne of God, and in the spacious courts about are the multitudes of his angels. This place is the home of the blessed, and all the purified of earth go there. So immortality is secured to the soul beyond a doubt, and all this weight of glory beside, as the reward of the faithful.

No one, I think, will be disposed to deny that the mental state in which these things appear as unquestionable certainties, is a very agreeable one. It is putting language to no strain to call it paradise. It was the garden of Eden we were all in when God walked with us in the cool of the day, looking for all the world just like a man, and we looked up into the sky and saw his throne there, and Jesus sitting beside it, and all the host of angels thronging about. But we began to eat of the tree of knowledge which was in the midst of the garden, and soon we awoke as from a sleep. Our eyes were opened and we saw that we had been dreaming. We looked the skies through as far as telescope can reach, and found no throne of God there other than there is here. Heaven is above, we had said, with all positiveness, and hell is below: but now, to our opened eyes, the earth turns round and strangely mixes heaven and hell together. Our paradisiacal vision is vanished. We cannot see God any more as a man; His being is diffused to infinity. We feel in need of gathering up all evidences of immortality, for that too has ceased to appear in the old light of a necessary fact.—Indeed, knowledge—even a little taste of the tree—has played havoc with all our preconceived notions of ourselves, of the universe, and of God. It has dissipated to the winds the creeds of our

ancestors. Scarcely a point of doctrine which we were trained to accept has any weight left for us. All is changed. The church itself, to which we can adhere, has become an entirely different thing. Once it was a kind of holy circle, within which alone there was safety; a supernaturally endowed institution to whose hands were committed the keys of heaven. It sat in judgment on human souls and formally received them to the fold, or rejected them, according to the evidence submitted. It put delinquent members on trial, and sternly cut them off when found guilty of serious errors of belief or practice. Hence the notion was engendered that some peculiar grace belongs to the church member, and that he is under certain moral obligations from which other men are free. Knowledge of the world has upset this notion of a church. Its foundations were sandy, and for us they long ago went down. It is to be marked as an indication of the tendency of the times, that the largest Protestant congregation in the country, and the most influential, has just proclaimed its renunciation of the old idea of a church, and made the open confession that it is a shallow and hypocritical pretence which assumes that church-members are holier than other people, and that nothing but unbearable Pharisaism authorizes them to arraign each other in solemn trial for offences. It is a pity that Mr. Beecher's church had not taken this high ground under other circumstances, but that is a matter of their own. Doubtless other churches will drift in the same direction, and it is likely that in a few years people generally will scout the notion of church discipline as a worn-out relic of Puritanism.

We begin to see now how sweeping the change that knowledge has produced in the religious world. Indeed, it is hardly possible to exaggerate it. The whole system of faith that the Reformers developed is gone for some of us, and is going for all. They who think they stick to the old, will turn with horror from a bald statement of the creed of Luther or Calvin. The Augsburg Confession not only teaches the damnation of infants, but goes further, and pronounces a malediction upon those who think otherwise. It expressly condemns those "who assert that unbaptized children can be saved." Nothing more need be said to show the amazing gulf between the 16th and the 19th centuries.

I anticipate that you will say that the old way of thinking was no paradise at all; that instead, it was a miserable condition from which we ought to thank God that we are delivered. To be sure. It looks so to us. We have eaten of the tree that has completely changed for us the colors of that Eden, so long at least as we look at it with the eyes of our understanding. There will be moments, however, when we come

to things beyond the understanding, that we are ready to sigh for the old feeling of surety, and, like Israel in the desert, reproach the prophet that has led us out of Egypt. But, however it may be with us, certain it is, they whom knowledge has never led into doubts, find the old faith a sufficient paradise, and are ever praying to be kept in it. If they eat of the tree of knowledge, they are careful to use some antidote to prevent its natural effect. They refuse to subject their religious ideas to such tests as they apply to other ideas, and so keep their golden fancies and their illusive sense of certainty inviolable.

But for some of us the bubble has burst. This Eden that we once rested in has gone all to emptiness, vanished into thin air like mists at the touch of the morning. What compensation is there? What can come from this tree of knowledge to make good the loss of our paradise?

The old story makes the serpent say to Eve that the effect of this fruit shall not be mortal, "for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil;" in which the snake seems to have spoken truly, for, further on, the story goes that "the Lord God said, 'Behold the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil.'" We gather then as the most obvious teaching of this legend that to eat of the tree of knowledge makes man God-like; and this certainly ought to compensate for any demolition of his childish dreams.

"Ye shall be as gods"—what does this mean?

In the first place we mark that a characteristic of the gods was that they were superior to Nature, and handled her forces at pleasure. We readily see how the acquisition of knowledge is enabling men to attain a similar supremacy. To point out the rewards of this kind that have already been paid is a tempting field for the display of rhetoric, and is being much trodden over in these times, as it is a testimony that strikes the senses in a remarkable fashion. I will only suggest that you compare in your own minds the world of the middle age, when as yet Christians were resting in the Eden of an undisturbed faith, with the modern world, since mankind have forfeited that Eden by feeding pretty generally upon the tree of knowledge. Certainly the gain in general comfort, in exemption from pestilence and famine and prolonged wars, in facility of communication by land and sea, is immeasurable.

Man seems, indeed, to have risen like a god, and laid his sceptre of dominion upon the earth. It were idle to attempt to tell the wonders he has wrought, but who can fail to see that he has even outdone the olden gods in that he has made the lightning his swift-footed messen-

ger, and evoked from the light of sun and stars and far-off nebulae the deep secrets of the universe, making them render up to him an account of what they are made of, and what stage of development they are passing through.

In the next place, we note that knowledge makes men as gods in that, as the old text has it, it enables them to distinguish between good and evil. Moral discrimination without wisdom is apt to be very untrustworthy. A beggar comes to your door and asks for money. He looks as though he needed it, he appeals to your sympathy, and you obey the impulse of your heart and give him what he asks. The next you hear of him he has been drunk for a week on your contribution, shamefully abusing his family. A better discretion would have restrained your charity, and taught you that what you took for good was evil. God does not give to the indolent and improvident, for that would be to feed their vices.

Again, here are various false religions springing up in the country—Mormonism, Communism, not to mention other more dangerous, because more numerous, sects. You desire the good of your country; what should be your attitude toward these? It is in the power of the people to pursue these bodies with a high hand. This course accords well with your virtuous impulse, and you favor it. Suppose now that the State adopts this plan. It will infallibly follow, as it has a hundred times before in similar circumstance; that the State will be driven either to resort to the most extreme measures of persecution, reaching even to banishment or wholesale executions, methods unknown to our government, or else see these sects thriving mightily under the influence of adverse legislation. Nothing helps a bad cause so much as to treat it harshly. But this is a piece of wisdom that grows on the tree of knowledge. The sentiments called in to play in such a case do not suggest it. Your impulse is to stamp out the evil thing. Wisdom says, "Let it alone. Let its own shame kill it." And here again knowledge makes man like God, for is he not kind to the unthankful and the evil, sending his rain upon the just and the unjust, leaving Satan to commit suicide again and again to the end of time, after the fashion most agreeable to himself?

Thus with endless illustrations we might proceed to show how *knowledge* is requisite in forming a judgment of what is right. We cannot always trust our feelings. We must do many things which it sorely hurts us to do, *because our better judgments so direct*. We must, for the same reason, refrain from many things to which our sympathies and even our highest affections impel us. Let no one think that the apotheosis of man is to be reached through even the purest

manifestation of human love. It is the fruit of the tree of knowledge that makes us God-like.

Once more. This result is effected in that knowledge makes man self-centred and equal to his own needs. The old faith does not do this. On the contrary, it keeps man forever crying for some external helper. Its heaven is afar off. Its rewards are in the next world. Its Saviour has gone up on high. All its dependence for health and safety is outside, breeding a perpetual yearning and distraction. But knowledge comes as an inward gift to man, feeding and greatening him in his own person. It does not satisfy, it does better than that, it exalts him. The more he takes of it, the more he wants; and every time he tastes it he grows more a man, or, as the text puts it, becomes as the gods.

It is unnecessary to say that in this view our story does not describe a Fall of man; and it never could have come to be taken in that way, except through a confusion of the idea of evil with that of knowledge. Man never falls upward, toward God. He has to climb for that. The tree of knowledge does not bend its branches to the earth and drop its fruit into the mouth of the indolent. Men have to work to get that fruit. It is the evolution of man, rather, that is here indicated. There is a philosophical attempt to hint at the birth of a conscience in man; and, like many other utterances of that kind, made before a scientific theory of the origin of the human race was thought of, it jumps well with the best knowledge of our time. If man descended from a lower species, there must have been a time when he did not know good from evil; and it could have been only from an accumulation of experience or knowledge, only by observing the effects of conduct, that he first got a conscience. So, if we thought it worth while, we might have Darwin, and Spencer, and Bible, at this point, all chiming well together.

To follow the issue of our story one step further. After the man and woman have eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and developed in consequence into greater beings than they were before, the Lord is represented as feeling some jealousy toward them, and fearing lest they go on and eat of the tree of life and so become gods indeed. This is a most remarkable passage, and one is led to wonder if the ancient writer intended by this a satire upon the knowledge of his time, as being too much divorced from life. Evidently he indicates that if the tree of knowledge and the tree of life had both been partaken of, man's exaltation had been complete. His failure, then, seems to have been that he separated knowledge too much from life. The gods helped him on in his mistake in order to preserve their own supremacy. Here, as in other mythologies, we see the gods are not altogether friendly to

human interests. The only reason assigned, or assignable, why the fruit of the tree of knowledge was forbidden, is, that it would too much ennoble the eaters. The gods did not want man to become too great.

Some shadow of this old interdict on knowledge has cast itself down into our time; especially have religionists shown an aversion to those branches of knowledge that most nearly concern the life of man. A relation of the opposition encountered by the science of anatomy when dissection was first undertaken, would forcibly illustrate this spirit as it existed not very long ago; and the ill-will we have all seen shown toward the sciences of geology, archæology, and sociology, shows that the same spirit still lives. The policy of religious schools has always been to dissociate education from life. A liberal education in those schools furnishes a gentleman or lady with abundant knowledge of the dead languages, evidences of Christianity, church history, miracles of the saints, and other rubbish of that sort, but leaves them mostly in the dark as to the constitution of their own bodies, what it is best for them to eat and drink, how properly to ventilate a house, or how to transact the ordinary business of life. It seems that the god of the old mythology has some control of these institutions, and is still fearful lest men eat of the tree of knowledge and the tree of life at the same time, and become immortal.

However, we mark the dawn of a better spirit. The new faith brings with it a new Divinity that has no jealousy of the creature. Man cannot become too great to suit the true God. His desire is to manifest himself in us through our gain in knowledge and our application of knowledge to life. His word is, "Be ye followers of God as dear children." "Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." Come with minds and hearts open to the fountain of truth. The Bible that begins by making God apprehensive lest man put forth his hand and take of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever, ends with the entreaty, "The spirit and the bride say, 'Come.' And let him that heareth say, 'Come.' And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

DEFENCE OF OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY LARA.

(FIFTH ARTICLE—CONCLUDED.)

Do industry, trade, commerce, do art, science, literature flourish—have they ever flourished—in any region where exclusively Catholic education obtains or had obtained the mastery? Have they not, on the contrary, deteriorated or been annihilated? “Whilst in the fine provinces of Naples and Rome, in Spain and Portugal, agricultural economy and its various branches are in a deplorable state of degradation; whilst poverty, indolence, and immorality, and all sorts of vices are engendered among the population of those countries; see what activity, what improvements in agriculture, in rural economy, in the government, strike the attention of an observer, in the midst of the cold and unfertile fields of Scotland, in England and Holland! The contrast of these indubitable effects is more particularly perceptible in Germany and Switzerland, where the different territories, which are intermixed, cause the traveller to pass continually from a Catholic to a Protestant country. Does he meet with a miserable mud cottage covered with thatch, the fields badly kept, wretched, rude peasants, and many beggars, he will be in little danger of erring, if he conjectures that he is in a Catholic country. If, on the contrary, neat, pleasant houses are seen, offering the spectacle of affluence and industry, the fields well enclosed, a culture well understood, it is very probable he is among Protestants.” *

In the villages of Bavaria and other Catholic countries, the traveller, if suspected of not being a Catholic, is met with the salutation, *Ketzer* (Heretic). He receives a shower of stones, and all the dogs in the village are set at him. Over the entrance to some of the churches in Belgium may be read the following in French or Flemish:

Ni chiens, ni juifs, ni hérétiques,
N'entrent dans les temples catholiques.

Am Ketters, honden ende Zooden
Is hier de ingang steeds verboden.

Ye Jews, ye dogs, ye Heretics
Approach not here good Catholics.

* Villers on the Reformation. The writer is a Protestant, and attributes the difference to the different religions. In this he may be right or wrong, but that the contrast is striking is a remarkable and undeniable fact.

There has existed from time immemorial a law, revived by the late Œcumenical Council, in virtue of which the persons of ecclesiastics are exempt from all subscription or obedience to the civil law. It must be evident that where a numerous body possesses and exercises boundless power over the mind of the community the law of the land becomes a dead letter; nor can it be less evident that such a state of things cannot but exercise an unfavorable influence on society. The law alluded to is the following :

“No civil tribunal has the right to interfere in any matter with the right of the Church.”

“Those who, at the instigation of the devil, lay hands on clerics or monks, except in such cases as wherein the Bishop can judge.”

“Those who compel, either directly or indirectly, lay judges to bring before their tribunals ecclesiastical persons, contrary to the Canons; as also those who make laws or decrees contrary to the rights of the church, are excommunicated *de facto* and *de jure*, and remain under the *Cesures Læte Sententiæ*” (which means that only the Pope himself for the time being can absolve them). (Decree of the Œcumenical Council.)

Now, in virtue of this decree, if carried out to the letter, every person connected with the trial of an ecclesiastic, for instance Calcedonio of Corfu, Leotade of Orleans, or Polaya of Malaga (of which persons more will be said hereafter), from the police officer that arrested him, the jurors before whom he is tried, the judge that pronounced the sentence, the very sovereign that had appointed the judge, and, under a republican government, such as ours, every elector that might have voted for such a judge, would be, *de jure* and *de facto*, excommunicated. “Clerics” are but men, and in common with all other men apt to commit acts that render them responsible to the laws; and the civil authorities are bound in the interests of society to take cognizance of the case and punish them as by law provided in the case. How then does such a decree as that of the Œcumenical Council operate? Let the following serve as instances by way of illustration.

During the reign of Peter the Cruel, to whose name even his subjects had affixed the epithet of *Justiciero* (the strict or severe justice-doer), a priest had ordered a pair of shoes to be made. When the shoemaker brought them home his customer was displeased with them, a quarrel ensued, the priest struck the shoemaker with the shoes on the head, fractured his skull, and thus killed the man. The clergy would not permit the civil tribunals to interfere in the matter, but condemned the priest to one year’s confinement in a convent, and prohibited him from

saying mass during that year. The shoemaker had been a poor man and the father of a numerous family. His eldest son, a boy of sixteen, continued to carry on the business for the support of his widowed mother and her younger children. A year has expired, and the priest has resumed his functions. He is celebrating mass, when a young boy is seen gradually working his way through the congregation. Having reached the altar, he quickly ascends the steps, rushes at the priest, and in the presence of the whole congregation stabs his father's murderer to the heart. Here again the ecclesiastic authorities claimed the right to judge the culprit. He is condemned to death at the stake. The king, however, annuls the sentence, and forbids the boy from exercising *his* profession or trade during one year.

During the sojourn at Pera of the astronomical commission sent out by Louis XV. of France to measure a degree of longitude at the Equator, the surgeon, M. Seviergues, was assassinated and robbed. The perpetrator of the deed was discovered. After a trial of three years' duration he was pronounced guilty, but he became a priest and was saved—a priest, one that was to initiate the infant into the faith and duties of Christianity—to pronounce a blessing on marriage—administer the communion to the dying, and prepare them for entering heaven, and handle the sacred elements when celebrating the most holy sacrament of the mass !

Centuries have passed. Has civilization lessened that power? Has it lost any of its activity or influence? Not in the least. Witness at this very day the conduct of the Hierarchy in the empire of Brazil, where it openly defies and mocks the civil power, tramples upon the law of the land, issues its decrees in direct opposition to those of the legislature and the government, and declares that it acknowledges no power superior to that of the head of the church, obeys no law but that issued from the Vatican, though the empire should fall and the country be torn to pieces amidst the threatened bloodshed and conflagration of civil war. In Prussia and Mexico the same active and determined opposition exists against the law of the land and the government, as has been shown elsewhere.

We will now accompany the *Herald's* correspondent to Rome, the headquarters, the very centre of exclusively Catholic education, there where it is to be expected that it bears the best fruits, within the shadow of the Cathedral of the Catholic world, and under the three hundred and sixty churches within the precincts of the city, and what do we find? . . . Two days ago Bishop Dupanloup, the famous leader of French Gallicanism, delivered a speech in the Ecumenical assembly, and it is reported by those who heard it as the most eloquent

piece of oratory so far given at St. Peter's. He thundered in Latin against corruption, abuse, and exorbitant pretensions. . . His speech was a philippic against the present state of things in the Eternal City; a motion for the reform of morals in the Pontifical court . . I have heard several bishops express their opinion that Rome is the purest and most pious city of the world, that it is not only a holy, but a very moral city. . . . The outside makes a good show, the social evil does not flaunt about as in other cities. . . . Things wear a pious aspect, . . . very high personages take such pains to cover up their tracks, wherever they may go. . . . Draw the curtain: take an inside view of the crooked alleys and byways, spread labyrinthically over the seven hills, . . . and it becomes clear that Bishop Dupanloup is treading on terra firma, when he inveighs against corruption, and asks for reforms hereabouts. . . . The governing powers, who wear the aforesaid black gowns, are not only men but men of the Latin race, and . . . the most sensual, the most addicted to corporal pleasures and enjoyments. . . . Purely sensual propensities are carried very far here. They are inculcated on all classes both by precept and example of the chief priests and rulers, as it is against their system to stir the people up by any lively effort of mind or body.* . . . By no one, therefore, have I heard commended the efforts being made in the council by Bishop Dupanloup, to erect an altar on the Capitol Hill to virtue and good morals, and he has undertaken a difficult if not impossible job, for which he will get no thanks.†

Another, himself a dignitary of the church, writing at a much earlier period, presents the following picture of Rome, as it was about a century ago:

"Lawlessness has usurped the place of law, violence that of justice. Murder has its tariff of prices, the very dignitaries of the church have assassins in pay. Adultery has become a subject of boast. The lower orders, everywhere at the beck of the wealthy, recognize as masters those who pay them best. Iniquity stalks abroad unblushingly, because corruption has its seat in high places. . . . The authorities, both spiritual and temporal, are as criminal as those whom it is their duty to judge and punish, for they stand in the way of the law and lend their powerful aid and influence to shield the guilty; for whilst the father of a famishing family is thrown into a dungeon for stealing

* This was written long before the Piedmontese army entered the "God-fearing" city "with some six thousand males and females, the scum of Italy."—*Cath. Subs. Herald* of 24th March, 1872.

† Extracts from a letter, dated Rome, 23d January, 1870, from the *New York Herald's* correspondent in that city, and inserted in that paper (25th February following).

a loaf, the hired bravo, who in open daylight stabs a peaceable citizen to the heart, to earn a hundred scudi, rushes to a church or convent, and laughs at his victim and at the administration of justice."

Was the condition of society any better two centuries earlier! The following description of the social condition of the "metropolis of the Catholic world" is furnished by Christina, Queen of Sweden, who, though born and bred a Protestant, "relinquished a throne to seek virtue and salvation in the bosom of the Church in Rome itself." In a letter to her friend the Countess de Sparre, written about the year 1670 or 1675, she says:

"I looked with disdain upon courts and courtiers, and chose my abode in what I hoped and believed to be the centre of religion and virtue, in order to spend my life in convents and churches and the society of holy men and virtuous women. . . . Do not think, dear Countess, that though I am in a land where once flourished some of the greatest men the world has produced, and where yet exist marvellously splendid monuments, perpetuating the deeds of heroes; do not imagine that this is either the land of the wise and the good or the asylum of knowledge and virtue. O Cato! O Cicero! ye masters and teachers of the mind! your country rendered so illustrious by your virtues, your wisdom, your exploits, has unhappily been doomed to become a prey to the grossest ignorance, the blindest and most absurd superstition! Shame on humanity! . . . You may see here statues and obelisks and splendid edifices, but in vain will you look for men. You will find plenty of *Furfantini, Cujoni, Istrioni, Illustrissimi Faguini* and . . . * Such people swarm here like . . . and whenever you come in contact with them, they prove thorough *Ignorantini, Libertini, and Villainini.*"

Read the history of the life of Pope Sixtus V., one of the most extraordinary men of any age, written by one of the "Princes of the Church," the Cardinal Gregorio Leti. Read his life, and you will find that, when he took possession of the "Chair of St. Peter," Rome and the whole of the States of the Church were "sunk into an abyss of crime and immorality, so deep," the corruption of morals so universal, the laws so utterly powerless, that to restore order the Pope found it necessary almost to suspend all law and assume the character of a Dictator. He did not look for a remedy in "thorough indoctrination." "Society is cancered," said he, "rotten to the core. It must be cured, and nothing will cure it but the canterbury and the knife." The scourge, the galleys, the axe, and the rope were the remedies

* In allusion to the usual termination of Italian family-names in *ini*: as if she had said, plenty of Rogueinis, Rascalinis, Vagabondinis, and most illustrious Scoundrelinis.

which he applied to the social disease. He had gallows erected in several quarters of the city, which was perambulated by twelve executioners, and if the prisons were soon filled, they were as soon emptied. Nor was any distinction made between the prince and the beggar, professional thief, the polished gentleman and the low ruffian, between the malefactor, the police magistrate that had protected and the judge that had not punished him—all were hanged alike—sometimes even under the windows of the Vatican, “in order,” Sixtus used to say, “that these acts of justice might give him an appetite for his dinner.” He knew nothing of “straw bail, and affectation of insanity, and new-trial motions, and exceptions, and injunctions, and mandamus,* and counter-mandamus.” True! but popes are not dependent for their election upon universal suffrage, nor are they elected for a short time, and re-eligible. He found Rome a “moral and social pest-house;” he left it the abode of moral and social health and purity. No sooner was Sixtus dead, even whilst he was on his dying-bed, the city and the State exhibited the returning symptoms of the olden times.

. SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. ZUNZ, BY REV. R. H. ASCHER.

(Continued from page 429.)

THE Jews in the German empire—where they went by the name of the emperor’s *valets de chambre*—were regarded as his exclusive property, of whom he had a right to dispose, either by alienation or by giving them away as presents. They were already found, in the eighth century, in the various cities situated on the Rhine; in the tenth, in Saxony and Bohemia; in the eleventh century, in Suabia, Franconia, and Vienna; and, in the twelfth, in Brandenburg and Silesia. Most heavy and unjust exactions were imposed on them in almost every province; they were reduced to the degrading position of paying an inhuman impost on passing through a turnpike or city-gate, termed *Leibzoll* (body-toll), and also a tax termed *Kronungssteuer* (coronation-tax), etc.; and the poor and inoffensive Jews were alternately sold, mortgaged, given away as presents, and exiled in a most arbitrary manner by their respective sovereigns. The Crusades plunged them in deep misery, and exposed them to the ill-treatment of rabbles of a most

* See *Herald* of February 7, 1870.

atrocious nature. They were banished from Leobschüt, anno 1163; from Vienna, 1196; from Mecklenburg, 1225 and 1230; from Breslau, 1226 and 1319; from Brandenburg, 1243; from Frankfort, 1241 and 1346; from Pforzheim, 1271; from Munich, 1285; from Weissensee, 1303; from Ueberlingen, 1331; from Nordlingen, 1290 and 1384; from Deggendorf, 1337; from Weissenfels, 1368; from Nürnberg, 1390; from Prague, 1391 and 1422; from Regensburgh, 1476; and from Passau, 1487.

But more disastrous was the fate of the oppressed Hebrews through the fatal riot which broke out against them at the time of the malignant plague, known by the name of the *Schwarzen Tode* (black death), which lasted from 1348 to 1350. With the exception of Austria, it may positively be said that the whole German empire was depopulated of its Jewish subjects; they were butchered and burnt by thousands, and many innocent and pious Jews preferred voluntarily to precipitate themselves into the blazing flames of their burning synagogues, rather than be subject to the cruel and slow death inflicted upon them by the barbarous and inhuman rabble.* Soon after these awful and calamitous periods, the Jews settled again in the districts of the Rhine, of Hessen and Franconia, Saxony, and Brandenburg.

* If I were to collect all the records of those awful and sad occurrences, volumes would not suffice to describe them. It is almost unbelievable that man, who is stamped with the image of God, could perpetrate such barbarous deeds and horrid massacres amongst a helpless people, for no other cause than that of remaining true and unflinching to the religion of his ancestors. But, alas! such was the melancholy lot of our ancestors. They were maltreated, murdered, butchered, burnt, and every ingenuity was exercised to invent some hitherto unheard-of tortures, by which a riotous rabble might have the gratification of seeing their victims writhing in their agonies, and innocent babes weltering in the blood of their dying parents. I cannot, however, refrain from laying before the reader some historical facts, copied at the Bodleian Library. The following is an extract from a MS. of the said library:—"The holy congregation of Nordhausen have sanctified the blessed name of God on a Tuesday, in the year 4909—1149. Rabbi Jacob and his son, the learned Rabbi Meyer, requested of the enraged citizens permission to prepare for death, and to make their peace with heaven, which request was granted by the citizens. The whole community, men and women, wrapped themselves up in their Talithos (surplices with fringes used during prayers) and shrouds to dig their own graves at their burial-place, which was surrounded by large piles of wood, and covered with dry boughs. Those truly pious and holy people encountered death with the greatest fortitude; they even asked permission for their musicians and singers to lead them on to death as to a merry dance. They wished to serve God in the last moment of their existence, in the spirit of the royal Psalmist, who said, 'Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His presence with singing.' They then exclaimed 'House of Jacob, O come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord.' They clasped each other's hands, men and women, lads and damsels, singing aloud hymns in praise of the only true God. Rabbi Jacob led them on, and his pious son,

Most sanguinary persecutions also broke out against them from 1452 to 1455, at the instigation of Capistranus, a monk of the Franciscan order. Since the thirteenth century, they were subjected to wear a conspicuous dress, and all their dearly-bought privileges from the respective emperors were declared to be null and void. Only in a very few provinces were they left in the enjoyment of some civic right, and allowed to be owners of landed property; but generally they were thrown on the scoffed-at resources of carrying on trade by barter, and lending money on interest; yet, though there were some severe laws enacted almost exclusively against the Jews, they were nevertheless released from paying that degrading impost,—the body-tax, on passing through a gate or a turnpike.* In several places the Jews were restricted to live in certain separated quarters, known by the name of *Judenstrasse* (Jewries), and they were utterly banished, during the fifteenth century, from various free imperial cities: as, for instance, they were ordered to quit Ulm, 1380; Magdeburgh, 1384; Augsburg,

Rabbi Meyer, formed the rear-guard, so that none might shrink back from embracing death, for the sake of God and His law. They then proceeded to the burial ground, and descended into the pit, which, as stated, was surrounded with burning and crackling fuel. Rabbi Meyer once more came up from the pit to see whether any remained back, and to his great joy, behold, 'these were all holy,' none stood back. The citizens, astonished at such fortitude, entreated him to save his life, to which he replied, 'Far be it from me to separate myself from my holy brethren.' Behold! a moment and I shall be in a happier region, in the presence and near to my Maker, who gave us life and who now pleases to take it away.' He then returned to the pit, and in a moment the enraged mob cast over the opening the prepared boughs, to which they set fire, so that the souls of the whole community left this vale of sorrow in purity and sanctity." *Vide* "The Vale of Weeping," or "Historia Persecutionum Judæorum," by Rabbi Joseph Hacoen (born 1498), published by Dr. M. Letteis, Vienna, 1852, pp. 39, 40.—TRANSLATOR.

* This unjust impost was, however, again extracted from the Jews throughout Germany and France. It was still in existence in France at the latter end of the eighteenth century, and in Brunswick at the commencement of the present century. In France it was abolished by the unfortunate king, Louis XVI., a short time before the French revolution. This happy occurrence was commemorated by a beautiful poem, written by the learned and pious poet, Naphthali Hartwig Wessely, *vide* "The Gatherer," 5546, month of Kislew. The same poet also wrote an occasional poem to Rabbi Naphthali Meddlesheim, Warden of the Hebrew Congregation of Strasburg, who acquainted our poet with the happy tidings. In Brunswick the degrading impost was only done away with about 1800, by the influence and interference of the late Geheim-Finanzrath (Privy Councillor and Councillor of Exchequer), Israel Jacobsohn, the founder of the renowned Jewish educational establishment at Saison. This fact I have recently learned from a panegyric, written on this occasion, by the late learned Rabbi Eliezer Riesser, of Hamburg, father of the present Dr. G. Riesser, the staunch and unflinching champion of Jewish rights and privileges. This poem and the reply given to it by Jacobsohn, I have transcribed from a MS. of the Michael collection, now in the Bodleian Library, and which I intend shortly to lay before the public.—TRANSLATOR.

1450; Liegnitz, 1447; Bamberg, 1475; Glatz, 1492; Salzburg, 1498; Nürnberg, 1499; and Regensburg, 1519.

In Switzerland, where the Jews are already mentioned in the thirteenth century, they were permitted to possess landed property; but, alas! also in this country did the storm of violent persecution break out against them in 1348. They were sorely ill-treated and oppressed (anno 1401) in Winterthur and Schaffhausen, and were utterly expelled (anno 1424) from Zürich. Permission, however, was granted to them (anno 1451) to remain in the latter place. An edict, ordering the priests to preach to the Jews the doctrines of Christianity, was (anno 1434) issued by the council of Basle. They were also banished from Geneva in 1490, and from Thurgau in 1491. But the hunted Jews were allowed to enjoy tolerable ease and quietude—nay, even in some degree, very important privileges and rights—in Poland and Lithuania, as early as the year 1264.* Favored by the benign and humane king, Kasimir III., their number began (anno 1348) to increase most considerably, on account of the incessant emigration of Jewish refugees from Germany, Switzerland, etc. Jews were already found in Russia in the tenth century, as well as in the fourteenth; but at some later period they were ordered to quit the country.

The Jews in Hungary, where they had settled in the eleventh century, and where they enjoyed the privilege of possessing landed property, were, nevertheless, exposed to maltreatments and persecutions of a most calamitous nature, about the latter end of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In the domains of Christian Spain, the Jews remained till after the middle of the fourteenth century in the tolerable and undisturbed enjoyment of their not unimportant privileges. They were entrusted with public offices; they were generally favored by the kings; were allowed to have their own courts of judicature, and also to possess landed property. But the indigence of the nobility, the influence and unqualified power of the clergy, and the usury practised amongst the Jews, gave rise to many abuses, which unfortunately terminated in hatred and persecution.

They were gradually deprived of the right to settle according to their free choice; their privileges were restricted, and their taxes increased. They were exiled from the cities of Aragonia during a time of a great drought; a tumultuous riot made a great havoc amongst the Jewish inhabitants of Seville, Cordova, Toledo, Valencia, and Majorca, in the years 1391 and 1392, and the only means of saving their wretched lives was either conversion to Christianity or an escape to Africa. The chief features of the whole of the fifteenth century

were persecutions, forced conversions to Christianity, and inquisitorial tyranny against the converts, who were not permitted to emigrate.

Having been doomed, since anno 1480, to perish in the flames by thousands, there soon followed (1492) the sad catastrophe of their entire banishment. From the great number of 300,000 Jews who were compelled to leave their native soil and their honestly-gotten property scarcely a tenth-part found, after having spent a fugitive life of eight years, a place of refuge in Portugal, Provence, Italy, Africa and Turkey, where they arrived in a most miserable and wretched condition. In Portugal, where mention is already made of the Jews in the eleventh century, they enjoyed the privilege of living under the guidance and jurisdiction of a Grand Rabbi, and their communities were divided into seven districts; but (1429) they were ordered to wear conspicuous garments. The 80,000 Jews who fled (1492) from Spain, were permitted to take up a temporary stay of a period of eight months in Portugal, on condition of paying a poll-tax of eight gold pennyweights. After the expiration of this respite, the poor were compelled to embrace Christianity, and the rich to quit the country. King Emanuel issued (1495) a decree to banish all the Jews from his kingdom, and this Christian monarch did even not scruple to force away the children under fourteen years of age from their, though poor, yet not less beloved parents, whom he embarked for the Serpentine Islands. More than 2,000 converted Jews were (anno 1506) massacred in Lisbon. The sufferings of the secret and feigned Jews, in the Pyrenean Peninsula, were in describable, which lasted unfortunately, without any intermission, until the repeal of the emigration act, which took place 1629; and even at a later period, as for instance anno 1655, several *Autos-da-Fé* were celebrated with their usual horrors; and the distinction between the old and the new Christians was only abolished as late as anno 1773.

(To be continued.)

HONOR WHATEVER IS TRULY USEFUL.

RABBI HUNA one asked his son RABA, why he did not attend the lectures of Rabbi Chisda?—"Because," replied the son, "he only treats of temporal and worldly concerns."—"What," said the father, "he occupies himself with that which is necessary for the preservation of human beings*—and this you call worldly affairs! Trust me, this is among the most estimable of studies."

T. SHABBATH.

* Chisda's discourse, of which the young man spoke so lightly, happened to be on medicinal subjects.

THE ATHENIAN AND HIS ONE-EYED SLAVE.

AN Athenian went to study at Jerusalem. After remaining there three years and a half, and finding he made no great progress in his studies, he resolved to return. Being in want of a servant to accompany him on his journey, he went to the market-place and purchased one. Having paid the money, he began to examine his purchase more closely, and found to his surprise that the purchased servant was blind of one eye. "Thou blockhead," said he to himself, "see the charming fruits of thy application. Here have I studied three years and a half, and at last acquired sufficient wisdom to purchase a blind slave!"—"Be comforted," said the person that sold the slave; "trust me, though he is blind of one eye, he can see much better than persons with two." The Athenian departed with his servant. When they had advanced a little way, the blind slave addressed his master—"Master," said he, "let us quicken our pace, we shall overtake a traveller, who is some distance before us."—"I can see no traveller," said the master.—"Nor I," replied the slave; yet I know he is just four miles distant from us."—"Thou art mad, slave! How shouldst thou know what passes at so great a distance, when thou canst scarcely see what is before thee?"—"I am not mad," replied the servant, "yet it is as I have said; nay, moreover, the traveller is accompanied by a she-ass, who like myself is blind of one eye: she is big with two young, and carries two flasks, one containing vinegar, the other wine."—"Cease your prattle, *loquacious fool*," exclaimed the Athenian. "I see my purchase improves: I thought him blind only; but he is mad in the bargain."—"Well, master," said the slave, "have a little patience, and thou wilt see I have told thee nothing but the truth." They journeyed on, and soon overtook the traveller; when the Athenian, to his utmost astonishment, found everything as his servant had told him; and begged him to explain how he could know all this without seeing either the animal or its conductor. "I will tell thee, master," replied the slave. "I looked at the road, and observing the almost imperceptible impression of the ass's hoofs, I concluded that she must be four miles distant; for beyond that the impression could not have been visible. I saw the grass eaten away on one side of the path, and not on the other; and hence judged she must be blind of one eye. A little further on we passed a sandy road, and by the impression which the animal left on the sand where she rested, I knew she must be with young. Further, I observed the

impressions which the liquid had made on the sand, and found some of them appeared spongy, whilst others were full of small bubbles, caused by fermentation, and thence judged the nature of the liquid." The Athenian admired the sagacity of his servant, and thenceforth treated him with great respect. MEDRASH ECHOH.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THERE are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural leisure and placed in retirement. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during the season of application.—*Walter Scott.*

HAPPY is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings, of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining. Such a one moves on human life as stars move on dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.—*Beecher.*

DESTINY!

BY R. M. FULLER.

AMID the wealth of her dark hair
The flower nestled pure and white,
And seem'd by far more lovely there,
So beautiful it was and fair,
Upon her wedding night.

Her carriage waited in the street;
The groom led forth his blushing bride;
The flower fell just at her feet,
And while her eyes for joy did weep,
His glisten'd with fond pride.

And with the coming of the morn,
The flower crushed and shapeless lay;
Once pure and sweet, now dead and torn,
'Neath careless feet of busy throng,
While she was far away.

THE STAGE.

THE opera season is for the present at an end, and Mr. Strakosch's artists have departed to other cities to achieve fresh triumphs, and win additional laurels. As we predicted in a previous notice, the season was all, if not more than the most fastidious critic could demand. Never before has New York been so favored, and we doubt whether in the future any *impressario* will do better for us than Mr. Strakosch. It would indeed have been strange if the several operas which composed the *repertoire* of the season had not all been faultlessly rendered, considering that the company consisted of no less than ten celebrated artists, and embraced one of the greatest prima-donnas and one of the best contralti in the world, the first tenor of the time, a baritone who has not his superior, and a basso equal to any of the present day. Although every opera was a success, we think it would not be invidious if we select the "Huguenots" for especial praise. This great master-work of the immortal Meyerbeer, is seldom performed in America owing to the extreme difficulty of obtaining a cast worthy of the music. It has certainly been attempted occasionally, but has, with rare exceptions, proved complete failures. In striking contrast, then, with previous representations were these of this company. Even at Covent Garden in London, where Italian opera is at its best, we have never seen the Huguenots rendered better. Towards the close of the season, Verdi's last composition, "Aida," was produced. For a new opera to be heard in New York, prior to its production in London, Paris, or St. Petersburg, is in itself a novelty, but when that opera is put on the stage with so strong a cast and with such scenic splendors as was "Aida," our city may cease to be modest on musical matters, and claim a place among the capitals of the Old World.

"Aida" was written at the request of the Khedive of Egypt for his opera-house in Cairo. The original outfit cost one hundred thousand dollars, and we are assured that the properties, scenery and dresses exhibited here are exact copies of the original, and were prepared at an expense of over thirty thousand dollars. Be this as it may, the magnificence of the opera surprised every one, and for the first time in the history of opera in America the extravagant promises of a prospectus were fully realized. Each of the seven scenes is a gem of art, while the pageants, which are numerous, are marvelous achievements of good taste and skill. It is perhaps too soon to judge how far this work will prove a success for the composer. The music almost throughout is unlike Verdi's style, but it is none the worse for that. It is entirely devoid of airs which could prove useful to the manufacturer of barrel-organs, or which might be made hideous by the whistling of the street Arabs, and this fact is alone sufficient to show what an immense change has come over Sig. Verdi. It has been said that the *Maestro* is a great admirer of Wagner, which must doubtless be true, judging from the first act, which is written in the Wagnerian style. The second act is given over almost entirely to scenic displays and musical noise, but the third and fourth acts are, to our mind, perfectly beautiful, every phrase of the music possessing an exquisite charm which we do not remember to have noticed in any other of Verdi's operas. Altogether it seems to us that "Aida" is a composition of merit, but whether or not it is absolutely Verdi's best we would not venture to say until we become more familiar with it. Of this, however, we are sure, that whatever may be its worth as a musical effort, it is certain to be received everywhere with unbounded applause, if produced with such grand effects and by so superior a company as it has been during the past season.

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